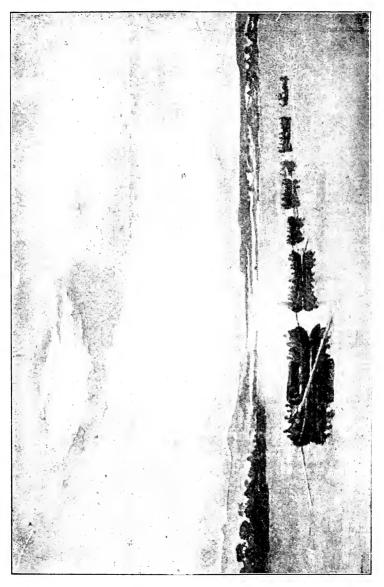


# J. DUNCAN CRAIG

P. C. KELLY ROSLINDALE, MASS.







Edition of

# REAL PICTURES

OF

# CLERICAL LIFE IN IRELAND.

#### BY

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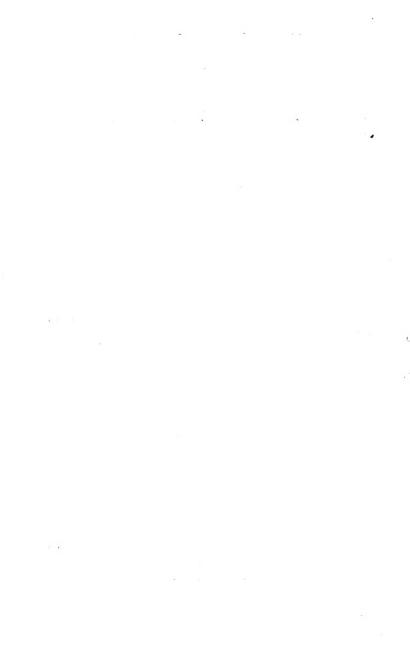
### SECOND EDITION.

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### PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

This book has long been out of print, and yet from time to time it has been sought after and its re-publication desired by many.

The best testimony to the truth of the views put forth in its pages is the Reign of Terror which prevailed in Ireland while the horrors of the Land League were brooding over the land, and a picture of which I have endeavoured to delineate in 'Bruce Reynell, or the Oxford Man in Ireland.'

England has not to contend against fortress or army in Ireland; she has to overcome the deep-rooted feeling of enmity which prevails in the hearts of the great majority of the people of three provinces of the island against her rule. To overcome that hostility, the only effectual remedy is 'the Sword of the Spirit,' which is the 'Word of God,' once more restored to its rightful place in the system of education for Ireland. The late Duke of York spoke golden words when, talking of Ireland, he said, 'Develop her resources; curb her agitators; and give her an open Bible!'

J. DUNCAN CRAIG, D.D.

MIRAMARE, SAN REMO, ITALY.

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

Some of the scenes recorded in this book may appear strange to the English reader, and yet they are true. The Burning of the Sheas, the Kate Costello Tragedy, The 'Two Wills, and Father Ulick's Conversion, are all realities and true to life.

I have changed the name of persons and of places when such seemed advisable, as many of those mentioned in these pictures are still alive.

Though entertaining an honest conviction that the great secret of Ireland's misery is to be found in the Ultramontane Roman Catholicism which broods over her, and which the recent suicidal Irish Church Disendowment Act has so sadly helped to rivet its galling fetters over the noble Irish race, I have still, I trust, spoken kindly and with affection of the adherents of that faith. The earnest prayer of my heart for them is, that they may be led by the guidance of God's Holy Spirit from error into the glorious light of the pure and simple Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I have endeavoured also to enlist the sympathy of the reader for the dear old Church of Ireland.

If the perusal of this book will lead to the conclusion that the difficulties against which she has had to struggle have been much more formidable than those who are ignorant of ministerial life in Ireland have hitherto supposed, and if this conviction shall excite a lively and practical sympathy with her in her endeavours to keep the light of the Gospel burning in the land, I shall indeed rejoice.

J. DUNCAN CRAIG, D.D.

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# REAL PICTURES OF CLERICAL LIFE IN IRELAND.

### CHAPTER I.

### RETROSPECTIVE.

It was a beautiful June morning in last year when I found myself standing, in company with the worthy Rector of Strath-

blane, in his old churchyard.

The beautiful Stirlingshire district, when you have passed the Campsie Hills, offers in Strathblane a fitting portal to the Highlands. The shade of Rob Roy seems yet to linger in this, his beloved haunt, and his memory is as fresh to-day as though dim decades of years had not elapsed since the proscribed Macgregors mustered for their midnight forays.

My father's paternal ancestors had been for some four hundred years holding lands in Stirlingshire and Dumbartonshire; a long line of Isobels, Bethias, Lilias, among the female portion, and of Archibalds among the men, appears in old, well-worn registers. One of the Craigs had been a martyr of the Covenant, and had sealed his testimony by his blood; and much have I felt of pardonable pride in this glorious triumph of his faith. It appears also, from my father's testimony, that an ancient forfeited peerage, to which documents proving fully his right were in his possession, was claimed by him.

In the year 1752 my great-grandfather, John Craig, was married to Miss Jean Edmonstone, who was daughter of Archibald Edmonstone of Spittal, and who was a direct lawful

lineal descendant, through her father, of Robert III. of Scotland, who, in the twelfth generation, was a lineal descendant of Alfred the Great.

In the church of Strathblane the worthy rector, the late Dr. Pearson, pointed out the spot, marked by a brass plate, where the Princess Mary Stewart, daughter of Robert III., and granddaughter of King Robert the Bruce, whose daughter was married to Robert III., first of the Stuart Kings, who was married to Sir William Edmonstone, lies buried.\* To him was granted, by her brother, King James II., in 1445, the lands of Duntreath, upon which the ancient castle of the Edmonstone race still stands—Duntreath in Gaelic meaning the Hill of the Chief.† Sir William's great-grandson, another

\* I insert a curious circumstance relative to this Princess's grave, which the Rev. Mr. Monro related: 'A curious geological fact, bearing on the recent discussion on the antiquity of man, was mentioned at a Bible meeting held in the west of Scotland the other day, by the Rev. Mr. Monro, of Campsie. In the year 1440—more than 430 years ago—the Lady Mary, daughter of Robert III. of Scotland, and married to Sir William Edmonstowne of Duntreath, died, and was buried in what is now the centre of the parish church of Strathblane. About 250 years afterwards her descendant, Archibald Edmonstowne, who was killed at the memorable siege of Londonderry, was buried in her grave. About twenty years ago, while the parish church was under repair, this grave was opened at the request of the present proprietor, a lineal descendant of these personages—Sir Archibald Edmonstowne. And now comes the curious part of the story. About five feet below the surface the workmen came upon the skeleton of a man, doubtless that of Archibald Edmonstowne. But on digging downwards they reached, not the skeleton of the Princess, but a deep bed of rough gravel, which appeared so obviously to have been undisturbed that they gave up the search for the remains of the body. They were encouraged, however, to persevere, and two or three feet further down they came upon the skull, but they were obliged to remove several large stones before they reached the other bones of the skeleton. The question is, How came that gravel and these stones there? They must have come since the burial of the Princess, though there is neither record nor tradition of any inundation in the district. Yet, if this gravel has been drifted into Strathblane within the last 500 years, why not also at Abbeville, where the gravel is not smoother, or with fewer indications of having been disturbed?'

† Sir William Edmonstone, to whom the lands of Duntreath had been granted, was the second son of Sir John Edmonstone of Edmonstone by Isabel, daughter of Robert II., and widow of that Earl of Douglas and Mar who was slain at the Battle of Otterburn, chronicled in the ballad of Chevy Chase. The Princess Mary, whom he married, was thus his own first cousin, and sister to King James. This Princess had been previously married to the Earl of Angus; Sir James Kennedy, ancestor of the Marquis of Ailsa; Sir William Graham, ancestor of the Duke of Montrose, so that Sir William was her fourth husband, she having had children

by all her husbands.

Sir William Edmonstone, governor of Doon Castle, fell, with the flower of Scottish chivalry, on the ill-fated field of Flodden. His second son was Archibald Edmonstone of Spittal,\* whose grave is in Strathblane churchyard, the headstone bearing his shield with three crescents, in centre the ring, which is the mark of the Scottish second son, and graven underneath the words:

'Archibald Edmonstone, Second son of the family of Duntreath, 1515.'

The grave of his descendant, my great-great-grandfather, Archibald Edmonstone of Spittal, lies close alongside his

resting-place.

The old Castle of Duntreath lies some two miles away from the kirkyard. The fortress is built upon the plain, and must have been erected before the general use of cannon. From the battlements a glorious view of Loch Lomond in the distance unrolls itself, shimmering like a silver mirror 'neath the deep green woods. On either side of the castle the two giant mountains rise up Titanic — Dunqoiach on the one hand, Dunglass on the other.

The castle itself was well worth seeing—the torture-chamber, the prison, the chamber of the deaf and dumb laird, who was set aside from the inheritance, and shut up in this solitary apartment, he being also supposed to have possessed the dread gift of 'second sight.' Many a time in the Chapel of Duntreath the Covenanters were sheltered and protected while engaged in their spiritual and simple worship of the Most High. Many a time they were sheltered there from the fierce dragoons of Claverhouse. Its walls have often resounded with their sweet psalms of praise as these glorious old witnesses for the truth, daring death itself, assembled to worship the Lord their God.

It was very pleasing to observe how the late Sir Archibald Edmonstone had not only restored the castle, but, although himself an Episcopalian, had completely renovated the parish church of Strathblane.

In the same parish of Strathblane for some centuries lived the ancient family of the Duncans of Drummiskirk, who held their lands, prospered, and were intermarried with the Lyles, Grahams, Craigs, and, finally, by the marriage of my grand-

<sup>\*</sup> Spittal, now called Ballewan, is about a mile from Duntreath Castle.

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father, Archibald Craig of Dalsholme,\* with his cousin, Miss Duncan—when two of her brothers, after emigrating to America, and returning thence at the Secession War, ultimately settled in Dublin at the close of the eighteenth century—the occasion arose of my father's leaving Scotland. The Duncans were all very tall, powerfully made men. My grandfather Duncan, at the time of '98, commanded as colonel the Linen Hall corps of volunteers; and my grand-uncle, Duncan, served as private in the same corps.

I have often seen the huge musket with which the latter was reported as having mounted guard at the time of the troubles, with a large bullet stuck in the muzzle thereof. There was a great rivalry between the Linen Hall corps and the Lawyers' corps. Both were smart regiments, both were well drilled, good shots; each of the corps was solely composed of gentlemen; and upon one occasion, when there was a field-day in the Phœnix, and after a hot day's parade, the regiments were marching back to town-colours flying, bands playing-the Lawyers' corps unluckily attempted to pass the Linen Hall corps at a narrow part of the road. Colonel Duncan, as the foremost ranks of the Lawyers' corps came up at 'the double,' seized a musket from the nearest volunteer, and with one sweep of his long, powerful arms absolutely brushed the leading files into the ditch. It is needless to add that the Lawyers' corps did not wait for a sequitur, but prudently fell back.

The earlier years of my father's life were eventful enough. Having realized an independence in the joint proprietorship of a Cheshire salt mine, he then set up a line of steamboats between Calais and Dover and Ostend and Dover. One of his captains was an old French privateer-man, Souville, a splendid type of the real French seaman. At this time steam was in its infancy, and many a narrow escape the *Rob Roy* had, in which boat my father exercised a general management.

Upon one occasion they were drifting with a paddle-wheel disabled upon the Goodwin Sands. All despaired of life;

\* My father, leaving Dalsholme, came over to Ireland to his uncle, John

Duncan, who lived in Granby Row about the year 1804.

The Duncans have passed away. Some went to the United States and became Southern planters. My uncles, another Colonel Duncan and his brother, served under Bolivar in South America, and have large plantations there.

It lingers in my memory still how the tale was told me of the two Misses Agnes Duncan, cousins-german, each very beautiful, and each dying on the same day, being brought on the same day and interred in St. Michan's churchyard.

even the weatherbeaten old captain thought their position desperate, when my father, lashing the helm to keep the rudder against the solitary paddle-wheel, beat her over the Goodwins, and, by God's blessing, they were saved.

The Rob Roy was sold by him to the French Government, and, I believe, was the first steamer France possessed. was appointed by the French Government instructor in steam navigation, and I have heard how, upon one occasion, the Marquis de \_\_\_\_, a French naval captain, who thought, after a lesson or two in steam, that he could dispense with his instructor's services, assumed himself the command, and my father, standing on the pier at Calais, waited for the marquis to bring in the steamer from the outside, which he did in a most remarkable manner; for, getting up a full head of steam, he drove in stem on against the pier, and nearly went to the bottom—the marquis standing, cocked hat, sword, full uniform, Hessian boots, on the gangway, and his instructor, convulsed with laughter, on the pier.

In early life my father had been an ardent admirer of the first Napoleon, and upon one occasion declined the honour of being presented to the French King; although by so doing, he lost the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, which, it was intimated, would have been given him by the Sovereign.

After years of wandering abroad, returning to Dublin, my father, after his marriage with my mother, the daughter of

David Taylor of Edendale, settled down in Dublin.

The Taylors were originally a Virginian family who came from America to Ireland, leaving behind them members of their race, one of whom, General Zachary Taylor, a cousin of my mother's, was the President of the United States, and representatives of which still exist in Virginia.\* After my mother's early death, my father was on the eve of settling, with his cousin Duncan, on the banks of the Lloire, whither a cavalry friend of theirs had preceded them, when the Bank of Ireland offered him, though he had never had any knowledge of banking or served in a bank, the managership of the Sligo branch of their establishment. Sligo at that time was very different from the Sligo of to-day. The people at that period were, especially at contested elections, prone to exhibit some rather striking propensities. One of the earliest recollections I have of the time is seeing the carriages, laden with voters, pursued by a

<sup>\*</sup> President Taylor's son was the late brilliant Confederate cavalry officer—General Richard Taylor.

howling, stone-throwing mob, the dragoons, with drawn sabres, endeavouring at full gallop to escort them safely into the town.

Another vivid mental picture still remains of the cavalry charging at full speed, and the infantry pressing on after them with levelled bayonets into an immense surging mob, waving

sticks, and hurling paving-stones against the forces.

My father's second wife's brother, Henry Griffith, D.L., of Ballytivnan House, county Sligo, a most active magistrate, and who, as such, had the privilege of being shot at more than once, possessed a large property in Tyreragh Barony. Upon one occasion, while driving home on a side car, he saw a man covering him with a blunderbuss from the covert of a ditch. Instantly presenting his umbrella at the fellow's head as though it were a gun, the man, confused and taken off his guard, fired—but only to miss his intended victim.

I have known, on one occasion, while travelling in a postchaise, a pair of fine athletic Connaught peasants holding 'the crown of the causeway' by keeping in the very middle of the road, and not allowing the vehicle to pass; and when the postilion at last, losing patience, put the horses to speed, the peasants at once laid hold of them by their heads, and were coolly proceeding to drag the man from the saddle, until my father, bending forward out of the front window, presented a brace of long hair triggers at their respective heads, which proved an effective disperser. Indeed, some thirty-five years ago there was a great deal of barbarism in Connaught.

I can recollect when an obstinate horse refused to go on, quite a popular remedy was lighting a heap of straw between

his legs. I have seen the operation with my own eyes.

The managership of the Cork branch being offered to my father by the Bank of Ireland directors, he removed thither. Great and varied changes have swept over the southern metropolis and its great county within the last thirty years. Who can recall the wondrous temperance wave which the Rev. Theobald Matthew, Rev. Nicholas Dunscombe, and others caused to pass over Ireland, without contrasting that great movement with the lamentable state of drunkenness now prevailing in the land, especially in the great cities? But when temperance processions became political gatherings, and the hundreds of thousands of marching men, with banners and emblems, caused the disaffected to know their own strength, and the rapidity of concentration, these monster arrays became sources of danger.

Who can forget, too, the well-known singular characters of the past thirty years? Dan Callaghan, the member, now a memory of the past, whose burly person, loud voice, and deep laugh were well known among the Irish members, lingers still in memory.

Of him, I have heard that he used to relate that when F—, a well-known merchant returned to Parliament by the Repealers, asked him, 'Now, my dear Callaghan, as you know well the kind of oratory that does best for the House, tell me, like a friend, what species of oratory would you advise me to adopt; whether the Demosthenian or Ciceronian?' 'And what did you tell him?' inquired his listener. 'I told him to mix them,' responded the worthy M.P.

My father, who was an accomplished linguist, and a profound mathematician, took a deep interest in savings banks, and invented the system of keeping savings banks' accounts in such a way as to afford the maximum of security to the depositor. This system, known as the 'Craig system,'\* was adopted in the Cork, Limerick, and Carlisle savings banks with the greatest success. In fact, even in the worst and most depressed years, no run ever took place on the Cork Savings Bank since its adoption.

A full-length portrait of my father by Fisher, who was brought over from London to paint it, was taken by desire of the trustees of the Cork Savings Bank, and now hangs there in recognition of his services, which were all quite gratuitous; indeed, the preparation of the very large volumes which contain his system cost him many an anxious hour, but he felt that it was labour sweetened by the certainty that the hard-earned deposits of the poor were amply guarded in whatever savings bank adopted the system.

My father's place, Horsehead House, near the town of Passage West, is very beautifully situated. The great broad reach of Lough Mahon, with Blackrock Castle guarding it at one side, and the wide sweep of Foti Bay before it, with the tall rampart-walls of the old castle of Belvelly. How delightful it used to be in days of college life to float about dreamily upon the waters, listening to the ripple of the tide against the bow, as the boat glided on past sandy creek and the fringed shore. The house itself is a modern structure, but portions of the old habitation still remain, which are as ancient as Elizabeth's time.

<sup>\*</sup> See Encyclopædia Britannica, article 'Savings Banks.'

We had, too, traditions of a ghost there; a lady who, in rich silk and high-heeled boots, used to descend the stairs nightly, and some of the domestics had even professed to have been disturbed by her unwelcome presence while holding some down-stairs festivity.

My sister Alice, now Mrs. Worthington of Derwent Bank, Derbyshire, had early manifested a considerable poetic power; and a published volume of hers contains some poems which

evidence great taste and pathos.

My father died at Horsehead at a good old age.

There is a way of presenting what is the happiest life on earth, that of a Christian, in a gloomy and repulsive form; and, in early life, he had fallen in with some who had repelled him by dreary repellent views of Christianity, instead of showing it as the most delightful and consoling existence amid the cares and sorrows of life.

His large Bible bore traces of having been well studied, and towards the closing days of life his whole mind seemed set on eternal things. When troubled with the remembrance of sin and sinfulness, that precious promise of God brought great comfort to his soul:

'Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us: He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou shalt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea' (Micah vii. 18, 19).

My elder brother Archibald died but two months after him; his eldest son John played a man's part during the Franco-German War. He had charge of the Ludwigsburg Hospital,

and after giving evidence of great ability, died of fever.

After my father's death Horsehead was left by the family.

How strange a drama is life—how wonderful its changes. How soon even the happiest home may prove too sorrowful for the survivors to enter into it again; for

> 'It is not bricks and mortar make a home; It is the hearts and voices—
> And these change every day.'

### CHAPTER II.

#### VERY RAMBLING.

I have lived to see many a change in Ireland, and I sometimes am led to think, when one contemplates the 'blundering and plundering' Liberal administration of latter years, that, had Mr. Gladstone continued much longer in the premiership, if the English power were by any chance removed from Ireland, scarce a single vestige of English rule would be left in the land, save the names of the different viceroys borne by the squares, streets and buildings of the metropolis and leading towns.

One great improvement I have myself seen, viz., the abolition of duelling; even within my own recollection, that unchristian murderous custom prevailed.

One October evening at Kinsale, a stranger called at the vicarage, and introduced himself as a Welshman, who, finding himself in Ireland, had run down to our quaint old town with the intention of discovering, if it were possible, in what portion of the large churchyard of St. Multose might be found the grave of a kinsman of his family, who some sixty years before had been slain in a duel by a brother officer, and who was buried there. He had to return by the evening train to Cork, and our search proved ineffectual; however, I ascertained that a very old man, living in the Gift House, an institution in whose rows of small houses some poor old respectable yet decayed persons lived, and were supported by a small weekly grant, could throw some light on the subject. Thomas Hyatt was reading his large Bible by the aid of glasses and a tallow candle as I entered; he was an aged shoemaker, one of the happiest, most simple-minded believers that I have ever met. Hyatt was exceedingly deaf, and when we both entered his little room and asked whether he remembered the

circumstance referred to, he at once said that he did, and told that the poor officer was buried in the corner of St. Multose Churchyard, as you enter from the large gate. An old officer also recollected the occurrence. It was too late for the stranger to stay, so I found out the grave and copied the inscription for him, and sent it to him.

The slain officer was a young captain in a regiment of foot, and the man who shot him was a captain in the same regiment; the latter was a wild, reckless, dissipated man. Some trifling dispute about one of their servants led to a challenge, and a meeting took place. The murdered officer was of quiet gentlemanly demeanour and much esteemed in the regiment. opponent was afterwards killed in a duel in Paris. remember well the funeral of the young officer as it came down the Barrack-hill; many a tear was shed that day for the poor young fellow, and the churchyard was filled to overflowing. Ah, sir! the sight was a sore one, to think of that fine young man hurried into the awful presence of his God.' And old Hyatt crossed his hands on his knees and relapsed into meditation.

Trinity College, when I entered it in October 1847, was very different in many respects to what it is now. Very little attention was then paid to the religious improvement of the students. Now the men themselves have instituted a weekly prayer meeting, which is very largely attended by the undergraduates. Then such an assembly was unknown within its courts. A barrier stood in the way of the Dublin parochial clergy becoming acquainted with the students, and I regret to say that some of the fellows, from the very fact of their being obliged to become ordained to retain their fellowships, did not seem to realize the awful responsibility of the clerical office as they should. There were some bright exceptions to this. 'I shall for ever,' said one of the most distinguished divines of the Church of Ireland, 'feel grateful to that man' (mentioning an eminent Fellow of Trinity) 'for the great pains which he took in showing me the truth. I knew not the Gospel until I met with Dr. ---.'

The college man, when he comes up from home to his dreary rooms, is of all men most lonely at first. The farewells of the loved ones are still ringing in his ears. He knows no one in Dublin, or no one that he cares to know. He sits after Commons in his room, and that terrible nostalgia creeps over him. That home-sickness that wrested the firelock out of the Swiss soldier's hands in the wars of the first Napoleon, and sent him at the first note of the Ranz des Vaches flying with desolate heart to his snow-crowned alpine chalet, now comes in upon his heart. He knows no one as yet among his fellow students. Now is the hour when the Evil One plies his subtlest forms of temptation, and suggests the music hall, the theatre, the billiard-room. One of the ablest young men I ever knew in Trinity said to me once: 'I was so wretchedly lonely when I first came up to my rooms, that that first night I fluttered like a moth round the candle, near the gas-lighted windows of the music-hall, and I feel that if I had gone in that night I would have become a drunkard.'

How happy is that student who joins a set of quiet reading men—men who are living not for life alone, but for God. And how much good may be effected by the Christian, whether he be clerical or lay, who will try to become acquainted with young men just joining Trinity, and will open his house to them for a happy evening, like the sweet home-life of the loved vicarage, or distant home that they have left.

Being anxious to obtain my degree as speedily as possible, I entered Trinity as a Fellow Commoner, by which, upon the payment of double fees, three months are saved in the time of graduation, and the doubtful privilege of being called 'Mr.' and having a tassel pendant from one's cap is secured, besides

wearing the robe which sextons in churches adopt.

At breakfast, previous to that entrance examination in my tutor's chambers, my companion, poor Tom Esmonde, sat opposite to me, and the doctor poured out tea. I must say I felt gloomy. It was a dread ordeal this entering the University. I shall never forget that gloomy sugar basin; it was black ebony, and was shaped and carved into the similitude of a human skull.

Poor Tom Esmonde, a member of an ancient Roman Catholic family, a fine manly fellow, with his blithe laugh and light step, as he swung out robed and capped towards the examination hall—little did the prospect of those worthies who, in their gilded frames, looked down from the canvas on the walls, affect his spirits. I never entered that hall, but it seemed to me as though they were each and all saying, 'The College is going to destruction, since the half of you are not cautioned.' Ah me! the tremors of mind when the batch of men came down from the end of the hall, and to our anxious inquiries, 'Where is he examining now?' the gloomy response is given,

showing that it is precisely in those concluding chapters which, alas! you never opened. The frantic haste in which you turn to the fatal page, and take a hurried inspection to mark the pitfalls hidden therein. Poor Esmonde!—we both passed, and not long after he forsook Trinity for the service, and in the Crimea, with great gallantry, was first man in one of the captured forts; then he rose to be second in command of the Royal Irish Constabulary after having left the army, and now, poor fellow! mourned and lamented by very many, rests in a soldier's grave.

My younger brother, Henry Griffith Craig, was possessed of much and varied talent. He had invented a new rifle, which could be discharged and loaded in a singularly short time. There were but three movements required: first, to open the breach, then to put in the cartridge, and lastly, closing and firing were simultaneous. He had offered the rifle to the Home authorities, but they did not see their way to adopt it, and he then went over to Paris, and had an interview with the Emperor. He was ushered into a room hung round with paintings, in which the Emperor's private secretary was seated at the table. While conversing with him, a gentleman in an undress uniform, wearing a cap, entered the apartment, and throwing a scrutinizing glance at my brother, proceeded to examine the paintings on the walls. Presently he came towards my brother, still giving an occasional keen glance at him, as though mentally asking, Have I ever seen you before? and then, after a few minutes, the secretary said: 'Please, your Majesty, this is the English gentleman who requested an interview'; and then the Emperor, lifting his cap, sat down and had a long conversation with my brother.

The result of the interview was that he had a Commission given to inspect the rifle's properties and powers, and the ordeal proving successful, a very large order was given to him for some 60,000 of these rifles. My brother, however, found that he could not execute the order, and declined with many thanks. This rifle cost him some two or three thousand pounds in experiments, expenses, travelling, etc.; and my father, upon his dying bed, exacted from him a promise that he would give up the rifle, and never spend any more money upon it. Poor fellow! he has himself passed away since—I trust into the blessed land where pain and sorrow are unknown.

I have sometimes wondered what might have been the result had this rifle been adopted by the French infantry to a large extent, instead of the Chassepôt, whose comparative inefficiency I had good opportunity of personally marking during the Franco-German War.

While living in the Sardinian States, and working among the soldiery going to the Crimean War, I had observed the great need that existed of making myself acquainted with the grand old Provençal language, spoken to-day from Genova-la-Superba to far inside the Pyrenees among the Spanish race. which is the loved tongue of the populace, a grander language far than the Italian or the French, and rivalling in its stately cadence the sonorous Castilian itself, long neglected since the days of the Troubadours, has within the last two centuries made a wondrous progress again. In its sweet accents Jasmin of Agen has sung his exquisite Françonnette, and composed his noble 'Papillotos,' which will live for ever in the Gascon heart. In this greatest of the Provençal Felibre the Chevalier Frederic Mistral has written his wondrous 'Calendau' and noble 'Mirelle,' and a host of other minor stars have adorned the Provençal literature with many a poetic gem.

Having written a handbook of the language and its grammar, which was subsequently published,\* and having rendered into verse afterwards some of these glorious poems of the Provençal, I had twice the pleasure of knowing that these were kindly received by the late Emperor Napoleon, the generous patron

of literature.

How like a dream it all seems when we remember the Zouaves at the gilded gate of the Tuileries—the floating tricolor—the ruffle of the drums—the presented arms by the turbaned guard, as the Emperor and Empress and the Prince Imperial rode forth among the people. It seems as though some strangely long period of years had floated past since last I saw that royal party sweeping along.

If but the first Napoleon had made the Bible the guide of France, and reformed the Gallican Church, giving her back her ancient independence of the Roman Pontiff, and sweeping away with unflinching hand the rubbish and dust of centuries, until the fine gold of primitive Christianity glittered below, then would his line have held dominion over France, and rest

and peace have been hers.

I began the last chapter in Scotland—I may as well finish this one there. We had been staying at Loch Earn Hotel, enjoying the lovely scenery, and had made arrangements for

<sup>\*</sup> John Russell Smith, Soho Square, 1863.

holding Divine service upon the approaching Sabbath, when, unfortunately, I fell so ill that, finding myself so far from home, I deemed it expedient to make my way to Glasgow, reluctantly resigning the prospect of the Sunday service. As we were driving in the hotel carriage for the station of Loch Earn Head, some miles distant, the road lay along the shore of the lake, which was fringed with a margin line of stately trees. I was still reluctant enough at the thought of being compelled to give up the Sunday service, as there is only an occasional service held at Loch Earn, and as we were driving along we saw, riding in advance, a young lady and her brother. The lady's horse suddenly became restive. We gradually passed them, and had gone on for about half a mile in advance along the low cliff road over the lake, when, looking back, I saw that the lady's horse had started off at speed with her, and was nearing us fast, while the young lady was endeavouring in vain to restrain him. Her position was one of much danger, for if the unruly steed darted down among the trees she must be killed; and as she drew nearer I heard her utter a cry of distress. Weak from illness as I was, I opened the door and leaped down. The next moment the horse was upon me, and I. as he swerved from me, with all my strength caught at the bridle, and felt that it was just in time, for the pale face and changing colour of the lady spoke unmistakably of her losing 'Oh!' she said, 'please, don't let him go.' I her strength. reassured her upon that point, and her brother now rode up he, I suppose, fearing to follow the runaway horse too closely lest he might only increase the danger. The young lady evidently seemed very courageous, for she would not dismount, but continued her ride with her companion, while we drove on for the train, fearing we were late; and I felt then that perhaps my illness and my forced departure, though it had caused the loss of the service, had yet saved the young lady from a serious accident.

How strange are the providences of life! A man turns down one street instead of another, and he meets with a friend whose words change the whole course of his life. He enters a church, or hears a speaker whose intense, earnest appeals seem to burn into his very heart as he cries, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.'

One day all these strange mysteries will be made clear, and all the marvellous enigmas of life deciphered.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ANGUS CAMERON.

'I said, I will forget my sadness and be strong,
I will forget the past—
I will forget the sorrow that so long
Its shadow o'er me cast!'

WHEN I first met Angus Cameron at a friend's rooms in the new square, he gave me the impression of a man whose destiny in life had been embittered by some great sorrow. featured, with piercing, keen glance, powerfully made, though rather beneath the middle stature, you could not converse with him without feeling interested in him. From casual hints which he dropped I gathered that he had been at Oxford, and also had been a Durham student. As fellow commonersalthough Angus was only a 'junior freshman,' albeit apparently some half-dozen years my senior in age, and I had attained to the advanced station of being a 'senior freshman'-we used often to sit side by side at 'commons,' and then would sometimes adjourn to our respective rooms, or wander along the pleasant green lanes of Clontarf, or ramble by the shore of the far-sounding sea upon the sands of the North Hill, where great barnacle-covered ribs of sunken ships protruding sometimes from the sands told of wrecks in days gone by, long ere Kingstown's refuge harbour had been built, and where the fierce gales swept many a struggling craft into the hungry sand's glistering embrace.

Sometimes we would wander out along the wooden pier, through whose piles the fierce surging tide swept onward, and listen to the ceaseless moaning of the deep, broken by the shriek of the heron flapping his vast wings slowly over head, or

the wild call of the shrill sad curlew.

There was a mystery about Angus Cameron: sprung from an old Scottish family, the members of which, he told me, were now scattered over the world, having affinity with a great ducal house whose name had often thrilled the Highland heart and whose clansmen had played a conspicuous part in Scottish Angus would sit for hours listening to the sound of the sea, and occasionally giving some brief retrospect of his past life, some scene he had witnessed or been a sharer in, some word-painting of place or person, which had a great fascina-

One summer's evening, as the waters slumbered at our feet, he took out two miniatures exquisitely painted. One was that of a young, manly, noble-featured soldier, wearing the white Austrian cavalry uniform; the other represented a lovely girl, of some sixteen years at most, a certain air of haughty fierté strangely mingling with a sweetness, a mildness that lingered in the aristocratic features. A foreign artist had evidently painted both these miniatures. Angus gave a deep sigh as he gazed upon the exquisite face that met his view.

'Ah! he said, 'how like her face when first I heard the words "My daughter Marie, Mr. Cameron," spoken by her father, and that father the lawful heir to a throne, though an exile. Oh, man!' he cried enthusiastically, 'had you but seen her! This is her brother,' he resumed; 'a noble fellow!' And now Angus fell into a deep study and mused as though abstracted from all consideration of time and distance from

the University.

'Do you remember Vincenzo Monti's words?' he cried suddenly-

"" Un' altra volta. Regnai pur sola nel tuo cor, ma breve Fu quell' impero. Cominciò coll riso E termino col pianto."

Alas! so it has been with me. But 'tis time to return,' and

Angus strode on with rapid strides before.

It seems strange, when we recall the history of the men who have sat side by side with us in the class-room of our University, to contrast their after-life with the bright anticipations which we have formed during their college career of what their future success would be.

The brilliant graduate who dazzled the University men with that great speech at the Historical Society, and who, in the estimation of his compeers, after the expiration of a few years,

would in all likelihood be offered the Lord Chancellorship, may be, peradventure with gray hair and furrowed brow, a Q.C., hard set to manage to overcome the res angusta domi. The man who excited the wonder of the Theological Society, who bore off the Vice-Chancellor's prize for oratory, is now a quiet rector in the north, his people much amused when any passing stranger, lingering in the quiet little country church, delivers a warm encomium upon the sermon which he has just listened to. They have heard the same, if not better, for twenty years past, and, if anything, imagined that their rector was rather not quite himself 'the day.'

Again, this brilliant dissector, this profound pathologist of the early days of student-life, is now toiling away laboriously as dispensary doctor in Clash-Kish-na Carrigan district, trying to pass his boy through Alma Mater, and to keep the roof over his head, on some £90 per annum, and the few and far between farmers' fees, to obtain which, night and day the poor doctor must be ready to start at a moment's notice, to ride or walk from one to fifteen Irish miles, as the case may be.

Yet, after all, success in life is not to be measured by these apparent failures. It will be found, when the balance will be struck, at 'the dread trumpet's sounding,' that perhaps yonder grey-haired, care-worn curate or incumbent, toiling day after day, night after night, for the benefit of his flock, endeavouring on some  $\pm 75$  per annum to exist, and keep his wife and little ones in bread, may be found nearer the throne of the King than many a mitred brow which has long passed him in the earthly race; sursum corda, my brothers, it is but for a time.

Angus seemed restless and excitable for some days after our last conversation. A member of the Scottish Episcopal Church himself, he had imbibed deeply Tractarian doctrine; and many an evening we used to hold amicable controversies on some disputed point. His usual habit was to rise at four or five o'clock, and to take a long morning stroll, ere Dublin windows had cast off their shutters. During one of these expeditions, he told me afterwards that he had been suddenly seized by some strange illness, and found himself, upon recovering consciousness, struggling wildly with some soldiers who had gone to his assistance. One night we were taking tea together in my rooms. I had dropped into 'night-roll' to answer my name, and had just made tea, as students, lonely mortals, used to make it, with much of green commingling with the black. A rumour had saddened me much. I had heard that Cameron

had been seen intoxicated crossing the court a few days before; and about a week before that night he had knocked at the door of my room in a semi-intoxicated state, and I had spoken to him my mind very plainly; in fact, I had pointed out to him that destruction of soul and body must be the result of persisting in such a habit, and he had departed angrily, saying that he would never enter my rooms again. This night, however, he had come across to my quarters, and had expressed much regret for his having been the victim of this sad temptation to drink, and had vowed to give it up entirely for the future.

Some few weeks before Cameron had been very ill, and he had asked me to write to his only sister, who was married to a gentleman of large property in one of the sister lands. Her reply breathed such a tender spirit of love for Angus, such deep anxiety for his recovery, entreating me to write again, that, if necessary, she might come across and tend him, and ended with the words, 'I entreat you to be kind to dear Angus; if you only knew how truly noble and generous his nature is, how loving a heart is his!'

That night, after night-roll, Angus suddenly started up and said that he felt very ill. I asked him to lie down upon the bed, and he did so, but found himself becoming so very unwell, that he asked me to go for a doctor for him. This was a difficult matter; I had no one to send. The gates were closed for the night, and no one would be allowed out without a pass. To obtain this I had to cross into the old square, familiarly known as 'Botany Bay'—I presume so called because of its dark and unprepossessing contrast with its brighter-looking rivals of the new square and library square. The junior dean had then to be sought out, and a pass solicited. That functionary was evidently retiring to rest when I rang and knocked at the door; but presently his voice was heard inside, and in reply to my announcement he said, 'Oh, the poor fellow; of course you can go, and tell the porter to pass you through, that you have my authority for so doing. I am very sorry for poor Mr. Cameron.' When the doctor arrived, he pronounced at once that Cameron was suffering from an attack of that fearful malady, delirium tremens, prescribed for him, and, after some time, departed. All that night I watched him, as he lay tossing about in the wild, horrible madness fever, crying out that he saw hideous snakes crawling round the bed, and trying to fasten on his arms, shrieking that ghastly faces

were glaring at him, and then for a moment or two he would remain quiet, while I carried out the physician's directions. gave the appointed medicines, and poured vessels of cold water over his burning temples. That night of lonely watching, with the strong man tossing madly from side to side of the bed, and his hoarse cries rending the silence of the night, I shall never forget. Oh, love of drink, so insidious in its approaches, which in its Laocoon grasp seizes the noble mind and stalwart frame, how dreadful are thy trophies! 'There are some sins,' writes the Rev. Robert M'Cheyne, of Dundee, 'which I am apt to think I should never fall into-intemperance, for instance; and yet I know that but for the grace of God I should be like you miserable drunkard.' How one should pray against this fell monster's death-like advance, as he proceeds mowing down the young, the chivalrous, the noble, and the brave. How one should pray for that divine grace which alone can keep us from temptation for ever.

Cameron recovered from his attack, and almost immediately after I left my rooms for the south. I had scarcely been a fortnight gone, when I received a letter with a black seal from

a College friend:-

'Poor Angus Cameron is dead! He was suddenly taken ill while crossing the square, and entered a friend's room with whom he was conversing at the moment. His friends had been telegraphed for when the illness became alarming. It seemed of the nature of some apoplectic seizure. His brotherin-law hastened across with another relative; but, as they entered the gate, a porter told them "Mr. Cameron died this morning, sir." "The elder gentleman staggered against the wall, sir," said the porter to me afterwards, "as though he had been shot through the heart."

A lonely resting-place in St. Mark's churchyard contains the mortal deposit of poor Angus Cameron. A mystery seemed to rest upon his life. A weather-beaten marble headstone is often passed by me; and often I think, as I wander past the railings of the churchyard, how sad the fate of Angus

Cameron, whose name is graven there.

'A man is never safe who once gets delirium tremens,' said the doctor, and truly his words had had a sad accomplishment. Should this true history meet the eye of any one who is the slave of this accursed demon of drunkenness, I would say to him, Bring your case before your loving Father in heaven; ask of Him to break the power which this vice has over you;

ask of Him to take away the taste for drink out of your lips; to give you that strength to resist temptation which you need, and to enable you, by the might of God the Holy Ghost, to overcome this temptation of Satan. In God's strength you will overcome. I have known men, as a garrison chaplain in the army, who have been desperate drunkards, reclaimed, and made temperate and happy; but they first of all asked God to pardon them all sin in the atoning blood of Christ; and having been made happy in conscience, and at peace with God, they were also given a strength which has brought them triumphantly through all their trials and temptations, and instead of the drunkard's laugh and drunkard's fate, has given them the joy and peace of the man who loves and fears the Lord his God.

### CHAPTER IV.

### THE SCHOLAR'S DEATHBED.

One of the ablest men I have ever met was Frederick Maxwell, a scholar, gold medallist, senior moderator, and winner of numerous other distinctions. He was busily engaged in studying for a fellowship. A singular matter about Maxwell's reading was, that he never seemed to read. You found him by day either in the University gigs, starting down the river for a pull to Dollymount, or perhaps riding under the cool shade of the stately trees in the Phœnix, or engaged at cricket, or perhaps sitting plunged in reverie in some corner of the College park, or photographing, if you called at his rooms; but, with the exception of some tiny Elzevirs, classics seemed invisible in his rooms; and, save a few volumes of the higher French mathematics, and one or two German authors, nothing like work was to be seen.

'I wonder how Maxwell does manage it?' Colville used often to say. 'I never yet saw him reading.' One night, finding that sleep had departed from me, I wandered out for a saunter round the courts. It was about three in the morning; the summer sun was breaking out, the birds began to sing their first faint notes, and, passing by Maxwell's window, I saw a light still burning in his room, which was on the ground floor. I looked in; the shutter was partially open, and there sat Maxwell reading assiduously—a wet towel clasping his temples, and a little fire-blackened earthen teapot simmering over a spirit-lamp, containing a decoction of the reading man's inevitable green tea. I had solved the mystery. Maxwell used to spend his nights in study, with the foolish vanity of appearing to be able to surpass, without any apparent effort, his contemporaries.

The College men at this time used to attend in great numbers

the spirit-stirring ministry of the Rev. John Gregg.\* When College chapel was concluded, a stream of students would pour over Carlisle Bridge and fill every vacant seat in Trinity Church. These were in truth palmy days for the north side of Dublin. The Lord Lieutenant had his pew in the gallery. The Commander of the Forces used regularly to sit below, and the Lord Chief Justice never missed a Sunday at Trinity Church, and as for Q.C.'s, barristers, clergymen from the country, military men-from the duke to the peasant, all classes thronged Trinity. Those who have heard its pastor in his own church, will not wonder at the power which seemed to keep such thronging crowds in attendance from the first month of his ministry to the very last. Maxwell would often seek the Trinity gallery, filled with College men, who hung upon the burning eloquent words of the great orator. Many a time some poor old withered widow, desolate and lonely, lurking in some dark corner of the church, has poured forth sob after sob, as words of sweet comfort have reached her heart from him who she would see week after week bringing her aid and comfort to the wretched garret where she lived, for the minister of Trinity was loved especially by the poor; indeed, so well was he known that there was quite a migration from other parts of Dublin to the vicinity of his church, that the poor might thus entitle themselves to his kindness. Maxwell was not a religious man, he was one who had a respect for true religion and for those who he thought were in earnest; but, as far as I could discern, he did not as yet perceive the need of that great change, which is in Holy Scripture compared to a resurrection from death, an awakening from slumber, and of which St. Paul speaks in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the fourteenth verse, where he charges us, 'Follow (to obtain) the sanctification without which no man shall see the Lord.' word here, τον αγιασμôν, which is rendered 'holiness' in the authorised version, meaning properly sanctification. Maxwell had learned many things, but he had never felt his need, as a lost sinner, of a Saviour, willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him.

There is something peculiarly affecting in sickness far away from home. I had missed Maxwell for some days, and had fancied, from seeing his shutters closed, that he had gone away somewhere. At last I ascertained that he was ill, very ill, with

<sup>\*</sup> The late venerated Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross.

typhus fever. Day after day the strong man lay grappling with the dread enemy death; day after day the door was thronged by anxious college friends inquiring after him. When visited by Dr. Gregg, whom he had expressed a desire to see, and who endeavoured to elicit from him the state of his mind, Maxwell hoarsely said, looking up with an appalled glance into his face, 'All last night I seemed to hear three words ringing like thunder-peals in my ear:—Death! The Grave! The Judgment to come! Oh!' he cried, 'I have learned much, but I have forgotten the one thing needful. I have neglected

my salvation and rejected my Saviour.'

The next day the good old pastor bent over him as he lay, and again the same awful words sounded from his lips, 'Death! The Grave! The Judgment to come!' Dr. Gregg endeavoured to show to the poor sufferer the love of the crucified Redeemer. He pointed to Him who cries, 'Behold Me! Behold Me, all ye ends of the earth.' He read the gracious promises—'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool' (Isaiah i. 18). 'Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us: He will subdue our iniquities, and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea' (Micah vii. 18, 19). Maxwell seemed to grasp for a moment at the gracious promises, 'Can it be for me, even for me, lost as I am, a rebel against my God, that pardon is thus reserved?' 'Yes,' said the old man, 'even for you. Hear this gracious word, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin" (1 St. John i. 7); and hear again, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty" (2 Cor. xvii. 18); and again, "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. v. 20, 21). Oh, Maxwell! mark that infinite love of God-God beseeching you to be reconciled to Him. He is reconciled to you, for mark the very next verse: "For He hath made Him (Jesus), who knew no sin, to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him (Jesus)": and mark again, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Mark how that the moment you believe, your sins are laid on Jesus. He becomes your sin and blessed substitution; you are made the righteousness of God in Jesus.

"Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God."

When Dr. Gregg called again, Maxwell welcomed him with a happy smile. 'Oh, sir!' he cried, 'thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift of a Saviour to my poor weary soul. I am resting entirely upon the Lord Jesus, and I believe that He hath forgiven all my sins; and now I can rejoice that no longer I hear the awful words, "Death! The Shroud! The Judgment!" but that I can cry, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"'

A lowly grave guards the mortal deposit of Frederick Maxwell. The brilliant scholar, the accomplished student, had passed away from earth; but a better home than any earthly home is his now, and a more glorious diadem than the fading coronet of earthly fame has crowned his weary brow in the city

of the New Jerusalem.

# CHAPTER V.

'48.

The year 1848 was a troubled one in the annals of Ireland; the Young Ireland party breaking with the peaceful traditions of the 'Liberator,' into whose repeal coffers flowed every week the offerings of the peasantry and gifts of citizens, from the servant girl's penny to the merchant's guinea, from the artisan's shilling to the Roman Catholic dignitary's golden coin, had indoctrinated the people with the evil leaven of the treasonteaching journals; such as the 'Felon' and 'United Irishman.' Tricolor flags proudly waved, from pike-headed staffs, over houses in the leading thoroughfares. Pikes were manufactured in vast numbers, and hidden away in cellars, ready to be used by the brawny arms of desperadoes, swarming in the old quaint houses of the Liberties of Dublin.

Rebel ballads were sung by itinerant melodists, each surrounded by a choice gathering of the well-wishers of the Irish Republic. Rebel literature was sown broadcast throughout the land; nor, indeed, has that pernicious poison ever since really ceased from dissemination through Ireland.

A company or two of the line were thrown into the University, much to the chagrin of the gownsmen, who looked upon the presence of the infantry as a sort of intimation that they were not regarded as able to defend alma mater themselves. Earnestly they desired the promotion of a Trinity College Rifle Corps; and as the aspect of affairs daily grew more threatening, and the rebel papers more undisguisedly advocated immediate insurrection, the college men quietly, in many instances, armed themselves, that they might be no indifferent witnesses of the impending struggle. The Bank of Ireland, immediately opposite Trinity College, was garrisoned by the Highlanders of the 74th regiment. Ever and anon

their stalwart forms were seen moving inside the battlements of the roof, as some hurrahing mob, with green-uniformed leaders, would surge up the street, or some band, displaying green flags and fierce mottoes, would sweep along to the music of seditious tunes.

At this time a singular incident occurred in my brother-inlaw, Colonel Kelty M'Leod's regiment, the 74th, to one of the pipers. The Board of Directors were assembled in the boardroom—the Governor of the Bank of Ireland seated in the chair. Suddenly from out the court-yard skirled in the wild melody, shrill and fierce, of the Highland pipes. The speaker tried to raise his voice, but the bag-pipes drowned their tones; some smiled, others looked annoyed. At last the governor called a porter, and ordered him to go and tell the piper from him that he desired him to cease playing. Presently the porter returned, looking very much put out. Still the pipes played on; but now there was a wild gathering war-cry resounding from the reeds, like the wind moaning through the pines of Loch Earn, and anon louder and louder still the music rose. 'Did you not deliver my message to the piper?' asked the governor. The porter hung his head, and stammered out faintly, 'Yes, sir; I did.' 'And what answer did he make, man?' The man at first was silent, but when the governor repeated his question, and insisted on a reply-

'Well, sir,' cried the porter in desperation, 'the piper listened to my message; and then he said--' And here he broke down again. 'And what did he say?' cried the governor, while all eyes were fixed on the porter, and all ears were filled with the wild strains pouring from Donald outside. 'He said,

sir—he said—

"Tell the governor to mind his business, and I'll mind mine."

Imagination cannot paint that scene as the poor porter vanished from the room; and still, as though in proud defiance,

# 'The gathering war-cry rose,'

and Donald stalked up and down the court, ever and anon casting a wrathful glance towards the window, while the governor at last could not avoid the contagious laugh which filled the room.

The insane attempt at insurrection ended, as the reader knows, by the capture of the misguided yet generous leader,

'48 27

Mr. Smith O'Brien, and matters gradually quieted down for a time.

Many Roman Catholic gentlemen were in Trinity, living with all good feeling, and actuated by the *esprit de corps* of their fellow-students.

I remember when Lord Eglinton made his entrance as viceroy into Dublin, the students were in force inside the semicircular railed-in space in front of the University. Outside a long line of mounted dragoons was drawn up, and a vast multitude surged up and down College Green. Horse police, with drawn sabres, flitted here and there—infantry soldiers lined the streets—gownsmen cheered—ladies waved handkerchiefs from open windows—the mob hurrahed—as one of the few really popular viceroys that ever came to Ireland advanced

slowly in his triumphal progress towards the Castle.

Macpherson Johnstone, a fine tall, manly young fellowcommoner, had, in order to see the cortège above the brass helmets of the cavalry, elevated himself on one of the College lamp-posts, and was holding on by the bar, while as the procession passed he waved his handkerchief, which, as Macpherson was a northerner, happened to be of an Orange colour, a police officer came beneath and ordered him down, which order Johnstone naturally disobeyed; then some members of the force seized upon Macpherson's legs and began to pull him down, while some gownsmen near gathered round the police, and the mob gathered round them to assist the civil forces. The luckless handkerchief, thus made a casus belli, was struggled for by all three parties, when suddenly the gates were thrown open, and the tide of Trinity men pressed out to the rescue, and before their advancing band, the crowd of coal-porters from the North Wall-denizens of the Liberties, rabble of the streets—who had already begun to cannonade the University men with stones, flew in wild confusion as the gownsmen pressed up the street. Between King William's statue and the College a vast crowd was concentrated, and showed a bold front, while sticks were flourished by them and stones poured in volleys, rattling against the dragoons' helmets, rebounding from the gownsmen, and sparing neither friend nor foe. The object of the College men was to go round King William's statue, the object of the mob was to prevent them from so doing, and the object of the police was to keep the peace. At last the band of gownsmen neared King William, but only a detachment of their number succeeded in getting round the base of his statue,

which they did cheering lustily, and then had to make desperate efforts to clear their way through the mob that had closed in between them and the rest of their band; and now a cry was heard, 'The horse police, the horse police are coming!' While charging up the street, these cavalry gensdarmes galloped up to the scene of action with flashing sabres, and the re-united band of College men succeeded in gaining the shelter of the railings, and were presently induced with great difficulty to enter within the portals of the University, while showers of stones still came rattling after them from the townsmen. These foolish gown and town riots very rarely indeed occurred. During the whole of my University experience, I never witnessed the slightest unpleasantness between gentlemen of very opposite religious views living together in the courts of Trinity. leading Roman Catholic gentry of Ireland have sought its halls for the education of their sons, and distinction after distinction have been swept away by students of that faith. But now Ultra-Montanism, seeking to reduce Ireland to a more deplorable condition even than priest-ridden Spain, tries hard to sweep away the noble University—the lamp of learning—in our hapless island.

## CHAPTER VI.

#### A NIGHT WITH THE MORMONS.

MORMONISM, that hideous excrescence upon the fair form of Christianity, has never made any progress in Ireland, and yet some three-and-twenty years since great efforts were made by Mormon emissaries in Dublin to beguile souls. The place where they commenced their campaign was an old hall called the 'Coombe,' situated in the Liberties, not far from St. Patrick's Cathedral. Most travellers who have spent a few days in the Irish metropolis will remember the quaint old housesthe fantastic gables, the glassless windows, the poles hanging therefrom, from whence red flannels, white sheets and raiment would depend fluttering in the breeze, the white faces of the children as they sallied out to play, casting furtive glances after the tall helmeted policeman as he patrolled his district. century this region was the chosen haunt of the French weavers, Huguenots who had left France that they might 'keep the faith once delivered to the saints,' and whose children after their decease still lingered, plying their silk looms in the old streets, from whose tortuous alleys the noble cathedral of St. Patrick rises—an everlasting memorial of the magnificent generosity of Sir Benjamin Guinness, whose name, side by side with that of Mr. Roe, the generous restorer at so vast expense of the noble sister cathedral of Christ Church, will go down to posterity as Instauratores Ruinarum, dear to all Irish Churchmen's hearts. And still may be heard in the still summer eve the sound of some solitary silk loom, worked in one of these same quaint-gabled tall houses of the Weavers' Close, though, alas! the silk manufacture has departed like the once prosperous linen trade from Dublin.

'You must come to-night; there's a party of our divinity

men going up to the "Coombe" to confront those Mormons who are trying to make proselytes,' said the cheery, manly voice of poor Ferdinand Spiller, as, some six feet four inches in stature, he strode into my rooms, and moored himself in the arm-chair.

Poor Ferdinand! Fine manly fellow! A year or so afterwards an English curacy received him as its pastor. And there he developed a wondrous pulpit power; his sermons attracted great attention, and he himself with all his might worked hard in the blessed work of endeavouring to save perishing souls by preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. A couple of years at most, and the tall, powerful man, completely shattered, crept like many a poor weary curate into the quiet grave. Ah, how many such ones are daily winning the diadem of immortal glory! How many noble heroisms are in daily action, where weary, worn-out pastors, with pale face and hectic flush and fevered brow, are working for the blessed Master from house to house, sick-bed to sick-bed-from pestilential garret to fever haunt, obliged to groan in secret over the dread amount of suffering and poverty, while they deny themselves sometimes even necessary food, that they may have the means of at least partially mitigating it.

I have known Irish Church rectors and curates of the Established Church who in the famine year have subsisted with their families upon turnips, that they, half starving themselves, might be able to keep the life in the dying poor Roman Catholic peasantry living round them. Alas! where is now the little country parsonage, round whose doors the daily levee of sick and poor would congregate—where the gentle hand of the curate's wife would deal out medicine or food to the poor weary Roman Catholic parishioners - where the country church, where God's own blessed gospel used to cheer the fainting, troubled heart, and elevate the spirit from earthly care to seek eternal joys? Alas! how very many Protestant Church doors have been shut through the green fields of Ireland by the cruel disestablishment of God's Church, and the little Protestant flock left for a prey to the ever-ceaseless emissaries of the Church of Rome! How awful in the sight of God must be the responsibility of those who either directly or indirectly have carried out the disestablishment of that faithful Church!

At eight o'clock that evening we found ourselves seated in the dimly-lighted hall, a few candles making darkness more visible, casting giant shadows over the dark recesses of the

Coombe Hall, and straying with a sickly glare over the determined faces of the Mormon band, who were all armed with stout sticks, which they knocked emphatically upon the floor every now and then, as though to encourage the two orators who stood behind a table covered with faded green baize, and lighted by two guttering candles.

A long harangue, setting forth the blessings of Mormonism and the advantage of being connected with it, and curiously holding in solution, as it were, certain theological points, now followed from one of these speakers; and then the numbers having increased by the approach of certain dark-faced, smokebegrimed individuals from the Liberties who came in to see what was going on, the second speaker poured forth a volume of praise on Mormonism in general—Joseph Smith in particular —their tenets as being delightfully suitable for the hard-worked toilers of the Liberties, and the Salt Lake City as being an earthly paradise, and then proceeded in a controversial way to endeavour to quite demolish the religious opinions of the Christian portion of his auditory. To him listened with great impatience the group of college men; and after he had ceased, I was deputed to ask permission to reply to his arguments. This request was sternly denied. The Mormons gathered together, raised their sticks, and began to look unpleasant. preachers began to vociferate loudly behind the baize-covered table, and all things looked uncommonly like to our being exterminated. Spiller leisurely drew up his giant proportions, and calmly surveyed the angry Mormon band; when at this moment the forms of some policemen were seen flitting in, and in a few moments the excitement began to cool down, and we, after a few minutes' more delay, left the hall. The Mormons did not try another meeting. They departed from Dublin without gaining any proselytes to swell their number.

'I can tell you,' said one of our party, 'I was beginning to think when these fellows closed in on us that way, that we would have hard work to gain the street again. Did you see those fellows' cudgels—each a very striking argumentum ad baculum?' 'They were disturbed last night, I heard to-day, by some of our men, who addressed the people and showed them the mad folly and sin of their tenets, and they evidently came prepared to-night,' said Spiller. 'But let us hasten on. We are a long way from Trinity.'

I was ordained deacon on Sunday, 25th of September, 1853, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by Archbishop Whately, as curate

assistant of St. John's Church, situated in Fishamble Street, in the Liberties of Dublin.

In this long winding street, composed of Fishamble and Bride Streets, there are no less than two cathedrals in the immediate vicinity—St. Patrick's stately pile, and Christ Church. There are also St. John's Church,\* St. Werburgh's, St. Bride's, the old Molyneux Church, and, quite close to the latter, the parish church of St. Peter's. These buildings are thus situated in what is now the very worst quarter of Dublin, squalid misery reigns in these tall houses, whose stately proportions and antique form tell of a time when this was the most fashionable part of the metropolis.

My rector, the late highly respected Rev. Singleton Abbott, M.A., was a divine of the old school—a man of commanding appearance, and a polished gentleman of that type which, alas,

seems rarer and rarer to be met with every day.

I will honestly confess, once for all, that when I entered the ministry, I did so with a fervent desire to win souls to Christ, and yet scarcely realising what the Gospel of God

really was.

I had never been at Sunday-school, and this was to me an exceeding loss. When I look back upon the huge MS. sermons which I used to write so carefully in the earlier years, and even copy out the collect on the front page thereof, I find that the theology therein, as far as they went, was good, but I now see how defective it was. It was only in Sardinia, while living by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, that I was enabled to grasp at the glorious truth of the whole gospel. I was then enabled to see, by the Divine aid, that the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus was a sufficient pardon for all my sins, and that He had wrought out a righteousness, even the keeping of the law, which was set down to my account in God's book, when I truly believed on the Lord Jesus Christ.

The first year of a young minister's diaconate is a peculiarly trying one, especially in a city parish; he knows not how to manage his voice. It may be, as in my case happened, he is placed in a difficult post, and has to find out things for himself, and by practical experience, whereas a few kindly hints from an experienced fellow-minister might prove of inestimable

value.

I found that the constant visiting in the pestilential dens of

<sup>\*</sup> This fine old church of St. John's has long since been taken down.

Fishamble Street—for at that time it was far worse than it is now, since light and air have been thrown in upon it by the demolition of sundry old houses—was slowly telling upon my health, and at last I effected an exchange, for a time, with a country clergyman, which ultimately led to my leaving Dublin for the south of Ireland.

In God's gracious providence, after some twenty years, I find myself pastor of the Old Molyneux Church, once more labouring in the dens and aged houses of that self-same quarter of Dublin, the congregation of the present church being a very large one, mainly composed of the poor, and the young ladies and gentlemen engaged in mercantile houses in the city, with

the strangers who come from other parts of Dublin.\*

Many have the vicissitudes been of the Old Molyneux Church. Dr. Fleury was for a long period its pastor, and his name is a household word in the Irish Church for eloquence and reasoning power. When he and his brother minister, the present so well-known and able Dr. Maurice Neligan, succeeded in building their New Molyneux Church in Leeson Park, the higher classes of the congregation deserted the old church, and left it to the struggling poor. In fact, the church was upon the very verge of being closed. Its organ was already nearly purchased for a Roman Catholic chapel by its priest, when some kind friends improvised a hasty subscription, and saved it. Then, after various struggles, it experienced the fostering care, generous liberality, and reviving able ministry of the Rev. James White, now rector of St. Thomas', who handed it over with a numerous congregation, chiefly of the poorer classes, to the present minister.

Surely English Christians will not refuse to aid our suffering churches in this day of our sore trouble.

<sup>\*</sup> This was written twenty-five years ago, the writer being now incumbent of Trinity Church, Lower Gardiner Street, Dublin.

# CHAPTER VII.

#### THE STORY OF SERGEANT BEATTY.

'THAT is Knockaroura, your honour,' said the driver, as he pointed with his whip to the blue mountain crest. 'It was, in the time of '98, a troubled place enough. That's the beauty of the world. Currig—Currig avicko, his honour will give you a penny if you catch us before we get to the forge beyant;' and he apostrophised a red-haired bouchaleen, who, stimulated by the challenge, put his legs in motion like a bicycle, and strained on after us, gaining the penny, though he lost the race. The driver was clad in a light calico jacket, adorned with coloured broad parallel stripes; a felt hat covered his brow, in which a couple of drake's feathers were perched; his white waistcoat was resplendent with brass buttons, and the vehicle itself just held one person on each side, the driver's seat having been unshipped. It was an intensely red outside car, drawn by a tall chestnut, who had a very vindictive way of glaring back upon you with his eyes, and an unpleasant way of coming to a dead halt at the foot of every hill. No amount of coaxing, no earnest appeals to his sense of propriety, would then avail. Should the whip be applied, an instantaneous shower of kicks followed, despite the 'kicking traces'; and the only way in which he could be induced to move along was by the driver descending, arming himself with a few handfuls of small stones from the roadside, and playfully tossing them in a shower at his head, flanks, and neck, when off he started like an arrow from the bow. 'Twas the childher taught him the habit, the craythur,' quoth the driver meditatively; 'troth he wouldn't do for the Curragh of Kildare, anyhow, for it's more turf nor stone is to be found there.'

'You see, sir, in the time of the troubles, though it seems to me that poor owld Ireland is always in trouble, when the army

was quartered in Mallow, one Sergeant Beatty belonged to the Meath Militia-by the same token they were a royal regiment also. The insurrection was nearly over and the French was beat who landed at Killala, and the boys disparsed after winning many battles—you see the English soldiers were too strong for them. - Fine evening, your riverence; I hope I see your honour well," as a stout red-faced priest rode by. 'That's Father Eugene M'Carthy, and he has a pack of hounds himself, and not a bad one aither, though they're not many of them. He is the parish priest in the next parish, and he's a mighty learned man too. I wondher where he got that black mare he's riding? she's like the one that Dan Sullivan bought at Bartlemy fair. Just throw a stone, your honour, over his head—the horse I mane, not the priest—he's getting a little wild in himself. Well, sir, Sergeant Beatty joined "the boys" all around Mallow for miles, and they were all sworn in to enter into Mallow on the Sunday while the troops were at church, and then the Royal Meath Militia were to join them, or as many of the regiment as were on their side; and the artillery were to be captured, for the cannon were lying there with only a few sentries over them. And then, sir, while the soldiers were in church, they were to be fired on from the outside, and all of them was to be massacred. Well, sir, there was one Michael Carthy, a cooper by profession, and a very religious man, who was in the saycret, and he thought the day before that he had better go to confession to Father Barry for he did not know but that he might get shot next day, and he thought it was as well to be ready anyhow. Of course, under the seal of confession, he towld it all to Father Tom Barry, knowing of course that his lips were sealed on the point. Well, sir, Father Tom was all his life friendly to the English Government. I need not tell your honour that the priests in general don't love the English Government very much; sure, there was Father Doctor John Murphy, of Boolavogue Chapel, and he commanded a division of the "boys" himself in '98, and kilt a great number of King's men; not to mention the blessed priest of Bannow, Father Roche, and a power more of them who headed the rebels. So when Father Tom thought over the matter, and remembered that he had some relations in the army in Mallow, and more friends among them, he up and towld Carthy that he must at once give him lave to tell the general, Sir Eyre Coote, all about it; and, lo and behold, Carthy said he might, and that very night the Meath Militia

were compelled to drop their arms, and were marched off by a strong force to Knockaroura over there. And when they arrived up there the roll was called, and Sergeant Beatty and fourteen men were gone; they had heard tell by some means or other of what was up, and they deserted with their firelocks, and each man had sixty rounds of ball cartridge. Now, when the "boys" came in on the Sunday morning airly into Mallow, each of them wearing his cota mohr,\* they looked innocent enough, but under it every man had his short pike, or an ould blunderbuss or pistol, or rusty sword. And so they gathered in crowds in the streets and waited for the Meath Militia to join them, but they waited a long time, for the Meath lads were encamped on the top of Knockaroura, enjoying the fine fresh mountain air, and so at last they all disparsed out of the town, for the army would not touch them as long as they kept quite. Meantime Captain White, with the Doneraile Yeomanry, had galloped off after the sergeant and his men, and sure enough at last they found them entrenched in a bog, and began to open fire upon them; but they soon found that the militia men were able to fire longer and farther than they could with their carbines, and so they got behind the furze hedges as ramparts; and sure enough, one of them, standing upon the ditch to reconniter the militia, who had not fired for some moments, got a ball right through his shako, which made him leap down like a rabbit into his burrow when the terrier is coming. Well, sir, to make a long story short, at last Beatty got his party clear of the bog and of the yeomanry, and at length they stopped at the public-house in Kilfinnan, and Sergeant Beatty went in, leaving a sentry at the door, and they being tired, all rested some hours and refreshed themselves, and the sergeant was taking a comfortable smoke when in ran the sentry to tell them that the Highlanders was coming on them. The poor sentry looked so pale and wake-hearted at his men, that Beatty tould him that if he had known he was such a coward he would have shot him long before now; so, throwing down the pipe, he ordered them all to load, and stationed them in the front windows of the house, which looked down the road by which the kilted men were coming. There were only some twenty-five or thirty of them at most, and as soon as they got within gunshot, he saluted them with so deadly a discharge from the windows, that five of them were aither killed or "kilt," so that their officer commanded them to retreat, and on went the \* Anglicè, greatcoat.

militia men on towards the Leinster County, while the regulars came after them in mad pursuit. And one of the Meath lads, who had a brother, feeling himself so dead bate with wakeness and fatigue, besought the rest of the band to shoot him, and not let him be taken, which at last his brother did with his own hand—after trying all he could to help him on; so you see what a desperate way they were in. At last, after several hot fights with the King's soldiers, they were so reduced in numbers that they agreed to disparse, as the only chance of their escape, and some of them got off safe into the mountains, where the country people helped them. And as for the sergeant himself, he managed to get safely into Dublin, and they say that in afterwards trying to get up another "rising" there he was taken and hanged. The Lord Lieutenant gave Carthy a pension of £50 for life annually, and Father Barry got £300 a-year for the rest of his days, which made him pretty comfortable. Whoop! get along, ye darlint;—the evening is getting rather moist, your honour, the cloud beyant there is drifting down from the mountain; hold the reins a moment, sir—she's got a stone in the off fore-foot.'

It was dark night as we rolled into the avenue of the rectory. A setter came suspiciously investigating us as we halted at the hall door, and a couple of men with a lantern escorted my driver into the stable-yard. As they prepared to unharness the mare, and the driver himself set about making himself comfortable before a blazing turf-fire in the kitchen, 'Shall I get your reverence a cup of tea?' quoth the Maritornes of the establishment, as she smilingly curtsied at my approach. And ere long, some strong tea and some good home-made bacon decorated the table, with bread and butter, which tasted wonderfully good after the long journey from Dublin.

## CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE SQUIRE OF BALLYVOURNEEN.

I FRANKLY confess when the curtains were drawn and the candles lighted in the drawing-room after tea was ended, as I drew near the glowing fire and lay back in a capacious armchair, a deep feeling of loneliness crept over me. stillness of all around—no sound of vehicle or hum of passersby, save a laugh from the tenants below and a bark from the setter outside, disturbed my rest; and I believe I should have fallen asleep, had not a loud ring and awakening peal at the knocker proclaimed a visitor. Who can be coming at this hour of night? thought I, with a glance at the pendule on the mantelpiece, the hands of which indicated ten o'clock. left long in doubt, as a light step was heard on the stairs, and a stranger, wrapt in a huge frieze cota mohr, or greatcoat, entered the room. 'It is rather a late hour,' quoth he, in an unmistakably English accent; 'but my friend the rector charged me not to lose a moment in calling upon you to see that Mary made you comfortable, and to tell you anything that might be useful. I am John Paynell, curate of the next parish, and some ten years located there,' and he drew a chair to the A stern face, with many lines printed on it, met my view, -keen gray eyes, that seemed to glance over me in one moment as though taking a mental inventory of me-thin lips and regular features;—these arrested my attention. moments Paynell told me that he was an Oxford man; that his congregation was not as large even as mine—and that is small enough, I am sorry to say. He added: 'I have seen strange scenes here during the famine—scenes that I never can forget. I have seen "Quit Rent" mountain left without a single living being upon it, all dead either of typhus or hunger;

indeed, were it not that I set to work and begged funds from English friends, and raised some few hundreds which I expended in Indian meal, I don't think that there would be almost any one left alive in some portions of my charge. It still makes me shudder to think of it. I remember a whole family lying dead in a miserable cabin on "Quit Rent" mountain; they died of fever ensuent on famine, and no one would venture in to bring these cases out for burial, until at last a peasant half intoxicated was induced to perform the office, and to put them into the shells provided for them. The people died as passively and quietly as possible. They committed no violence; they broke open no baker's shop in the town; they stole nothing; they just laid themselves down in their cabins or by the road-side, and perished of starvation. I can truly say that never did men come out better than did the Irish Church clergy then to help them and keep them alive. I have known a clergyman live with his whole family upon turnips that he might have the means of giving to the dying Roman Catholics around.' 'But,' I asked, 'did not you receive aid from Government? Did not England liberally respond? Did not the United States nobly send across the *Macedonian* and another frigate laden with Indian meal for the relief of the famine-stricken?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'and how was that relief bestowed? Roads that began nowhere and led to nowhere were constructed, and many of the people absolutely expired while walking many miles to and from their daily work. Had something useful been done with the money; had waste lands been cultivated and allocated to the poor, thousands of acres might be teeming this moment with cultivated crops that are now only the home of the snipe and the plover or the woodcock. For my part I know,' he said, 'I wish I had a change somewhere,' and he stirred the fire vigorously. 'I feel that it is about time for me to leave the shadows of Galtymohr and the Tipperary border land. And now,' he said, 'as you are still in deacon's orders, and the Sunday after next will be the first Sunday in the month, I will exchange duties with you; for in my church we have the administration of the Holy Communion on the second Sunday in the month. But now, as you must be tired, and I have a good bit of a walk before me, I'll e'en say good-night. My house is on the top of a hill, where in the hottest July day you'll be tolerably certain to get a cool breeze. I hope soon to see you again.' And the Rev. John Paynell strode down the avenue and disappeared into the darkness of the night along the mountain road.

The little church, with its quiet graveyard around it—its group of little children gathered together for Sunday-school its few worshippers coming across the mountain roads—its tinkling bell and square belfry tower, and the brawling stream of Oun-a-buie, or the yellow river, running past it, afforded next morning a pleasing little picture. A respectable, earnestlooking man, dressed as a peasant, came up to me and said that he was the reader of the Irish Society, who was labouring in the district round about. 'I have,' he said, 'much reason to bless my God that He has graciously given us some fruit to our work in the gospel.' I have all my life had a desire to worship in a quiet little country church when not ministerially engaged in performing duty. During college days I would steal away from town and spend the Saturday evening and Sunday with my mother's brother, whom I used to accompany to the old church at Raheny. Those happy Sabbath days! those quiet walks from his old place—Bedford Lodge—with the sands stretching far away towards the ocean line, and the white canvas gleaming in the sun like fire as the distant craft bore away in their ocean flight! How beautiful an idea a country Sabbath in the House of God conveys of 'that rest, that Sabbath's rest that remaineth for the people of God!'

A tall, gentlemanly, manly form now approached me, and introduced himself as George Barrington. 'They call me hereabouts the Squire of Ballyvourneen, and I shall be truly delighted if you will come over to my box to-morrow and dine with me.'

The quiet, simple Scripture service had been concluded, and I returned to the Rectory. The next day I strolled over to Ballyvourneen, which was a pleasant walk of some five miles, more or less. Barrington had lost his wife, and was living in a small cottage, consisting of a bedroom and sitting-room, with a kitchen leading off from the latter by a narrow passage. A few fowling-pieces lay on a rack, a salmon-rod stood in one corner—a whip and a couple of blackthorns, a small selection of books in a stand, and a comfortable arm-chair, formed the leading features of the parlour. 'The big house is up yonder avenue, sir,' said the man who was industriously brightening a powerful bit, which seemed as though it would be suitable for an elephant. 'Himself never lives in it now since the poor mistress went home. Ah, he's not like the man he once was,

when he had her with him, and oh, but she was the darlint of the country! He never enters the big house now.' A few flowers grew in a little garden to one side of the cottage, and as I sat down upon the green bank, a shadow crossed between me and the sun, and the squire welcomed me to Ballyvourneen. 'Paynell is coming up, and the doctor. I told him to give the patients a chance for the evening, and to be punctual.' There was an evident undercurrent of sadness beneath all the gaiety of Barrington's manner. When Paynell arrived, I found that they were great friends; and when the dispensary doctor-a rosy, stout, middle-sized man, with a kind cheery word for every one—came in, I soon found myself at home. 'I told Jack to drive across the gig for us,' quoth he. 'Your side of the country is a deal pleasanter driving than from here to your quarters. I never travel that hill road without an uncomfortable feeling after nightfall.' Paynell laughed one of his half-bitter sarcastic laughs. 'Why, doctor,' said he, 'I thought you would be safe anywhere!' 'Ah no, those Knock-na-marountha lads are a wild lot,' observed the doctor; 'and ever since I gave that evidence on the Carthy murder case, they have had no liking for me.'

'Well,' said the squire, 'if you look at the doors, you'll see what I think of the quietness of the place; for there's not a lock on any door in the house, either hall door or inside door.' 'Was it not in the next field to this,' inquired Paynell, 'that the Franks were murdered a few years ago?' 'You can see the spot where their house stood from the ditch there,' answered Barrington. 'I suppose you never heard of it,' said he, turning to me. 'Poor Franks! It made an awful sensation in the country round. You see, poor fellow, they had fixed upon his death. It was settled in the Ribbon lodge, at one of their meetings in the mountains; and so one night they came down in a large party and attacked the house. The family were taken unawares, and the murderers burst open the door; they butchered every soul in the house, except one child, and drove a crowbar through Franks himself, and pinned him to the kitchen floor. One little girl had hidden herself under the large table, and by the blaze of the turf fire she saw plainly the faces of the murderers. When the fiends had left the house, she stole away to the nearest neighbours, and upon her evidence some of the party were identified and hanged. I believe it was the most piteous thing to see the little one giving her evidence in court, and to view the scowling faces of

the murderers, and to hear their exclamations in Irish when they heard her testimony.' 'And what is the remedy for such a state of things as this?' said Paynell. 'What can a man do. when he is denounced from the altar of the chapel by the priest? What consolation is it to his family when he is found lying on the road-side with half a dozen leaden slugs in his frame, should he have dared to take a farm that another man has left for some trifling reason of neglecting to pay his rent, that they have a claim on the barony for compensation? don't for one moment deny that tenants have often been treated most cruelly by agents and landlords, but what remedy can we apply?' 'After all there is but the one remedy, and that is an open Bible and a free gospel,' I observed. right,' said Paynell, 'and the most iniquitous act of English statesmen to Ireland was when the Kildare Place schools, in which 160,000 Roman Catholic children were instructed fully in the Word of God side by side with 170,000 Protestant children, were superseded by the National Board system of education, in which the Word of God is dishonoured, and the Roman Catholic child, should its parent or guardian wish it, at the instigation of the priest, although the child itself should be willing to have it, is required to withdraw by the clergyman, who gives religious instruction to the Protestant children when the hour comes after school hours for his reading the Bible or catechizing his Protestant children.' 'Why,' said Barrington, 'does not England act by her Roman Catholic children as she acts by her Roman Catholic soldiers? Each Roman Catholic soldier is supplied with his Roman Catholic Bible, and if he loses it he must replace it. A new one will be given him, and a deduction made from his pay for its price. Now, any system of education for Ireland, in my opinion, ought to be based upon the Word of God. I would give every Roman Catholic child able to read the Roman Catholic Bible, and every Protestant child the authorised version. I would have a certain portion of time during school hours, in which all the school together, Roman Catholic and Protestant, should read a chapter of the Bible, and thus God's Word would be honoured, and, as we know, "the entrance of Thy Word giveth light." 'I agree with you, squire,' said I. 'The very fact of 3,000 Roman Catholic teachers, in whose schools the Bible was read, petitioning that they might be allowed to retain the Bible in their schools, spoke trumpet-tongued to the fact that under the Kildare Place Society the Bible was permeating the Roman

Catholic population of Ireland, and that the poor Roman Catholic, if defended from the tyranny of his priests, loves the Bible.' 'But,' said the doctor, 'I believe there are two kinds of national schools—the "vested" and "non-vested," the nonvested being under a private patron, and receiving equally a Government grant. Now, I know a man who is patron of one of these, and he says he can do anything he likes in his school, which is all composed of Protestant children.' 'He can, can he?' said Paynell; 'but, my dear fellow, don't you see that the priest who is a patron of a national school can just do exactly the same thing too in his school? and thus you have hundreds of thousands of Roman Catholic children brought up by their priests in these national schools, without one ray of Bible truth reaching them, and the Government of England subsidising these very priests with enormous sums to teach these children that same Roman Catholic religion, which we believe to be idolatrous and opposed to the pure gospel of God; and, moreover, now we see all over the length of Ireland the Church of Ireland struggling to maintain her schools, the education in which is based upon the Word of God, and in which still thousands of Roman Catholics are to be found, and yet England gives these Scriptural Church schools not one single farthing to maintain them, the burden falling principally upon the clergyman of the parish and the few Protestants living in it.' 'Why then,' said the doctor, 'did England establish the national system?' 'Simply to please the priests. The people were learning God's Word. No attempt was made in the Kildare Place schools to convert them to Protestantism; they were required simply to read the Bible in course of school daily instruction. And when God's Spirit applies God's Word to a man's heart, Romanism cannot long remain in it. And now, what is the result? The Roman Catholics of Ireland have been delivered over by England soul and body into the hands of their priests.' 'By the way, Barrington, you had a narrow escape, I hear, at the Mallow election?' The squire laughed. 'O no,' he said, 'the crowd gathered round my taxcart as I was driving home, and one fellow seized the mare by the head, and for a few moments I thought there would not be much of me left; but at last I had to show them my pistols, and I'll not forget the leap the fellow made when he saw the barrel pointed at his head. Sure it was not loaded either. They drew back to right and left, and the mare took head, and I never got a pull on her till two miles out of town.' 'There's

the gig,' quoth the doctor. 'Touch the bell, Paynell, and let us have tea brought in,' said the squire. 'I see the doctor is growing uneasy at the thought of the ride home and the

mountain boys.'

Paynell had read a chapter, and we had knelt together in the little cottage. When they drove off, and Barrington and I drew near the fire, 'That is a fine fellow,' said he; 'but Paynell needs a change, he has been many years here now. The rector is an invalid, and an absentee in consequence, and Paynell feels for him and does not like to leave him. It is not every man that would care to live in the humble lodging that he lives in, in the only tolerable house in the village, with some twenty Protestants scattered over a wide area. But I see you are tired. Don't mind my not having any lock on the The people like the Squire of Ballyvourneen; so here is your bed, and there is mine.'

I lay awake a long portion of the night. The wind moaned round the cottage, sighing drearily round the door, and the

distant bark of dogs fell upon the ear.

## CHAPTER IX.

#### THE MURDER OF THE RECTOR OF GOLDEN.

How sad a record might be written of the murders of devoted clergymen of the Church of Ireland! When we consider how wondrous is the influence which fanaticism exercises over the Irish peasant, when from the altar of the mountain chapel his priest denounces in his hearing the heretical parson or the cruel-hearted squire; when we realise, too, the fact of the mysterious and terrible organization which holds its Ribbon lodges in the lone mountain glens, where in some solitary cabin, in the dimly-lighted ground-floor room, around the deal table, gather the sworn members of this dread *Vehmgericht*, and doom to death those obnoxious to them, and select their assassins—we cannot help feeling that the Irish Church minister has to contend against no mean foes, whenever he has incurred their wrath, either by his Scripture schools, or by trying to preach the Word of life to the Roman Catholics around.

It must be confessed that the mode in which the Irish clergy were paid by tithes during the early part of this present century was both distressing to them and very distasteful and obnoxious to the Roman Catholic parishioners. A clergyman could not well collect them himself, and when a tithe proctor was employed, doubtless acts of harshness were sometimes committed by him and his official. No man ought to be asked or compelled to support a religion which he does not accept as his own. Of course all this was altered when Government made the tithe rent-charge, which was the undoubted property of the Church, payable by the landlord himself. The Church of Ireland lost a third of her revenue by the change—which was given to the landlords as a bonus—but at the time of the Disendowment and Disestablishment Act, only £40,000 was paid by the Roman Catholics of Ireland to

the Church of Ireland. Would that this had been relinquished by some Bill, instead of turning adrift the Irish Church, with the income of the clergy secured for life it is true, but the Church despoiled of her own free rights and patrimony for ever.

The Rev. Irvine Whitty was one of the most illustrious scholars of Trinity, Dublin; he had won distinction unprecedented in his time, and was appointed to Golden, situated in the famous Golden vale of Tipperary. Golden was then a thriving village, through which the river Suir runs, over whose waters a stone bridge of ancient date is constructed. Standing on this bridge King William the Third signed the Charter of Cashel, in the presence of those gallant troops which had won the freedom of Ireland from the iron yoke of James. Cashel is some three miles from Golden, and the square tower of the Protestant church lies pleasingly amid the cottages of the village.

When the English or Scottish traveller passes by night mail through Tipperary, and marks at the railway station the well-set-up men at arms of the Royal Irish Constabulary, with their rifles and sword-bayonets, as they pace the platform among the stalwart peasantry, muscular, tall men, independent looking, and wearing the gray frieze cota mohr, he is surprised to learn that these same peasants have more of English than of Irish

blood in their veins.

Mr. Whitty had been visiting a Roman Catholic peasant's family, and was sitting for some time talking kindly and pleasantly to the little group assembled at the hearth. It was becoming late, and he rose up to depart; 'I'll go with your reverence a piece of the way, and show you the short cut, your honour,' said his entertainer.

Poor Whitty cheerfully assented, and his guide led him on a little way, and helped him to cross the furze-covered ditch; as he was descending, two men lurking beneath attacked him—one the nephew of his treacherous guide—and he was then cruelly murdered. The revolting treachery of such an act casts

a lurid light of horror upon the sad tragedy.

I should indeed grieve if the character of the Tipperary peasant were, however, to be judged and estimated by this act. I believe that he respects the Church of Ireland minister. The man who gives him work when he cannot procure it—who dispenses medicine when his family are ill—who, out of his own scanty means, relieves the poor, and who aids the farmer

by buying of his produce—is respected; and though he may be murdered, still it is done by strangers imported, and many a sad regret is uttered for the one who is gone by those who knew his worth.

Through all the great County Cork, only one single bonfire was lighted by the Roman Catholics when the news of the disestablishment of the Irish Church reached them.

There are, alas! evidences lately that the people have begun to imagine in some districts that they may persecute as much as they please the Irish clergy in the execution of their duties. Cast off by England, they believe that Protestantism may come to be rooted out of the land.

# CHAPTER X.

# THE ATTACK ON VAUGHAN'S COURT.

THE old glebe house in which I now found myself located was a long two-storied building, opening on one side into a flower garden, and on another on the fields and shrubbery between it and the king's high-road. The little church, with its square tower, was but a few paces from it, and the quiet old churchyard, with many a mossgrown tombstone, rose around it; while a pathway led by a gurgling brook into the squire's demesne, some mile up which, embosomed amid the grand old trees which towered around, arose the large square, massively built mansion of the squire himself. Vaughan's Court was one of those fine old houses which are so commonly met with in Ireland, erected some two hundred years ago when labour was cheap, and when it was easier to live than now. circular sweep formed the carriage drive before the high massive masonry of the hall door steps; and in the middle of the sweep a noble elm tree arose, the growth of centuries.

I had known Ralph Vaughan, the young squire of Vaughan's Court, in Trinity, and so the loneliness of the change from the metropolis to the quiet country vicarage did not so much affect me at first as I had deemed it would. Some thirty or forty formed the congregation of the little church. A police sergeant, a couple of retired non-commissioned officers from the line, the servants at the 'big house,' a few farmers and their children, and the dispensary doctor—these constituted the staple of the parishioners.

The old glebe house struck me forcibly when first I entered on possession. The windows were all iron plated and loopholed, for the purpose of firing from the interior upon any assailants outside. And a sufficiently formidable supply of guns lay in the vicar's study. A black setter, of the name of

Grouse, prowled about the habitation, ever and anon relieving the monotony of her existence by rapid charges after some half-dozen pigs, of the real old Irish pattern, which would persist in invading Grouse's portion of the stable-yard.

Situated on a spur of the Great Ghaltee chain of mountains, the situation of the vicarage was a sufficiently lonely onethe blue mountains towered around. On one side Limerick County displayed its fields, on another the great Cork County extended far and wide, and just over the ridge of some capped peaks Tipperary showed itself. The people, as might be supposed from this threefold meeting of counties, partook of the mingled character of the men of these counties. The tall. strong, physical stature and manly appearance, attended by a certain lawless bearing, spoke of Tipperary and the strong infusion of the English blood into the Irish race, which is the prerogative of that midland county. The late Squire Vaughan had lived, I understood, for years almost confined to his own house. Several attempts had been made upon his life, so at last he almost relinquished going outside his hall door, as he was well aware that certain neighbouring Tipperary tenants, whom he had been compelled to eject from their holdings. were watching him with the amiable intention of shooting him upon the very first opportunity. At first one might be disposed not to value much this murderous espionage, but after a time it becomes terrible. The probability of being shot upon one's own door-step, or through an incautiously unshuttered window. is enough to depress the strongest mind. Still the old squire would never leave Vaughan's Court. An occasional visit to Dublin with the family was all he permitted himself in the way of relaxation. 'It is a comfort,' he used to say, 'to get a few nights' quiet sleep in the course of the year.'

Vaughan's Court had had unquiet nights in its time. One night the vicar was seated in his study at a late hour when everyone else in the Vicarage had retired to rest save himself. The vicar—the Rev. Myles Darcy, a fine, tall, powerful man, some fifty years of age, part of which he had served in his Majesty's service as a captain of a marching regiment, and had seen much service in the Peninsula—was busily engaged in writing out a 'skeleton' of the next Sunday's sermon, which he hoped to clothe with substance when he ascended the old pulpit. Myles Darcy was looked upon by his little congregation as a real good earnest preacher, one who had found out the way to go straight to their hearts, and also as a pastor who

loved their souls. Nor was his popularity confined to his own little flock. Many a night the old man has been seen going out for a long mountain walk, entering the fever cabins where the wretched tenants inside were prostrated, or as they would call it, 'down' with the fever, and a good and refreshing draught was administered by his own hand, and substantial relief dispensed to the members of the hut who were still able to move about. Many a quiet, loving word fell from the vicar's lips of that blessed One who came into our weary world to shed His precious blood on Calvary's cross for us, and to redeem us by that blood from sin, Satan, and from hell. Myles Darcy was loved through all the mountain side, at the same time, that the erect captain-presbyter was in a measure feared, for he was well known to be a dauntless, determined man, whom nothing could deter from the path of duty.

It was a still winter's night. The little terrier that lay slumbering on the hearthrug at Myles Darcy's feet ever and anon gave a troubled bark, and then slept on again. At last the dog leaped up, and anxiously ran over to the end window, and putting its fore paws upon the sill, gave a long mournful whine that startled Darcy fairly from his manuscript. Rising and throwing open the window, he listened for a few moments, and then to his practised ear there came a sound that he remembered well. The continuous tramp of a large body of men marching in military order was plainly audible as they swept down the mountain road leading to Vaughan's Court and the Vicarage. Not a moment did the vicar linger to wake up his old servant, who with his wife formed all his home staff, to examine the priming of his doublebarrelled Mortimer, and with Ward, his servant, musket in hand, the wife and dog bringing up the rear; after fastening up the Vicarage, to move at a rapid pace through the churchyard: and then at 'the double' up the park towards Vaughan's Court to speed, was but the work of a few minutes.

The tolling of the hall door bell soon caused a window to be thrown open, and in a very short time the squire, aided by Darcy, had mustered all his forces, and was ready to receive the enemy, who by this time were entering the carriage sweep

before the hall door.

Some hundred desperadoes—all with blackened faces, and armed variously, many with fire-arms, some with long pikes, others with cutlasses, axes, and half a dozen wielding crowbars—advanced now right in front of the house; while in the

gloom of the shrubbery another large body was visible drawn up in reserve, in case their services should be needed. Some stationed themselves behind the old stately tree in the midst of the carriage drive, and others swung up into its branches, and levelled their firelocks on the windows. The moon gleamed out brightly upon the black faces beneath, and by its light two men in green uniform with tufted shakoes, and swords by their side, wearing long military boots, were seen directing the movements of the attacking forces.

'Bryan Maguire, to the front,' whispered the squire, as a broad-chested giant-shirt sleeves tucked up, displaying arms upon whose blackened flesh the muscles stood out like iron bars—advanced to the hall door steps, and carelessly leaned upon a huge sledge of iron, which he tossed about as though it were a blackthorn. 'Good thanks for the iron railing that you put up for me a week ago, Master Bryan, and cleared fifty per cent. by.' The leader—a man in green uniform, with a plumed hat—now advanced, and gave a sonorous peal at the hall door bell. This was answered by the squire throwing open an upper window, and demanding who was there, and what was wanted. 'We only want you to open your hall door, Mr. Vaughan, to spare us the trouble of doing so for ourselves. And when we get in, if you surrender quietly, why we'll deal the quieter with you; but if not— 'And if not,' cried the squire, in his deep bass tones; 'what then?' 'It will be a second edition of Wild Goose Lodge, that's all,' said the man of the green coat; and at this moment two shots fired from the tree struck the glass half an inch above the squire's head. Myles Darcy dragged him back, and closed the window with a crash. And then a frantic yell arose from the infuriated mob below, as they poured a volley right into the window, slugs and bullets raining like hail against the glass and iron-bound shutters.

The scene which the lawn presented was a singular one. The frequent flashes from the muskets of the assailants lighted up the night, as they poured volley after volley upon the windows, while all the time no answering fire had responded from the garrison. Meantime, crash upon crash was heard from the hall door, which was undergoing an infliction of sledge hammering from Bryan Maguire. His muscular arms gleamed in the moonlight, as they rose and fell with the regularity of a steam hammer.

At last the silence of the defenders was broken. Some half

dozen shots rang in close succession from the windows, and with a wild cry and crash through the branches a figure fell to the ground from the great tree before the hall door. This catastrophe seemed effectually to cool the ardour of the attacking party. Bryan Maguire himself paused for a few minutes in his muscular exertions, and as a second volley rang out in the night air, a hurried rush under cover of the trees of the shrubbery was made by the rank and file of desperadoes. vain their leader was seen cheering them on to renew the attack. 'Let us burn them out,' he hoarsely shouted. 'Run round, some of ye, and set fire to the hayricks.' This operation was not long in taking place, but fortunately the ricks were at a sufficient distance from the house not to cause any danger of the fire spreading upon it; and from the back windows, whenever a dark figure was detected crossing the glare of light, a shot was instantly sent after him. While Bryan Maguire, at last finding that one or two shots came uncomfortably near him, although he was comparatively sheltered from the fire of the besieged, at last shouldered his sledge, a whistle rang upon the night air, and after some ineffectual volleys from the attacking party, they filed off, carrying away the wounded man.

The next day the squire rode over to the lonely smithy, some half dozen miles away, where the giant plied his calling, and found him blowing up his forge fire. 'I have come to thank you, Bryan Maguire,' cried Mr. Vaughan, 'for the double knocks you gave at the hall door last night.' The giant blushed, and laid down his pipe. 'Troth, your honour, it was the hardest job I tried this long time, but I don't think you need expect any more visits.' 'I'm glad to hear it,' said the squire,' and rode off at a hand gallop, while Bryan lighted up his little black pipe, and discussed the probabilities and possibilities of absenting himself for a few months until matters were quiet. 'He's dacint, there's no denying it, and he comes of a good ould stock, sassenach though he be,' quoth he, musingly. The squire made no stir about the matter, and many a day's work Byan did afterwards for him at Vaughan's

Court.

## CHAPTER XI.

GEORGE BOND LOWE, J.P.

It is said that 150 years ago Ireland was so beautifully wooded that a squirrel could travel from Cork to Londonderry by leaping from tree to tree. Then one quarter of the profitable lands was planted with vast forests—unfortunately the great number of ships built formerly in Ireland both by the English and also by foreigners—the cutting down of oak plantations to sell the bark to the tanners—the custom of landlords binding their tenants to cut down so many acres of wood annually, and to burn nothing but timber, and the practice of the English garrison of levelling the great forests lest they might afford shelter to insurgents and banditti-has in course of time reduced Ireland to the state of being one of the least wooded countries of Europe. If sufficient encouragement were given to tenants to plant ditches with forest trees, and if those who have freeholds were to plant portions of them, much might be done in time to restore the ancient beauty of our land-mountain ground might then be utilized with plantations of hardy trees. If orchard cultivation were generally attended to, how exquisite an element of beauty would be added to the country, as in the valley of the Blackwater, where the white and pink blossoms add such a charm to the view.

The country round about my present abode is very striking—one which a guerilla band might hold against a far superior force. Through this wild region lingers the form of a well-known determined landlord and magistrate, who in the white boy times, when this country was so much disturbed, played a prominent part. George Bond Lowe was a tall stout man, of some sixteen stone weight, remarkably active for his size. A man of unflinching courage and stern determination, whenever the peasants met him galloping along the mountain roads on

his well-known black mare, they used to cross themselves, as though they saw the evil one himself. He had brought many of the white boys to justice, and whenever any case of murder, or burning a house, or attacking a habitation, was reported, Bond Lowe would soon be seen scouring the country with his pistols in his holsters, and the black mare at speed, on the trail of the violators of the law. Many a narrow escape he had of losing his life—time after time he was fired at when returning home at nightfall, and when the black mare died it is recorded that some dozen bullets were found in her body. Graham of Claverhouse was not more feared by the Covenanters than was Bond Lowe by the peasantry around. One night he was riding home along the king's highway at a brisk trot, when, just as he had entered on a part of the road lined by a high furze ditch, a blunderbuss was discharged point blank at him by a countryman who had been appointed by the Ribbon Society to murder Providentially he was but slightly wounded, and guided by the flash-leaving the black mare fastened to a tree-he leaped across through the furze and pursued his assailant; the man flew for his life, the night was dark, and presently Bond Lowe found himself entering on a bog which trembled beneath his feet. Still on he went, pistol in hand, groping his way. For some time it seemed as though there was no possibility of his ever discovering the murderous assailant—the night wind moaned drearily over the bog, and the startled plover and slow wing flapping heron flew shrieking before Bond Lowe, as he carefully made his way, leaping from stone to stone; but at last the moon gleamed forth from behind a black cloud, and now, looking carefully over the bog, not a hundred feet from him, he saw the pale ghastly face of the peasant upward to the sky, his body crouched and buried in the black slime, as he tried to hide himself in the abjectness of his terror. In a moment Bond Lowe's strong arm had grasped him, and ere many minutes had passed he was leading him a prisoner along the road which brought him to his house. The wretched man was scarcely able to walk. As the terrible squire led him on, although a powerful man himself, he seemed but a child in the grasp of the magistrate. At last lights appeared in the window of Bond Lowe's house where he dwelt, his servant being a negro lad, who, with his red turban and black face, was looked upon by the neighbours as being something not canny. This lad opened the door, and the assailant was led cowering into the kitchen, and then Bond Lowe taking a rope, bound him securely to the

floor, and ordered the negro to guard him carefully while he went off for the constabulary. As soon as the hall door closed upon Bond Lowe, as he cantered down the avenue, a scene, grotesque in its very terror, presented itself. The wretched prisoner, trying to turn himself and doubtless endeavouring to ascertain whether he could stretch the rope that bound him, and so have a chance of escape, inspired the African with a profound terror. At once he seized the large kitchen carvingknife, and got down the knife-board. Then, sitting down near the unfortunate peasant, he commenced slowly sharpening the knife, at every draw of it across the board exclaiming, Ah, you terrible fellow, you think to murder my master. off your head.' Can imagination paint a more hideous scene -the negro trembling with terror himself lest his prisoner should break loose, and the prisoner half dead with fright lest this unnatural imp of darkness, as he thought him to be, should carry out his threat. This hour of mutual horror wore away, until at last the trampling of feet was heard outside, and the poor wretched man, fainting with terror, was unbound and marched off by the constabulary; while the negro, who was nearly as much terrified himself, with joy beheld the approaching constables, who relieved him from the terrible danger in which he thought himself to have been. The prisoner suffered the penalty of his crime at the next assizes, and Bond Lowe's character became even more dreaded than before.

The problem of grappling with crime in Ireland has ever exercised the ingenuity of our rulers. Alas! had the Word of God been given free course among this impulsive, hot-headed, yet warm-hearted, people, how many an insurrection, murder, outrage, would have been prevented.

# CHAPTER XII.

THE REV. FLORENCE MACCARTHY, M.A.

It was on Sunday morning, the people were all crowding out of the chapel—a large plain building built in the form of a cross, for although the Church of Rome raises immense sums for building purposes, she studs the larger towns with magnificently-constructed chapels and convents, and schoolhouses in connection with the convents, deriving a very large annual grant from Government for those schools which are in connection with the National Board, while the poor Protestant Church of Ireland gets not one farthing from Government for her scriptural schools. Still the Church of Rome in the country parts only builds, as a rule, plain structures for her chapels,

preferring to make a show in the town districts.

I had been spending a couple of days with the Rev. Florence MacCarthy, M.A., perpetual curate of the interesting parish of Mullavohr-beg, the chief portion of whose inhabitants resided in the village of the same name. A long narrow street of mud cabins, with a few better-class slated two-storied edifices interspersed among them, met my view as the Rev. Florence Mac-Carthy trotted his tax-cart through the ruts of the dog-infested Mullavohr-beg. Leaning over the parapet of an ancient stone bridge, contemplating the ripples of the sparkling river which bubbled beneath, stood the sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who watched over the inhabitants of the village and It was Friday evening as the Rev. surrounding district. Florence drove along, and steered his course through the crowd of pigs that wandered placidly in the sunlight haze through the main street. A chorus of canine music had followed us all the way up the street from the numerous specimens of the dog tribe that lounged in the evening hours outside the little windows of the cabins, in which no remains of glass were to be seen, or the houses in which an old hat or some article of wearing apparel stuffed in the sashes made up for the absence of glass by the corresponding increase of warmth thus bestowed.

At the end of the village stood Florence MacCarthy's church, a plain, unadorned stone edifice, which might hold about a hundred persons in its deep old wooden box pews; and round about the walls extended the churchyard; while to one side, by the river banks, stood the Glebe, an old weather-beaten, twostoried house, whose roof of small slates told of age and struggles with the wild winter blast, and whose fir-trees, bent by the south-westerly winds, showed that many a hard battle had been fought by them in their progress to the maturity which they now seemed disposed to enjoy. A green painted iron gate and an avenue led up to Florence's mansion, and the deep bay of a Newfoundland saluted us as we rolled up to the door. The Rev. Florence MacCarthy was about forty years of age. had never married. His ecclesiastical income amounted to some £80 per annum and the house, the tithe-rent charge of the parish which he received being about £30, and the rest being a grant allowed him by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. A tall, sallow-faced man, wearing a long beard and moustache, which twenty years ago required much more strength of mind to possess than now-a-days, when the clergy, who, of all men, need protection for their throats and chests, have shown their common sense by very generally adopting the disuse of the razor. Florence had for years appeared before the Bishop of the Diocese, and, despite one or two hints, still kept his beard untouched, and, despite gentle laughter among his brethren and ominous looks among some of the laity, who knew not what this tended to, the black beard was getting here and there speckled with grey.

'Come into my little den,' said he, leading me into a small back-room, on whose shelves a goodly array of theology was to be seen. As I glanced round the walls, three of which were covered with book-shelves, I found that an unusually rich collection of controversial works bearing on the Romish controversy was to be seen. Old divines—Diodati, Turretin, Vossius, Ainsworth; old commentators—Bertius, Menochius—reposed there in huge worn folios; and a goodly collection of Bibles in different languages and of ancient date, which would have glad-

dened the heart of a collector, rose along the shelves.

'You see I am a poor lonely old bachelor,' said Florence, with a half smile, half sigh. 'Now, Maureen, hurry in with

dinner as quick as you can, for a ten-mile drive has given us an appetite. And if you come up-stairs, I'll show you your room. Here, Dermot, take this letter-bag up-stairs, and tell Pat to be sure to give Sultan a bran mash.'

It is sad when one reflects upon the great number of clergymen whose whole life since ordination has been devoted to study and to discharging the duties of their sacred office among the people of their charge—earnest preachers of the pure gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ-men of blameless lives, who have spent all their days in some retired country parish, and married and brought up a family, and been charitable to the poor, and struggled hard to keep up their little scriptural schools upon some £,80 or £,100 per annum. If they conscientiously, as in the fear and sight of an all-searching God, were the advocates of scriptural education, they know that they must hope for no preferment from many of the bishops, who had themselves obtained their mitres because they were the advocates of the Government system of national education, which dishonours the Word of God. As a rule, their flocks never thought of endeavouring to increase their miserable stipend by any offerings of their own. I have been over twenty years in the ministry of the Church of Ireland, and I have scarcely ever heard of such a thing being done as the parishioners supplementing their pastors' annual pittance.\* The squire who kept his pack of hounds up at the 'big house never dreamt of such a thing; the 'strong' farmers, who farmed a couple of hundred acres, never thought that their religion should cost them anything beyond the halfpenny dropped into the offertory plate on the Sabbath, which collection usually was given among the Roman Catholic poor. If there were other gentry in the parish, they thought they had done enough if they gave a guinea annually to the parson's school. As for the dispensary doctor, he, poor fellow, felt the same sickening struggle with the

Since disestablishment, the Protestant farmers have come nobly forward with their aid in the South; but they are not many, after all, although

they subscribe liberally.

<sup>\*</sup> I am acquainted with a very estimable clergyman, rector of a most important town parish, whose clerical income amounts to about £100 per annum, and in whose parish a nobleman of high rank is to be found and many of the Irish aristocracy; and although his wife had to be brought up to Dublin, and there suffered a painful operation, which necessitated her remaining at a great expense, medical and otherwise, in Dublin, not one of his parishioners ever contributed a shilling to remove the burden which was crusning the poor fellow down.

chilling grasp of the res angusta domi. If he had ventured to propose such a thing, it would have been looked upon as an act of presumption. The half-pay lieutenant, who by brevet rank stood as captain in local estimation, was not a very promising beginner in the art of liberality, as he knew well the country was getting dearer to live in every day, and he had already begun to weigh the advantages of a flight to the far West or to Connaught. Undoubtedly they would all cheerfully work up some sort of a testimonial to accompany the address which they would present to their respected pastor when he got promotion; but, alas! that promotion seemed farther and farther off year after year.

We cannot wonder that men have died heart-broken, wearied out with the incessant struggle against poverty—that some, alas! have lost their reason after sleepless nights of pondering how they could possibly put food in their children's lips and pay those bills for education and for the necessities of life which a large family ever incurs. It is a bitter thing to see men in possession of fine glebes and finer incomes who have not half the ability, and but little, it may be, of the earnestness of the poor perpetual curate or small incumbent. Well, in the golden streets of Zion, they who have thus passed through the great tribulation do not regret that evangelical truth and God's Word were dearer to them than a lordly rectory or a bishop's mitre or a viceroy's favour.

# CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE MONK.

It was Sunday morning, as I have already said in the last chapter, the people were coming out from Mass, and the Rev. Florence MacCarthy was standing alongside the village pump bearing aloft a large sheet of foolscap paper, on which was written in print hand:

- 'Challenge to the Rev. Dominic Ryan, administrator of this parish, and to the Rev. John Callaghan, C.C., and Rev. Patrick M'Galty, C.C.
- 'I hereby challenge the above reverend gentlemen to discuss publicly, and to prove to me and the people, by and out of Holy Scripture, that there is such a place as Purgatory! and I pled myself to give the Rev. Dominic Ryan £100 if he can prove the existence of Purgatory out of and from the inspired Word of God.'

Florence calmly affixed this challenge to the pump, and stood near with folded arms, while the people advanced to it, and rank after rank as they came along read it, or had it read to them by others. Muttered exclamations in Irish reached the ear; one old woman in particular apostrophized Florence very warmly, and MacCarthy, with a smile, interpreted: 'She is just wondering why Father Dominic does not turn me into a goat; but she supposes that, if so I'd escape purgatory, so that he is leaving me alone, as I am to get a worse fate.'

I wondered that the people, who seemed to take it as a usual occurrence, still lingered in a crowd near the pump; but presently Florence stood up near the paper and addressed them in Irish, while they clustered round him, drinking in with great avidity his words. This did not long continue, however, for

two of the priests were seen advancing from the chapel towards the pump, and the crowd at once began to disperse, hastening towards the country. 'Poor souls,' said the perpetual curate, 'they dare not linger a moment lest they should be recognised, and have to perform penance for the dire offence of listening to the heretic's words.' Meantime the divines had turned back again into the administrator's house, when they perceived that their device was effectual, and the reverend Florence and I walked up to the little church, in whose school-room a few children were assembled at Sunday school. 'I remember,' said my friend, 'the only time when the Roman Catholic clergy of this place ever ventured into controversy. A young Cambridge man had exchanged duty with me, he was anxious to know something of Irish clerical work; and at a meeting in England, when I chanced to speak for the Irish Society, he was present, and afterwards met me at a mutual friend's house, and so it ended in his arriving here one Saturday evening; and for some weeks all went on very pleasantly for him, when one evening in came a challenge from the Rev. Dominic Ryan to meet him to defend the distinctive tenets of Protestantism. I believe old Dominic, a wily divine, who had been often wondered at by his own flock for not accepting my constant challenge, having just got two clever young red-hot Ultramontane curates from Maynooth, thought that now was his time to strike a great blow for his own credit and that of his Church; and having ascertained by some means that the Cambridge man knew nothing of the Romish controversy, he boldly sent him one Saturday evening a challenge to meet him on the next Friday, and to have then and there a public discussion of the points at issue. Now, the Friday was a Romanist holyday, and the administrator had prepared for a great demonstration of the people upon that day. The Cambridge man, though taken all aback by this unexpected challenge, was still a brave young fellow, and he at once, like a true Englishman, accepted the summons; and then the hour was agreed upon, the court-house was to be the place, and Father Dominic rubbed his hands as he rejoiced in prospect over the discomfiture of the Cambridge man, and the double glory that would redound to him in overcoming a heretic and a Sassenach. My English friend set hard to work making up the controversy. It so happened, unfortunately, that the man who knew most about it was lying ill in fever, some ten miles off, and the rest of the men were gone off for a

few weeks' vacation, with strangers doing their duty, or old rectors, who had not given themselves much to the controversy; so the day came on, and the platform was erected in the court-house, and it was crowded by the lads of the three baronies all around, while the windows even were taken out to let more of the people outside hear what was going on. little handful of Protestants inside had many misgivings, as they saw the pale-faced gentlemanly young Cambridge man on one side, while the platform was crowded with burly, red-faced, loud-speaking priests, who all anticipated an easy triumph. The old rector of Castletown, with snow-white hair, and frame trembling with age, and some of the rural clergy sat on one side of the platform, but they had not particularly applied themselves to the controversy, while the gaunt tall form of a well-known Dominican rose colossal amid the priests, and many a sigh was heard amid the Protestants as the discussion commenced. The Cambridge man, I heard, did well at first; his face was very pale, poor fellow; it was a novel situation for him; and as opponent after opponent came sweeping down upon him, and the mob inside would give a wild hurrah and clatter their sticks, and the crowd outside would cheer responsively, the unusual situation seemed to tell upon the Englishman—in fact, he was losing his presence of mind; even a man who might be theoretically well skilled in the controversy, when exposed to a wild guerilla fire of questions, might be even excused at being rather bothered. Now, it was that very day that I found myself rattling along on a side-car as fast as I could go towards Mullavohr-beg, the worthy rector of Castletown had dropped me a line telling of the challenge, and hastily arranging for my duty, I had started that very night to be home in time for the discussion, and the last five miles of the road we flew along at speed. I shall never forget the looks of the people as we crossed the bridge, and without a moment's delay I elbowed my way inside and up to the platform. Father Dominic had just begun a glowing exordium. It commenced with, "Where was your Church before Luther?" and as I dropped into a chair opposite him, the reverend gentleman seemed as though he had seen a ghost.

"" Millia murdher avourneen, but what is coming over his reverence?" said an old woman out loud to her daughter alongside her in her anxiety as she saw Father Dominic falter. "Where was your Church before Luther?" again began that "In the Bible, where yours never was," said an old divine.

Protestant woman near him. Father Dominic again essayed to begin, and finally, after going on for some moments, complained of the great heat, asked for a glass of water, and sat down. The young Englishman then got up, and really made a capital reply. The Dominican then came to the front, and all was profound attention to hear his accents—he went on in the usual manner—he was evidently well made up in controversy, quotation after quotation from the Fathers, and irrelevant ones from the Holy Scriptures. It was then my turn to reply, and I was able to speak for an hour; and you may judge of the result, when all the priests putting their heads together decided that the discussion was at an end, and the mob outside, with looks of intense disappointment, dispersed, while those inside followed their example, saying that the heretics had gained the day.

'Since that day the Church of Rome guides her young ecclesiastics well in controversy, for, although they never answer our challenges, as, for instance, my challenge, which I renew nearly every Sunday morning, has never been accepted by any of the three priests here, still, in a quiet way, I believe they teach their flocks the leading parts of the controversy; and I would say to any young man in holy orders, make yourself up well in the controversy, for you can do much good by being undique tutus, ready for any assailant, and "able to give

a reason for the hope that is in you."'

A few days after Florence was walking along the road alongside the river, whose rippling waters flashed merrily along, when a singular-looking figure presented himself. A brown serge frock, bound round with a rope, from one end of which hung a crucifix, the other end all covered with knots, sandals on his feet, a long staff shod with iron in his horn hands, his moustaches wild and untrimmed, his beard flowing to his waist, upon his head a skull-cap or biretta-such was the aspect of the individual who now approached, and who put the sign of the cross in the air between him and MacCarthy as he passed by, and muttered, 'Vade! vade! in abyssum vade diabole!' 'Polite at all events,' said MacCarthy, as he passed walking on for Mullavohr-beg. 'That fellow will give trouble, I think,' said he, looking after the broad shoulders of the monk as he swept along his way, scarce deigning to respond to the salutations of the peasant women and children, who dropped on their knees in the road before him as he went on. When next Sabbath-day came round, an unusual multitude of country

people had come into the village. When the crowd swept out of the chapel, MacCarthy had as usual placed a challenge to Father Dominic and the curates on the pump, and an immense number of men came down stick in hand, and filled up the whole street around; and soon loud hurrahs from the chapel filled the air, and the monk, bearing his crucifix in one hand and his staff in the other, approached half shouting, half chanting: 'Ubi diabolus est conturbans Ecclesiam ut canis venaticus aut asinus aut porcus ego makebo illum. Ego facebo illum peregrinare in mare rubrum, ut Egyptiani pereant in the Red Say, quoth he, coming to the end of his dozgerel Latin. The mob hurrahed with intense excitement. One would have thought that they already saw MacCarthy flying across the fields like the animals into which his metempsychosis was threatened by the brontean orator. 'Come forward, ye uncircumcised Philistine, and dar now to challenge the Holy Roman Catholic Church,' shouted the monk. 'Ye offspring of Lutherus, and Calvinus, and anabaptistical Donatist-Athanasius contra mundum. I make the signum crucis between yiz and me, the holy pilgrim of Jerusalem. Currigcurrig a bouchaleen—plaudite omnes. Portate funiculum. Up with the rope, lads.' And now a coil of rope was produced, and dropped before the monk's feet. 'So now, I challenge viz, ye schismatical, heretical, interloping descendants of Amalek and Nebuchadnezzar. Now, boys, give good heed. challenge him to let me bind him with this rope, and then I'll bind myself, and the first of aich of us that gets free from the rope lashins, his faith is the right one, his creed is the best. There's fair play for ye. Come on, ye vaunting heretics. There's Tayology and Ropeology for yiz. Now for a miracle. Here, let me lash your arms,' he said to Florence MacCarthy. By this time all the streets of Mullahvohr-beg were a perfect sea of heads—each hand waved a shillalah. The women were shrieking out, in Irish, pleasant recommendations to knock MacCarthy on the head at once. An immense number of strangers from other baronies had come in, and a large body of Tipperary men, formed up in almost military fashion to one side. 'His plan was to bind me,' said MacCarthy, 'that he might then have my brain quietly knocked out as soon as possible. You must imagine, my good fellow,' said Florence, in a very stern tone of voice, 'that I am almost as mad as yourself, to consent to such a proposal?' 'Audite omnes!' shrieked the pilgrim. 'He calls me mad-me, the Solon and Socrates, Cicero, Demosthenes, Homer, and Thomas Aquinas —the seraphic doctor and master of sentences! Why, Ignatius Loyola was a fool to me, and yet he dar call me mad! Tempus est. Now's the time. Clear the way there—faugh aballagh. Let me at him. Nunc domine caput tuum smashendum erit, exemplum horrendum hereticis omnibus moderare locutionem vocem civilizare. Clear the way there, and let me at him.' The tall, powerful monk now seemed a perfect maniac. He foamed at the mouth, his eyes glistened with fury; he put his hand inside his robe once or twice, and the gleam of flashing steel shone forth for a moment. mob seemed excited to a perfect frenzy; in fact, all seemed in a bad way, when as Florence MacCarthy drew himself up to his full height, as the ferocious monk rushed forward, a movement was perceptible amid the crowd, and a winding line of olive green tunics was seen with fixed bayonets and determined faces, pushing in to the pump, while Sergeant Maxwell, with firelock in hand, shouted to the mob to keep back, and soon the half dozen Royal Irish Constabulary were interposing themselves between the maniac monk and the infuriated partisans and Florence MacCarthy, whose stern eye had never for a moment been dropped from the monk's. At the next moment, about twenty determined-looking young fellows ranged themselves round MacCarthy. 'We're here, your reverence, sorrah one of them shall lay a hand on a hair of your head,' whispered one of them. These were MacCarthy's congregation, who had just come up. Still as the dense mass of peasants crowded round with wild hurrahs and cries in Irish, and the women taunted them with their cowardice in letting the police and the heretics dare come between them and the Sassenach minister, and interfere with the holy man who was about to make a holy example and miracle of him; as the dense surging mob shouted and groaned, and kept pressing on, and as the rattle of the steel ramrods in the barrels were heard, as the Royal Irish heard the command to load, suddenly, in one of the lulls of the shrieks of the women, a trampling of horses was heard, and down the hill at speed rode the tall form of the well-known sub-inspector of constabulary, with half a dozen mounted men in uniform trotting after him; while four cars, each bearing three men aside, holding their firelocks between their knees, were seen coming after, amid the whirling clouds of dust. 'Now, boys,' said MacCarthy in his deep bass tone, 'let me as a friend advise

you all quietly to disperse before the horse police reach the foot of the hill. You all know very well that if I refused to be bound according to this mad monk's proposal, it was simply that I knew when once my arms were tied, that he or some of you from a distance would knock out my brains. So if he can, let him or the priests, who are looking on from the graveyard wall there, answer this challenge of mine. And, meantime, just take my advice, and disperse through the fields before five minutes are over your heads.' The monk, whose eyes were intently fixed upon the cavalry men, showed the example by turning round and endeavouring to make off. The persons nearest the houses moved away, and in a few moments the great excited mass of human beings were quietly moving along homewards, while the Tipperary lads sullenly retreated as the grey charger of the tall gaunt sub-inspector was seen caracolling up the street. 'I have just come in time,' quoth he, as he drew rein at the church door, where MacCarthy was now standing. 'You have had a narrow escape of being murdered, for I only heard five hours ago of what was in store for you, and I had to collect the men from the out-stations, or else I should have been here before. I have had my eye on that fellow for some days past,' he said, as the tall, broad-shouldered monk crossed the hill a quarter of a mile away, and I hope I'll have him yet.' 'You did arrive very apropos, Captain MacAllister,' replied Florence MacCarthy. 'Did you hear that poor George Barton was shot dead last night?' asked MacAllister, leaning over his horse's mane. 'He had been dining with the mess, and just as he entered Castle Hill he was shot; the man by his side was wounded, and there is not a trace to be had of the assassin. The night was so dark Collins could not see any of their faces, but merely saw the flash, while the mare took fright, and never stopped till she reached the poor fellow's own hall door. The best-natured fellow in the whole barony is gone. Sergeant Maxwell, a word with you,' and the sub-inspector dismounted.

MacAllister was a fine specimen of the old Royal Irish constabulary officer. Tall and gaunt—an iron frame, a face whose deep furrows told of care and trial and anxiety, keen piercing eyes—he was the terror of the evil-doers of the whole country round. He had a habit of dropping in unexpectedly upon the barracks under his charge in a manner which kept the sergeants in command very much on the alert. Night after night the jingling sabre and flying mare and dark shako of the sub-inspector would be met with in the loneliest mountain roads, attended by some well-armed orderly, while many a crime was anticipated by his vigilant precautions, and many a faction fight interrupted when the tall captain came flying along with his few troopers. He was a man who had worked himself up in the force, and had a supreme contempt for competitive examinations. It is a pity that among that noble force of men-at-arms—the Royal Irish Constabulary—more officers are not taken from the head constables who have distinguished themselves. It would be a premium for men to do their duty, and the efficiency of this admirable force would be increased.

# CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE DEAN OF KIL-NA-MARTYR.

'THE Dean of Kil-na-martyr is in the drawing-room,' said the domestic. A tall, thin, fine-looking old man, well advanced in years, arose as I entered the apartment, and said that he made

my acquaintance with much pleasure.

'I have just ridden across from my place, and I shall be very glad if you will come for a few days to stop with me at Kil-namartyr. You will like this part of the country, I am sure, very much, when you come to know the people. As I was passing along I looked in at the school and catechised the children; there is nothing like inspection for a school.'

The worthy Dean seemed as though he could not be happy unless when in the saddle. Morning, noon, and night he was on the road peregrinating through the country—visiting the clergy, examining their schools, looking in wherever a case of illness was known to exist, and sitting by the dying bed with the 'sweet story of old' ringing from his lips. He was one of the last of the Irish Church clergy to relinquish the use in public of the clerical cassock, and some recollected the Dean's flying mare as she sped along the highway with the cassock floating after the divine, and the good old man's hastening along to some farmer's house—if needs be, putting the mare at a ditch and clearing it with a master's hand.

Now, the Dean was one of the most hospitable men in Ireland—nothing would give him greater pleasure than to receive the younger clergy of the diocese, and to give them a kind word concerning the need of study, and a warning as to the errors that were creeping in, and the strange doctrines that reached his ears from the other side of the Channel.

'We are going to have a clerical meeting at my house, and I shall be very glad if you will come over and stop with us;

and now, as I have several miles to ride ere I get home, I will say good-bye.'

I watched the old man, as he trotted briskly homewards,

until he crossed the hill.

Soon afterwards I found myself stopping at his hospitable house—a fine old country place, with a long avenue of stately elms leading to the hall door, and noble rooms that told of a time when men bestowed more care upon the hygiene of their mansions than they do now. A number of clergymen were assembled. The Rev. John Lorreton, a fine, noble-looking man, my rector, whose face betokened great benignity, and who was looked up to as one of the evangelical leaders of the diocese. Robert Maynard, the leading popular preacher of the southern metropolis, a young man of wondrous power, and who had been greatly successful in labour among the young people of the city, his church being a perfect sea of heads upon the Lord's day. Caleb Whitford, a country rector of a singular type, who, with an earnest zeal for work, possessed a singular simplicity of character—one of his great tastes being a love for flowers, and, curious to add, mushrooms. These he would collect in his rambles, and gather in his handkerchief, and, bringing home, under his sister, a kind-hearted old lady's auspices, they would assume the form of mushroom catsup, which pleasing composition used to line the shelves of one side of a store-room, and which he was ever forward in bestowing upon his friends. Dear old Caleb! He was himself an eccentric preacher, yet possessed of a singular amount of native talent. In his opinion every man ought to preach extempore. Often he would tell the story of Father Luke O'Shen, and how he began to preach extempore. 'You see,' he would say, 'Father Luke was a different sort of a man entirely to these Maynooth men, who have come up from the tail of the plough to study polemics and Ultramontanism there. He was a good, easy-going old man, who had been educated in France, and was well-affected to the Government. He was a gentleman in manner, and kept the people as quiet as he could. He said to me one day-for I used often to meet with and talk very freely to him about religious matters-"When I was a young curate I was very anxious to turn out an extempore preacher, but I was always afraid of breaking down before my own flock. So, one hot summer day, I was to preach a charity appeal in the chapel of Ballybog-eustace-beg, and I thought it would be a grand opportunity of making a

beginning. Well, I studied up Bourdaloue, and learned a good deal by heart. It was a saint's day, and I had prepared a glowing panegyric upon her, and also a tremendous passage which I was to speak against you poor Protestants, and to show the advantage of belonging to our Church. Well, it was a very warm day, and I think it was the dint of curiosity that kept half the people awake, and I began my sermon. Now, around the chapel there is a churchyard, and as I looked occasionally through one of the windows, my eye was attracted to the erratic movements of a large mountain sheep that wandered through the graves. Every now and then it would nibble up a bit of grass, and then it would wander on, and then eat again. And as I had been now five minutes preaching, and had got on fairly enough, though rather flurried and fast in my elocution, I was hoping all would go on well, and had been giving a long citation from St. Cyprian in the original, which made the Ballybog-eustace-beg flock open their mouths and look very attentive. Well, ten minutes had passed away, and I was beginning to thunder down upon you poor Protestant schismatics, when, to my horror, I saw the sheep put her head in at the door and calmly survey me. Then she walked in further and further. On she came; my eyes were basilisked by the horrible animal. She never flinched in her gaze as she calmly contemplated me. I felt cold and hot by turns. I stammered—then anon I thundered out wild words against ye—ye poor heretics of deluded Protestants! and the congregation seemed to like it very much, when, as I reached the culminating point of my accusation against heresy and Protestantism, mine eyes still fixed on the horrible sheep, and I stammering out what I scarcely knew, she stood before the pulpit, and, opening her mouth, delivered a most stentorian Ba-ah! Oh!" said Father Luke, "I dropped my book, lost my self-possession, and had to come down from the pulpit mentally determining not to try controversial sermons extempore for the rest of my life." Now,' continued Caleb, think that reading a sermon is only half-preaching. Why the doctor talks off book to you when you ask his advice. The lawyer in the Four Courts has not a book open when he is pleading, and why should not you young men preach too without a long manuscript fluttering before you?'

'You have mentioned the physician,' said my rector; 'now, don't you think, Caleb, that the doctor himself would be all the wiser if he did not prescribe for his patient, in an uncertain case, unless he were in his own study, with his books around him and no one to see him consulting them? for many a time I have thought that the prescription then might be all the more efficacious.'

'My advice is, young men, for the first few years carefully write your sermons,' said the Dean. 'It will concentrate your thoughts, give strength to your style, and force you to think. Then you can make skeletons of your discourses, and finally dispense with such a résumé entirely, although I think that every man ought to write out a portion of every sermon that he preaches, that he may have somewhat to fall back upon in times of sickness or extra work, or if you are spared to old age. Another point is—Make your language as Anglo-Saxon as you can, use words that every one in your congregation will understand, and make your sermons interesting—put hooks in them.'

'Ah!' said a man near me, 'I'll never forget the Dean, when I was a curate of Tranton, charging me by letter to meet him at five o'clock in the morning, on Meenane Bridge -a good six-mile walk. "I am riding out," he said, "to K-, and I should like particularly to see you." Well, I was up early enough, and on a fine morning in the summer I stood on the bridge, listening to the singing of the birds and contemplating the rippling stream beneath, and the trout leaping briskly after the flies. By my watch it wanted five minutes to five, when the tramp of a horse was heard, and on came the Dean. He drew up alongside of me, and said, "Fine morning—I am glad to see you are an early riser." "Mr. Dean," I responded, "you are aware that you made an appointment for me to meet you, at five o'clock this morning, here." "Oh, yes, my young friend," hummed the Dean, as he flicked off a fly with his whip from the mare's neck. "Be sure always and put plenty of hooks in your sermons. Goodbye!" and on he rode, leaving me standing there, after my long walk, with feelings more easily imagined than described."

## CHAPTER XV.

#### THE DEATH OF THE SCRIPTURE READER.

A LITTLE lonely cabin on the mountain side, in whose garden cropped up the great moss-grown rocks, and over which a few mountain ashes grew, as if to guard sentinel-wise the habitation. A couple of bee-hives in a sunny sheltered spot, and a general air of neatness and tidiness about the green painted door; the trim little flower-beds with wallflower and roses growing richly around. To one side a little potato garden, with a few cabbages and onions intermingled. Such was the quiet little place of John O'Grady, the old Scripture reader working in the district. John was a great Irish scholar, and many a season the peasants round would assemble of a dark stormy winter night, and steal into old O'Grady's cabin, where he would read the Word of God in the original Irish to his delighted auditors. No one can conceive, in the Irish speaking districts of Ireland, how great delight is felt by the peasantry at having the message of salvation proclaimed in their own It reaches the heart without prejudice then, for it seems to be more peculiarly their own. Sometimes a dozen peasants, by the light of a couple of rush-lights, composed of rushen stalks dipped in and covered with tallow, would listen to old John eagerly, and much good was thus effected among The district was permeated with that precious Word of God which is able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus. Some very blessed deathbeds were the result of God's blessing upon the old man's labours; and at last the priest took alarm and denounced John from the altar. His little auditory dropped off at once, and now the old man found it intensely difficult to get the country people to listen to him when talking about the great message of salvation. They would cross themselves as he approached,

cry after the old man their favourite terms of 'souper,' 'devil,' 'heretic,' and yet he went on cheerfully bearing the cross, and returning kindness and love for evil. One Sunday morning the priest, a violent Maynooth man, and tremendous ultramontane, harangued the excited crowd furiously, and denounced poor old John O'Grady again. That very night his cabin was broken into, he was dragged out of bed and beaten barbarously, several ribs were broken, and one of his arms, and the old man was left in a dying state upon his own hearth. One of the little Protestant flock passing by at an early hour in the morning, brought word of the tragedy. The poor old Reader was dying. A couple of the Protestants of the parish agreed to stop with him and watch him that night. Then the Perpetual Curate of the parish—for he was in the adjoining district some eight miles off across the country—went to him, and stopped the greater part of the day with him, and came again that night to remain with him, for even then they feared that the priest would come in and try to commit him against his will. 'It was,' he said, 'a dark stormy night, the wind howled dismally around the cabin, and the rain pattered against the windows. I was sitting alongside old John; his bandaged head, the red marks of the blood still plainly visible upon the grey hairs and brow of the dear old man, was resting upon the pillow. He was praying even then, praying out aloud, a custom he was much addicted to from his solitary life, being by himself in the cabin, and I could follow the petitions in Irish which he offered up for those who had so cruelly beaten him. "Lord, Saviour, Jesus, forgive them, and shine with the glorious light of Thy Holy Spirit upon their hearts that they may see their lost state, and their want and need of being washed in Thy precious blood from all their sins."'

Poor old saint of God! He had himself been a convert from the Church of Rome to the Scriptural Church of Ireland; and now when the tide was going out, and the life sands were getting low, his weak voice uttered many a fervent petition that God would graciously bless the Bible Church, and never take away her candlestick from the land. The night was wearing on, and it was near midnight when the little dog, John's constant companion, gave a low uneasy bark, and crossed the floor to the outer door, which was fastened by a wooden bar across it. The young men, who were sitting in the little kitchen by the turf fire, arose and listened attentively, and then one said, 'There's a sound, your reverence, of the

tramping of feet along the road, making for the cabin.' I went into the kitchen and listened, but I was not left long in doubt; for presently a loud knock was heard, and a stern voice outside ordered the door to be opened. 'There is no admittance here,' said I. 'We are watching John O'Grady, who is dying, and unless you break the door open, you can't come in, and I warn you against that course.' There was a sound of whispering outside for a few moments, and then a crowbar was brought to bear on the door, and it trembled beneath the strokes of the strong wielders outside. The door at last flew open, and Father Murty Macnamara stepped in, wrapped up in a horseman's riding cloak, and about twenty desperate-looking fellows, some with their faces blackened, accompanied him. Pushing past me, he entered John's room. I meantime followed him, and came between him and the dying man. 'John O'Grady, I am come as your priest to order you to return into the one true holy Catholic and apostolic Church, out of which there is no salvation,' said he, in a stern voice. The old man lifted himself up wearily, and gazed at him quietly. " Jesus saith, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."' His words rang out clear and boldly in the night air, and the peasants around uttered ejaculations in Irish, as the sounds of their own loved tongue fell on their "I am the Door; by Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture. The thief cometh not but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." And then he sank back exhausted upon the pillow. Seeing that the priest was preparing to anoint the poor fellow, who waved him away with all his little strength remaining, I stepped forward and said that while I had breath I would not allow such an outrage to be committed in my presence. The priest angrily waved me aside. Still I came closer and closer to old John, who again opened his eyes and spoke again, fixing his eye upon the crowd at the foot of his bed. '"And as Moses lifted up the father of poison\* in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."' His eyes closed. 'Depart,' he said, ' Macnamara. You see your work, and what you have brought

<sup>\*</sup> Father of poison. So the Irish translation renders the word 'serpent' in the original.

me to. I want none of your anointing, but I pray God for Christ's sake to forgive you, and those you have incited on against my life. And may He pardon you, as I do;' and then turning to the peasants around: "Believe," he cried, "on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Come out from your darkness; leave saints and idol worship behind you, and believe in Him who loved you and gave His own precious blood for you.' He fell back again. The priest stepped forward, and a baffled look of anger and disappointment stole over his face. I held up the poor fellow's head, but he was dead. He had gone home to the martyr's God. The priest turned upon his heel and, followed by the crowd, silently left the cabin. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'

I sat by the dear old man's bedside till morning. A still, calm, happy smile seemed lingering on his lips. The sunlight gilded the mountain furze, and played across the rippling stream, and shone in like a glory on the martyred brow. He had joined the white-robed throng of those who had come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

When the coffin was brought to the old churchyard, followed by a few mourners, a vast assemblage of the peasantry was found inside. Every grave had two or three men standing on it, and the fences were covered with peasants, who hooted and shrieked when the words of the sublime service fell upon their ears. A simultaneous rush was made upon the minister; he was hurled back, and the coffin cast into the grave, earth and stones thrown in, and amid the yells of a frantic multitude, the words of the clergyman were drowned as he tried still to proceed.

# CHAPTER XVI.

# THE EVANGELIST OF LA PLACE DOMINIQUE.

In the summer of 1854, I went abroad, and continued away for a considerable period. I had the pleasure of being associated at Nice with one whose name is venerated among English evangelical pastors, the Rev. W. Carus-Wilson, to whose labours the cause of the Reformation in Italy is so much indebted. At his rooms also I met with Count Ottavio Tasca, a poet and a Christian, who upon the appearance of the Old Catholic body, enthusiastically supported them.

Twenty years ago in the Sardinian States there was but little circulation of the Word of God. It was prohibited to print the Bible, and our agents found such difficulty in passing the Bible through the custom-house, that oftentimes we had to run the risk of introducing it ourselves across the Var, whose broad, rapid, mighty stream formed the boundary between

France and Italy.

The Bibles were placed in a safe place at the French frontier, at one end of the long wooden bridge which spans the Var; a fast trotting pair of horses and a light carriage would drive out from Nice; the Sardinian custom-house officers, as it would whirl past, would not trouble their heads about its occupants, and then rumbling over the long bridge and entering into France, when, after satisfying the Douaniers that nothing contraband was being introduced, these grim old veterans resumed their seats on the stone bench, and smoked away as they contemplated the surging waters of the old Var Wolf.

The station would soon be gained, and the box of Bibles placed beneath one's feet, and then, after a pleasant excursion, the bridge and Sardinian *doganieri* would be faced again, and the probability was that, after a cursory glance or two, you

were allowed to proceed.

Upon one occasion, returning home after sunset, my muchloved friend, Boucher Maude, met me, and mentioned that all the city was in an uproar, for the carabineers were searching every English house for Bibles, and that the priests were determined to put a stop to the spread of the Word among the soldiery. Knowing that there was a large stock of Italian New Testaments in Mr. Carus-Wilson's rooms, we went down together to his house, and found the room filled with Sardinian soldiers, who with large sacks had come to take away the New Testaments. When I asked one of them if he was not afraid of getting into trouble, he said, with a laugh, that in a few hours they would all be circulated among the men in garrison, who warmly received them. The rest of the stock was placed in a chimney, and all arranged for the coming of the carabineers, who had already seized the whole stock of the Bible depôt in the town. Some six thousand copies of the Word of God had been distributed by Mr. Carus-Wilson's exertions among the soldiery. It was delightful to see these bronzed, canvas-jacketed veterans seated round a table reading verse by verse the Holy Scriptures, and to listen to their simple, earnest remarks upon what they read.

One remarkable incident occurred, which will illustrate how wonderfully the Lord works in bringing a soul to Himself:

The evening sun was rapidly descending, gilding the bold cliffs of the distant sea-washed Esterelles with a fringe of molten purpling fire, a felucca gently stole along the deep blue waters, a red-capped seaman occasionally raising his swarthy face above the low bulwark, as though listening to the sweet strains of music which floated from amid the orange grove around the frescoed walls of the old château.

Shadow after shadow in that mass of sunset tints warned me to seek the shelter and the wood fire of my lodging in the Maison D'Auxerre; and as I entered the Place Dominique, pushing rapidly past the side pillars, and the crowd congregated around them, I was making my way towards the post-office to deposit a half-forgotten letter, when the voice of a speaker, issuing from amid the crowd, arrested my attention.

'Si! si vero!' he cried. 'Yes! I was miserable! I was wretched. I could have envied even the very dog that ate the crust I gave him, for I was dying—so the doctor told me—dying; leaving this beauteous world so young—ah! it was hard, hard to bear. Well, one day I had thrown aside my work, the sweet sea breeze playing in at my window had tempted me

to do so, and to move outwards. Many days since I had felt this burning pain in my heart, and I deemed that the air might do me good. I wandered towards the Villa Franca cliffs, until I felt wearied, and laid down beneath an olive tree. The great sea foamed beneath my feet, the sea bird floated overhead, the delicious perfume of the wild flowers wafted itself to my nostrils-yet, I was dying; and then, what a prospect awaited me! I saw the gloomy flames and tortured forms writhing in the fire, that I thought was to purge them for heaven. Heaven! oh, how inaccessible that blessed land appeared to me then! how my past sins seemed to rise, phantom formed, between me and it! And then I thought of the fire of purgatory, and I knew how poor I was, not even leaving a centime behind me to buy a morsel for poor Filippo.' A curious, nondescript species of dog looked up at this moment, and licked the hand of the speaker. "Poor Filippo," I thought, "thy master will not long be with thee." A harsh cough, which had from time to time apparently given the young man much annoyance, now seemed as though it would utterly deprive him of the power of resuming his address. Pressing his right hand upon his heart, he feebly resumed:

'Yes, I was truly miserable. Oh, how wretched a prospect was futurity to me! A shadow passed between me and the sun—an old white-haired man stood before me. unhappy, friend," he said. I was silent, for was it not the truth? I felt something fall into my lap—the old man had passed on. I took up the five franc piece, and hastened after "Signor," I proudly said, "I am no beggar," and handed it to him again; he seemed hurt and grieved, and hastily passed on. And so weary days passed on, wretched alternations of strength and weakness, till again, a month later, I lay

'neath the self-same aulivier\* again.

'I believe that I must have fallen asleep. When I wakened I saw the old man by my side. We spake together; he asked me about my ailments, and then he spoke of my soul.

'A little book was in his hand, he opened it, and read—

"Io vi lascio pace, Io vi do la mia pace; Io non ve la do, come il mondo la dà; il vostro cuore non sia turbato, e non si spaventi." (Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid—John xiv. 27.)

<sup>\*</sup> Aulivier, in the Provençal, is an olive tree.

"Dear friend," he said, "would you not desire to have this peace?"

"Desire to have it!" I cried. "Desire to have it! I would give all on earth to be freed from these tormenting

fears of mine, and to have that peace."

"Listen, then," said he, and he turned to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God' (Rom. v. 1, 2).

"Think of these two passages, my friend, for a moment,"

e said.

"But what is this being justified?" I said.

"Do you remember, the other day, the account of the trial of the widow in the *Avenir* paper? Do you remember how that she was supposed to have stolen the case of diamonds, was cast into prison, brought up to the tribunal; and when sentence was being passed upon her, do you remember the voice that cried out in full court, 'She is innocent—I alone stole the diamonds.' What happened then? Why, she was justified—left the court a free woman, to return home again.

"Now, how are you to be thus justified in the sight of God? The charge of sin is well proven against you. You know that you are a sinner, a wretched, miserable sinner—sinner in your thoughts, acts, words. Look, then, to the Lord Jesus. He has undergone the full punishment for your own sins. God will receive His death for your soul's death in hell. His precious blood will cleanse away all your past sins; and the glorious righteousness of that Saviour, which He hath wrought out during His blessed life on earth, will be placed in the book of God's record to your account, and all your sins transferred to the head of that spotless Lamb, the Lord Jesus.

"Take this little book with you, and pray earnestly this

little prayer:

""O Signor Jesu Christo lavami nell Sangue Tuo. E dammi il Tuo Spirito Santo.'" (O Lord Jesus Christ, wash me in Thy Blood, And give me Thy Holy Spirit.)

'That night—a restless disturbed night—I spent upon my knees. I pleaded for the Holy Spirit to be given to me. I asked earnestly for pardon through the precious blood of Jesus; and, blessed be God, I found peace. I believed what

God had said He would do for me, and next morning I was

resting upon Jesus.

'Ah, yes! here is the companion of my restless nights and toilsome days; here is the friend that speaketh to me of heaven, and joy, and peace; here is the Book that shows me that the pardoned sinner, washed in the blood of Jesus, goes at once into a Father's home; here is the Book that shows me that the lost sinner goes at once into the dark caverns of everlasting woe in hell.

The speaker ceased for a few moments to restrain the violence of his cough. I glanced round at the upturned faces, each eagerly turned towards him. Tall, and very slight, a burning hectic spot upon the pale, thin cheek, black hair floating backward from his marble brow, the hand, anon raised high overhead with Italian vehemence, anon languidly sinking to his side, a voice sweet as music in his lower tones, then rising to a startling pitch, as he spoke of the miseries of everlasting despair, it needed not the sighs nor the half-uttered exclamations to convince me that his words were falling upon no unconcerned or listless ears. The three-cornered chapeau of a young, pale, careworn Abbé met my view, as, amid the crowd, with varying emotions passing over his eager face, he stood drinking in the words of the young speaker; the grey watchcoats of some Sardinian infantry, the red caps of a few fishermen, the muleteer halting his string of mules, with tinkling bells, to listen to the words so strange and yet so musically rendered, amid that throng of dark-eyed Sardinians, I felt that words like these were not falling to the ground.

'Yes! in my dark garret have I poured over this Book—yes! in the sunny sunshine—yes! by the waves of the far sounding sea-yes! while the stormy mistral howled over my lonely mansarde—here, in this blessed Book, have I found a Saviour's love set forth so clearly, that even that little child might comprehend it. Here have I seen the Holy Spirit's gracious promises; and here, laying his thin, wan hand upon his heart, here have I felt His life-giving power. This hard, stony heart of mine He has graciously been softening; and here stand I, a dying man, never more to see a summer's sun, to tell to dying men the story of their dying Saviour's love.

'Oh! come now to Jesus-lay your sins all on Jesus. Ask for His Holy Spirit to take away your hard, stony heart, and to give you a heart to love Him, work for Him-a heart to trust

in Him, and even to die for Him.'

He ceased, laid his hand upon his breast with an expression of pain, and slowly left the crowd, side by side with the young Abbé.\* The pommes du pin were brightly blazing in the grate when I re-entered my lodging, as I breathed a silent prayer that men such as this might be raised up through the length and breadth of sunny Italy to preach the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to fallen sinners.

The strangers who had sought the orange groves and sunshine of Nice now commenced to think of moving northwards again. Day by day we missed some old well-known face in the congregation worshipping the God of their fathers in the quiet English church. There, Sabbath after Sabbath, churchman and dissenter forgot their differences, and united to praise and worship God in the touching strains and words of common prayer. Some had flown along the beauteous Riviera, past cliff and olive terrace, and vineyard, to the palaces of Genoa; others sought the soft sea sand and glorious sky of Naples; others returned home with renewed health and vigour; others had gone to a Father's home—

'Home to the city, where the salutation
Of Blood-washed harpers rings its raptured song;
Where the Lord Christ, the God of our salvation,
Ever is present His blessed flock among.

'Home to the city where the sun sets never,
For the Lord Jesus is its sun and shield;
Home with the loved ones, never more to sever—
All sorrow vanished, and all sickness healed.'

It was a wild, stormy evening, the great waves of the tideless Mediterranean thundered upon the shingly beach, the wind howled dismally through the narrow lanes and past the strange old houses of the old quarter. My companion, grey-haired, tall, above the high stature of even tall men, pushed on, regardless of the gale, and turning down a narrow ruelle or minor street, stood before an old weather-beaten edifice. Passing up the common stairway, he opened a side-door, and there, lying on a bed of straw in one corner of the room, appeared a form well known to me. I could not be mistaken—the dark lustrous eye, the massive brow, the emaciated face, the musical hollow tones that uttered the salutation, 'Buon giou,' in the Provençal accent.

'Dear friend, I have come to thee. How art thou this

<sup>\*</sup> The young Abbé soon after left the Church of Rome for our Gospel faith.

night?' The old man took the wasted hand in his, and looked down upon the flushed face of the young invalid.

'It is well-nigh over,' he said. 'I am now dying.

be God, I am going home at last—home to Jesus.'

The speaker paused, utterly exhausted. My friend held a

little wine to his lips; he sipped a few drops.

'Are you not lonely, friend—lonely, since father, mother, sister, all have forsaken you since you embraced the Gospel truth?'

A flush of indescribable emotion filled that wan cheek, a glance of holy joy flashed through his sparkling eyes, as, lifting up the little Testament that lay upon his bed, he cried with rapturous accents:

"I am not alone, for Jesus is with me!"

The hand fell back upon the bed, the head wearily sank downwards, a few more parting, breathing sighs, a slight struggle, a change over the face, and there lay the dead Sardinian shoemaker, and Evangelist of the Place Dominique -a dog mournfully licking a dead master's hand-a flickering light cast upon the rigid features.

'Come,' he said, 'let us return.'

That poor young Evangelist was followed to the grave by British and Vaudois pastors.

He sleeps beneath the grass upon the mount at whose base the sea unceasingly chants forth its requiem; but, oh! how blessed a welcome awaited that poor, despised, abandoned Sardinian, forsaken by an earthly father for loving Jesus and His Word, but made a son of the Lord God Almighty in the home where death has never come, sin never entered, sorrow never been felt, but joy, and peace, and rest, and ecstasy for ever and ever.

The lovely shores of the Cornice route to Genoa were soon after gazed upon by me, while distributing amid swarthy metajes, sun-burnt voyagers, and canvas-coated Sardinians, in their fatigue undress, short narratives and tracts setting before them the great truths of the free Gospel of Christ. One most peculiarly solemn scene occurred on shipboard in the Genoese waters, where very many soldiers to whom I had given the same libretti perished in the flames of the transport, or 'neath the waters of the deep.\*

<sup>\*</sup> The reader who may interest himself in Bible work in Sardinia will find an account of this, and of my arrest at Genoa, in 'La Debanado,' published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co.

## CHAPTER XVII.

#### BAUS GAUN SOGGARTH.

THE Irish dispensary doctor and the Irish Church curate, before the sad Act of Disestablishment and Disendowment had some characteristics in common. Each was possessed of a very large territory, which he had constantly to visit; each was possessed of very small emoluments, the doctor's £50 and curate's £75 being strained to tension-point to afford the household the scanty fare which they were accustomed to live upon.

The doctor with difficulty contrived to support the fasttrotting mare which bore him along the mountain roads in his ceaseless visitations of the sick. It is true that he had an advantage over the clerical brother, for the farmers were bound to remunerate him if he were called in professionally by them; but the greater proportion of his patients were those who legally were entitled to his services when the relieving-ticket of the workhouse official was given to them to solicit his attendance.

In fact, I think that, if some of the future clergy of the Irish Church were to acquire a knowledge of medicine, it would be of incalculable benefit as opening to them a door among the Roman Catholic parishioners. Any young clergyman who might be acquainted with the healing art would find it exceedingly useful to him among his people, for the Irish peasantry have a very high idea of amateur skill in medicine or in surgery. The dispensary doctor has a very formidable rival in the 'bonesetter,' whose aid is usually invoked upon occasions of accident occurring. I have known a broken limb which has been skilfully set by a man-of-war surgeon, and which has been submitted to the bone-setter for examination; and I have known the patronizing manner in which Lanty Macgrath has, after

unwinding the bandages, pronounced that it was 'purty well done.' It is true that occasionally the bone-setter's patient succumbs to his treatment, and he has to disappear for a time, when a verdict of manslaughter is seen afar off; but he generally contrives to arrange the matter, and prevent it from taking a legal turn.

I have known a patient in the far interior speaking of his pain, when pointing out its local habitation in his frame, as Down west there, your honour,' laying his hand on the region of the heart. I have known another describing how the bonesetter had raised his breast-bone for him—an operation which, as far as I could identify it, seemed to be a species of cupping.

Clyde O'Grady, M.D., was the dispensary doctor of my new district, and a kinder-hearted man never followed Esculapius in the profession. I never met him but he had a sunny smile. never knew him to visit among the poor without a kind, genial, winning word of sympathy. He was universally beloved by all the barony, and his reputation for skill would have made Galen envious. The doctor was a really earnest, pious man. It was wonderful how, when administering to the relief of physical suffering, he never forgot, in his own quiet, gentle, loving way, to speak of Him whose great love had brought Him down from heaven to suffer for our guilt on Calvary's cross.

Many a dying eye has been directed by the good, kind physician to the only Sin-bearer, and many a despondent heart, cast down by the memories of sin, has found relief in thus

looking unto the loving Saviour of sinners.

Among the Roman Catholic peasantry the doctor had thus been privileged to do much good. Loving him for his kindness and generosity, and unsuspicious of him as a layman, they listened to the words which, spoken at a dying hour, took away the dread of death by pointing to Jesus as their Saviour and their Advocate.

The doctor's gig had rolled over to the Rectory, and I had, at his pressing request, accompanied him over to his little cottage, some miles away, perched up high over the river, and surrounded by rich hawthorn trees, from whence it derived its name of Hawthorn Glen. The doctor was a bachelor. simple yet tasteful little drawing-room peeped right over the rippling river, along whose green banks the hawthorn bloomed, and the doctor often wandered rod in hand, enticing by his flies, in whose composition he was a master, the large brown trout to rise in the cool summer eve.

'This is my own little den,' said he. 'You must know that I an a great connoisseur in sticks. Here are specimens that it would be difficult to procure elsewhere.' The room was hung in every direction with sticks, from the palm to the blackthorn. Brittle olive-tree wood-stuffs alternated with pimento and South African canes and ash tree saplings hung together. The Alpine staff, with chamois-horn and varied inscriptions, and the light-gnarled furze sapling mingled with the polished arbutus sticks with curious handles, sticks with The worthy doctor moved among themeccentric forms. here taking down a quaint ancient physician's staff of bygone ages, with golden top, perforated to allow the subtle perfume inside to regale its owner as he entered into some scene of 'Here,' said the doctor, taking down an oak cudgel, and regarding it with an admiring look: 'here is the gem of the collection. I call it, "Baus gaun Soggarth"—
"Death without clergy." Is it not a real beauty?' The stick was well deserving of its ominous appellation, so terrible in the estimation of the Irish Roman Catholic peasant.

The doctor's library was well chosen, and his conversation very pleasing. He took cheerful, sunny views of most things, including his patients, and many a poor, depressed sufferer has brightened up under the influence of the kind physician's hopeful words. 'That's a fine copy of Bayle's "Historic Dictionary" yonder, and he brought 'Baus gaun Soggarth' along the shelves. 'Apropos of sticks,' said he, 'I think that much of a man's individuality is connected with his staff. Now, if I am cheerful, I take out that white cane over there; if gloomy, this black ebony wood one. If it is a difficult case, that knotted gorse plant accompanies me. If I have to get to the fair, that Waterloo hazel cut by myself off the field is in

my hand.'

I have often thought of the dear, kind physician since. There lies in my own room in the fireside corner a stick which oft

brings him to mind.

When I went first to Kinsale, I lodged in a worthy furniture-maker's house. Mr. Richard Smith and his sister lived together in the old quaint house which for many generations had belonged to their family. Richard Smith excelled in making furniture—not in merely polishing and finishing off the rough brought over from Scotland or England, but in making from the mahogany itself in every stage the furniture of the town. Poor fellow! Competition was too much for

He could not afford to sell as cheaply as his rivals who imported their stock. He fell into difficulties, and at last left the old town. His sister had died, and he was alone in the world. Poor Richard! One night he arrived unexpectedly at the hospital of the workhouse ill and weary. I had occasionally, whenever he used to write to me, helped him as much as I could; but now the hand of death was upon him, and the longing to see the old place again brought him to the only hospital, except the military one, in our old town. When I went up to him, he was very weak. I spoke to him about the wondrous love of Jesus, and his dying eye kindled. Ah me! how true it is that

> 'Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are; While on His breast I lay my head, And feel a loving Saviour near.'

He was resting on that dear Saviour's atoning blood to cleanse away his guilt, and on His merit for acceptance with his God. That night he passed away very quietly, but in the morning a little pencil-case, a few old faded letters, and a stick with a mahogany handle, made by himself, were brought down to me, with his dying love, hoping that I would keep them in memory He lies beneath the shadow of St. Multose, in the ancient churchyard.

While discoursing of sticks, another ebony cane with silver cross handle recurs to my recollection. When I went to the ancient town of Youghal as curate, one evening, wandering along by the pleasant sea shore, beneath the sandy cliffs towering over the rippling surges below, a tall, aged gentlewoman slowly advanced towards me-her face pale, and bearing an aristocratic air of unmistakably high breeding. Her eyes were keen, sloe-black and sparkling; and as she passed by, I could not help feeling that the possessor of those brilliant eyes and remarkable features had a history. Nor was I mistaken. Some time afterwards, seated in her drawing-room, as the door opened and she slowly swept in, leaning still upon the ebony cane, and making the stately courtesy of a past generation, I found myself in her presence, and gradually I found that Miss Lilias Hamilton was one of the kindest and most thoughtful of friends.

Her brother, a captain in a southern militia regiment, had been cruelly murdered during the insurrection of '98, and his whole company cut to pieces by the insurgents.

Her own house was a large, ancient edifice, connected with which many a tradition existed of the former days of Youghal, when many a noble lived in its mansions, and when the squires and fair ladies of the romantic Blackwater used to throng its streets in summer time. As for herself, she seemed to love to wander in the beautiful old picturesquely-rising churchyard of St. Mary's. Many a time have I wondered when I have seen aged and time-worn sufferers in life's battle, who, leaving the silvery sands and murmuring ocean when evening after evening the Youghal citizens used to pour out along the picturesque shores, would prefer to wander among the silent graves, and yet it was after all but the shadow of death which was drawing close over their own hearts, and the presence of the loved ones sleeping there, which they trusted soon to realize inside the golden streets and azure walls of Zion, in the unfading summer light of heaven.

'It is good for us,' she said one evening, 'to bear affliction when we are young, and to have the cup of happiness dashed from our lips. I was very happy once, when I was betrothed to Allen Devereux—very happy;' and she gazed dreamily out of the window; 'but they would not let me marry him. They broke off the match, and then I heard one day that Allen had married another, and then I heard again that Allen was dead. I cannot analyze the feeling. I that loved him so was yet glad when I heard that he was dead.' She was faithful to that one memory of her youth; sixteen had glided into sixty, and yet her promise had never been forgotten. I see her now as she leaned on the ebony cane, and looked wearily out into the night. How many a heart has thus been broken, which has still bravely fought on in the fierce battle of life! Ah me! by the dying bed, when the sands of life are drifting out, what faces of the past seem to float, invisible to all but to that dying one! What recollections of the past seem then to crowd the brain! Like as when some old-loved melody, which dead lips now used once to sing, would awaken in the mind an overmastering sorrow, so when the first sweet strain of angel music then shall be heard, how the whole past life will start into dread existence again before the parting spirit's gaze! Blessed in that hour those who have found the gracious truth a personal verity:

'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgression for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins' (Isaiah xliii. 25).

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE LONE HOUSE OF SLIEV-NA-MON.

THE Sliev-na-mon Mountains in Tipperary would possess to a geologist an interest, as being composed of a nucleus of clay slate surmounted by sandstone; and to one who admires beautiful scenery they would prove attractive as possessing a certain striking picturesqueness of their own, although they emulate not the lofty grandeur of the noble Galtees, which extend some twenty miles in length, with a breadth of from five to seven miles; Galty-mohr, the highest peak, rising amid

the clouds to the elevation of some 2,500 feet.

The first view of the great Alpine range greatly disappointed Even Mont Blanc fell far short of my expectations. suppose it is from the eye being accustomed to the far greater sublimity of the white banks of cloud mountains which we view in the sky, that at first mountains do disappoint us, and that it needs us to go across their snow-crowned passes, and to cross and recross their ridges, before we adequately gain an idea of their awful vastness. But Galty-mohr never disappointed yet my idea of mountain scenery. I have seen him. the pale ghastly moon gilding his brown rocks, as he rises sheer from the green plains below; and I have gazed with admiration as he has raised his snow-crowned peaks on high, while the mountain eagle has hovered from cliff to cliff, and the scared ravens croaked dismally, as the shadow of his broad wings fell upon the snow.

The great Ormond family reigned supreme with royal jurisdiction for some four centuries, in the green vales of mountain-crowned Tipperary, and the wild gathering cry of 'Butler-a-boo' wailed through the cloud-capped mountain

ranges for many a troubled year.

The Tipperary peasantry are, physically, very tall and

powerful men. The Anglo-Saxon and Norman blood has almost swept away the Celtic from their veins; in truth, the Irish Celt is a quiet, well-behaved, poor fellow. He lives in perfection in Kerry, passionately addicted to learning, by nature a born orator—the Celt has really left to the Anglicized Irishman the pleasing task of ever keeping Ireland in disorder. Strange to say, though the County Cork natives and the Tipperary men get on well enough together, the Kerry Celt and the Tipperary men never can agree. Perhaps the tall, powerful, English-lineaged Tipperary man secretly undervalues the lithe, lower-sized, high-cheek-boned Celt.

The deep, dark mountain mists were descending slowly from the side of Sliev-na-mon,\* and were shrouding over a lonely cabin, which, remote from any other dwelling, stood 'neath the dark side of the mountain. A few ducks swimming in a pool, a turkey or two, and a ragged assortment of poultry, picking up a scanty subsistence along the roadside, or hiding neath the golden furze, when the rain swept down from the mountain. The windows destitute of glass, the door blistered by the sun, and a wild, fierce-looking peasant standing opposite it, as he lingered for a moment or two, and then, with a loud Beanacht lath,† entered the cabin. A woman who was inside the little parlour said, with a welcome laugh, 'An su, Shemus?'-'Is that you, James?' 'Is me a colleen, go-de-a-cloch-é?'—'It is me; what o'clock is it?' 'Is gioma dheoc na sgheul,' t replied the woman, as she handed him a glass, which he drank off with a laugh, and then lighted his short pipe, and puffed away vigorously for a few minutes without speaking. self at the fair to-day?' at last he asked. 'He ought to be home by this,' said she. 'What a day it is!' muttered she, with a shudder. 'How dark and dismal!' 'Troth,' muttered he, ''twill soon be light enough, I warrant you.' 'What do you mane, Shemus Maher?' said the woman, rather anxiously, laying down the flax that she had been spinning, and looking into the stern, dark face, whose fierce eyes were at once averted from her. 'Och, nothing,' muttered he; 'but I have something to do now with this;' and he produced a mould for casting bullets, and a quantity of lead, which he held in a handkerchief. 'Let me go into the kitchen, and don't let me be interrupted till himself comes home.' 'Och, the sorrow a fear of ye, unless the gauger comes round, or the captain of

<sup>\*</sup> In the Irish Sliev-na-ban-fion, 'The Mountain of the White Woman.' † 'A blessing to you.' ‡ 'Drinking is better than talking.'

police looking afther ye, Shemus Maher. The sergeant and a patrol passed up the glen this morning; maybe 'twas you they were afther,' said she archly. The peasant listened with a scowl, as the names of these by no means popular officials met his ear, but deigned no reply, and was soon blowing up the fire, and piling turfs upon it, and then proceeded to melt the lead, and to run it off in bullets in the mould, while the lurid glow shone upon his knitted brows, as he bent over the molten mass of lead, and stirred it, the muscles standing like knotted cords on his brawny arms.

'I wonder,' muttered the woman, 'what bad work is he up to now? Whose turn is it next?' and she resumed her spinning. 'Yes, it must be the Sheas. Oh, Monam a stigh tu Kathleen mavourneen,\* is this you?' she said, with a smile, as a light step was heard, and a pretty young woman, wearing the black cloth cloak of the peasantry, with its hood drawn over her brown hair, entered the room. 'How are they all up at the House, and how is "himself"?' 'He is hard at work to-day,' replied the new-comer; 'the rest of them are at the fair; but what voice is that inside?' pointing to the kitchen. 'Bdhe husth avourneen,† Shemus dhuv is inside, up to some bad work, I fancy.' The young woman entered the kitchen, and gazed at the operator inside, who took up the bellows when he perceived her, and, with a laugh, which disclosed a set of white wolf-like teeth, as he placed a wooden stool by the fire, said, 'Seid a tineadh a colleen.' † 'Arrah, Shemus dhuv, leigh dham; let me alone, black James,' responded she, sitting down pleasantly, and blowing up the smouldering turf, while the tall, black peasant, with another peculiar laugh, swept a number of bullets into a canvas bag, which he laid on one side, and then drew out another. 'Why, then, Shemus dhuv, what are all these for, in the name of wonder? Is it for the snipe, or the foxes of Gloun-thaun ye are making ready?' and the young woman threw off the black hood from her head, and looked up wondering into the dark, troubled face that gleamed moodily upon her. 'The foxes of Gloun-thaun may rest for me; and as for the snipe, Kathleen, ye are not much of a shooter, I think, or ye would know that these bullets are rather large for Maybe 'tis the ould aigles we are afther, or the mountain-hawks that peck the little lambs;' and he laughed a hideous laugh. 'Why, then, Shemus dhuy, perhaps in our

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;My heart within you, darling.' + 'Silence, my dear.' ‡ 'Blow up the fire, my girl.'

house we have seven betther muskets than you ever had in your life, and larger bullets too, and plenty of them, for that matter,' said Kathleen. 'Is it seven you said?' replied the bullet-caster, while a look of intense interest gleamed in his fierce eyes. 'Ay, and a fine brass blunderbuss, too, with plenty of slugs in a bag for it. Och, troth, we are ready at any moment, should Gorman or his clan attack us;' and she laughed a defiant laugh. 'When the Sheas drove Gorman from his farm, and took his house from him, they did a bad day's work for themselves, Kathleen Machree. There's law and justice in the mountains somewhere; ay, as good as ye'd get in the Four Courts of Dublin, any day. There's fiery flashes\* in Tipperary glens as well as in Clonmel Court-house.' The young woman with a saucy laugh, cried, 'Tan me sortha Shemus dhuv, slanth leath air maidhin,'† and passed out to her friend. 'Maureen Kelly,' she said, 'Shemus dhuv will get himself, I fear, into Clonmel gaol before long: he is after no good this evening. 'Tis myself gave him a hint that the Sheas were able to keep what they got with the strong hand; but I must haste home, or they'll be there before me. Beanacht Dhea leath; ‡ and she sped away up the glen, over whose gloomy mountain path the dense mists were hanging low, and glistening on the furze flowers around. Mrs. Kelly returned into the house, and, going over to the gloomy bullet-caster, laid her hand on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, 'Shemus dhuy, those bullets are for the Sheas, and ye know it well. Oh, if the devil tempts you, and them along with you, to this bad work, remember, 'twill break my heart within me if aught happen to the colleen math—the dear girl—who has gone out to her home with them; remember '—and she looked up pleadingly into his face—'that she is my own flesh and blood. that I had the care of her till she married the boy she has chosen. I thought you once, too, had a thought of her—' 'Thought of her!' and the tall, powerful peasant leaped passionately back; 'was that all?' 'Leig doib, lave them all alone, Shemus. The Sheas ejected Maher from his home, and they will never prosper in it; but don't let their blood be upon your hands. Och,' she said, 'shure I knew something would happen, when last night Mo Mahair, my poor dead mother, seemed to stand over me, and a frown on her brow——'

<sup>\*</sup> Evidently meant for 'Fieri facias.'

<sup>† &#</sup>x27;I am satisfied, black James. Good-morning to you.' † 'The Divine blessing on you.'

'Arrah, nonsense, Maureen Kelly, what have I, or the like of me, to do with the Sheas? Make your mind aisy; and see, there's the patrol coming down the road from the fair, and the sergeant will be in for a light for his pipe in a moment. Don't say I am here. Stop, 'tis better that I should be off by the back dhure across the field;' and, sweeping up the bullets, he whispered, 'Slanth leath Maureen,' and soon with rapid step he was making up the side of Sliev-na-mon, striding towards the site of the famed palace of the 'good people,' or fairies, for which the mountain is renowned. Meantime the words 'Halt, boys!' in the police sergeant's stentorian tone, were heard below, and the six men-at-arms in their dark green uniforms and shakos entered the cabin, while the commander laid his long flint-lock musket in the corner of the room, and lighted his pipe. 'Doyle, mind the door as sentry, and do you keep your eye on the road, till I relieve you. Why, thin, Mrs. Kelly, 'tis as disagreeable an evening as I'd care to be out on, and we have a long march before us yet to the barrack.' Some rustic fare was produced by the hostess, and the tired police did it full justice, the sergeant, as befitting his rank, sitting with the hostess at the head of the table. The fire on the hearth glowed upon the bronzed faces of the men-at-arms as they applied themselves to their repast, and the commander, turning to Mrs. Kelly, in reply to her question, 'Were the boys quiet?' 'I have the felicity to inform you, Mrs. Kelly, that, thanks to an imposing demonstration of armed forces, which the police magistrates thought it incumbent on them to make on this occasion, the rival factions of the Hogans and Hickeys never made a single approximation to each other for the whole day.' The sergeant had a well-known weakness for using the longest and most learned words he could find. It was evident that this method of conversation had greatly impressed his men, who looked upon him as a perfect oracle. 'There is nothing in military tactics so prevalently profitable, and so appreciated by the highest authorites, from the days of Hannibal to the great Duke himself, as with an intuitive apprehension of the emergencies contingent on the problematical course of action which might be adopted by hostile forces, instantaneously concentrating your men on some commanding position. It is not for me to say it, but I think that the advice of your humble servant was not despised to-day; and the peaceful results of this day's fair, and the menacing shouts of the Hogans being quite disregarded by the clan of the Hickeys, who, with a most

exemplary patience, only shrieked and clattered their shillalahs in reply, is in some part attributable to the suggestions and presence of him who has the honour to sit at your hospitable

board, Mrs. Kelly.'

'Why, thin, sir, 'tis true every word of it,' said a recruit, who had, with open mouth, devoured the sergeant's harangue, guessing at the meaning of the big words. 'Tis meself overheard the Hickeys saying to one another, "Och, boys, we have no chance as long as Sergeant O'Rafferty is here—we may as well be paceful." 'Yes, sir,' broke in another, 'and besides, sir, the Hogans were three to one against them! This view of the matter, seeming to rather depreciate the commander's reputation for strategy, did not apparently commend itself to him.

'Well, Doyle, have you anything of the nature of an urgent and pressing necessity to report to me,' said the sergeant as the sentry looked in. 'As we used to say long ago, when mingled in the classes of the Philomath o' Sullivan, "Vox faucibus haesit! comæ steteruntque" Sergeant O'Rafferty had been in early life taught by a Philomath, or hedge schoolmaster, in Kerry, and occasionally a Latin expression cropped up in his discourse. The sentry, looking wistfully at the diminishing viands, reported that a strong drove of *bonnives* was coming down the road, and that Father Padrig was riding before them. 'Sit down, then, Doyle, and replenish the exhausted system with these attractive viands. Meantime, I'll go out and have a talk with his reverence. Mahony, you relave Doyle at the door—nothing like a good look-out in military tactics,' and the commander strode outside. Father Padrig O'Mahony—a stout rubicund-faced ecclesiastic, clad in a large horseman's cloak, and wearing immense riding boots, now rode up to the door, and was received by Sergeant O'Rafferty with a military salute, which he graciously returned, and then dismounting, and giving his horse to one of the constabulary to lead into the stable, a rude edifice in the rear of the mountain shebeen, or hostelry, holding a formidable horsewhip in his muscular hand, the divine strode inside and stood before the turf fire. That same whip was dreaded enough by the padre's flock—a timely application of it, he used to say, had cured many an incipient tendency to heresy. Woe betide any girls or boys in his parish who might be detected by him going to the Kildare Place School, which the squire was interested in! 'They want learning, do they? and they want

to read the Bible, do they? and they want to be wiser, do they, than their own soggarth, Padrig O'Mahony himself. Flagellum bis dat qui cito dat in dorso stultorum puerorum.'\* Many a time Father Padrig's chestnut horse would be seen flying along the highroad, while the terrified scholars, flying like the wind when they caught sight of him, would leap over the ditches and disperse in all directions, dreading the redoubtable whip. Still the Kildare Place School went on—the children progressed in secular knowledge, and learned the glad tidings of salvation through the only Saviour of sinners.

'Did your reverence see "himself" at the fair?' asked Mrs. Kelly after a few moments' silence, during which Father Padrig had been busily occupied in warming himself at the fire, while Mrs. Kelly was preparing some refreshment. met him talking with the Sheas, who had some fine springers for sale.' Mrs. Kelly sighed deeply. 'Ah, your reverence, that is a bad business entirely; they were the foolish people to eject William Gorman from his farm, and to live in it themselves.' 'Troth, I agree with ye, Mrs. Kelly, and so I told Shea himself at the time, they're a wild lot of boys up in Slievna-mon; and only that they, to do them justice, pay their dues pretty regular, the crathurs, and come regular to confession, and act dacent enough at the stations, 'tis myself would be thinking that a man like me, who ought to be a Professor of Hebrew, or Chaldee, or the Aramaic, and cognate tongues, or at laste of the classical languages, in Maynooth, was thrown away entirely on them. Ah, Sergeant O'Rafferty, if merit were the test of advancement, 'tis you would be captain of police today.' The sergeant gave a sigh. 'There are the Sheas going up the road now,' said the sentry, 'and there's Mahon, and half a dozen with them, about a hundred feet after them. The mist is clearing off, sir.' 'It's time for us to be going, your reverence,' said O'Rafferty. The men took their firelocks again, and 'fell in' outside the door. The sergeant settled the reckoning. The priest stood at the door, and, with a parting salute, O'Rafferty marched down the glen at a quick step, while Father Padrig resumed his station at the fire.

<sup>\*</sup> He applies the whip twice who lays it at once on the foolish boys' backs.

### CHAPTER XIX.

# THE GATHERING OF THE THUNDER-CLOUD.

The mountain of Sliev-na-mon towers in a conical form, a bluff, sheer, rising mass, intersected with steep ravines, to the height of some 2,100 feet. One might roughly compute its length at some seven miles, its breadth at about five. Much of the fertile county of Tipperary is occupied by mountain ranges—some five hundred square miles of its surface assuming the picturesque mountain form—and yet in no part of Ireland can richer grazing land or better soil be found than in the far-

famed Golden Vale, the pride of Tipperary.

Not far from the 'lone house' in whose solitary precincts we have been in the last chapter stopping, farther up the glen stood a comfortable farmhouse, whose thatched roof and outoffices—large haggart, or farmyard, well stored with mountain hay and straw-told of the prosperity of the inmates. habitation had until recently belonged to a man named William Gorman, who held it and these fields around it from the Sheas, who were farmers also. They had, in an unhappy hour for themselves, distrained him and evicted him from his farm. Gorman, driven from his home, became desperate, and all absorbed with the one mad diabolical desire of revenge. The man could not rest day or night thinking of his wrongs. Cruel indeed have been the barbarities perpetrated in Ireland towards tenants by landlords and by their agents. scenes of misery when the wretched inmates of the cabin see all their little things sold upon the road-side, their few cows or bonnives 'carted off,' and the home in which they and their people before them lived for years passed into the hands of another, while they go forth without a roof to shelter them from the night wind of heaven. But we must remember that all the injustice and all the wrong that has been done in Ireland has

not lain at the landlord or agent's door. I do believe that the harshest treatment that the unfortunate sub-tenant has ever received has been from the 'strong' farmer, from whom he immediately rents his cottage and bit of land. And the people would infinitely prefer dealing with his honour the squire himself, than with the farmer or middleman, or under middleman, albeit the latter may be a Roman Catholic like himself. I should be sorry to have it inferred that at the same time all the injustice has been on the landlord's side. When a man has been treated to a leaden receipt for his rent due, instead of a bank of Ireland note, by some worthless tenant, he can scarcely be expected to be very ardent in wishing him to remain on the soil. Or when a man's efforts at improving the condition of his tenantry are met with a notice containing a rude draught of a coffin, with his own name printed on it, as an intimation that he had better prepare for assassination, we can scarcely deem it likely that he will be very eager in pressing those whom he knows to be implicated in such a pleasing notification to continue longer on his property. Alas! in Tipperary how many a blood-stained hearth has told the sad story of agrarian revenge.

It was the next day after Maher's bullet-castings at the 'lone house'—the people had come out of the mountain chapel's door, after listening to an exciting harangue by Father Padrig upon the wrongs of Erin, and upon the necessity of being more ready in paying up their 'dues' to him in particular. Marriage had been rather slack in Sliev-na-mon latterly, and the padre had rather felt the loss of the twenty-pound note or the tenpound, which formed his fee. A few beggarly ceremonies had ended in only five pounds each for his portion, and so he had announced a 'station' for the next week at a respectable farmer's house, where he hoped to replenish the exchequer by the offerings of the flock. The reverend divine had ended his sermon, and had crossed over to the habitation which he owned as master. Sergeant O'Rafferty and his men were sauntering out of the chapel-yard, when the police officers caught sight of William Gorman, talking earnestly to Shemus 'Well, Mr. Gorman, and how does the mundane course of sublunary events agree with you these times?' said O'Rafferty. Gorman, with an impatient air, sullenly replied, 'If ye mane, sir, how I am: well in health, but bitter in spirit, as a man will be who sees his own hearth-stone under the feet of the stranger.' A tall gaunt peasant now came up and

joined the group. O'Rafferty gave him a keen glance, as he saw he was a stranger. 'You have come a long way to chapel this morning,' he said, with a smile. 'Troth, sir, ye are right. I came into Munster this morning from the Kilkenny side, replied he carelessly.\* 'And, Shemus Dhuy, have you given the gaugers any more trouble lately, ma bouchal?' continued the sergeant. 'Och, your honour, what has the like of me to do with the gaugers? Shure the "dancing water" '- Irish name for whisky-'has clane left Sliev-na-mon, since Andy Holt was sentenced for shooting the gauger.' 'Fall in, lads! Shoulder arms! Quick march!'—and O'Rafferty, with a parting nod, passed on. That day the 'lone house' saw about a score of peasants assembled in its kitchen. Gorman sat at the head of the table, and Maher on his right hand. One or two of the men looked like colliers from the Killenaule coal-mines. few of them were evidently strangers to the Sleiv-na-mon district, for their accent told of Kilkenny. They were engaged in earnest discussion, speaking in Irish, and the door was shut, Mrs. Kelly even not being admitted. 'Oh, it's coming; shure I dreamt it all last night!' she cried passionately, as she crouched over the fire. 'They are going to do it soon. Shemus Dhuv again promised me this morning that not one hair of Kathleen's head should be touched; but there's a look in his eyes that I don't like when I mention her name. Oh. Kathleen asthore, what can I do to save you? Na colleen maith, your voice was sweeter than ceileabar na nean'-the singing of the birds. 'A gluin thu fain a nghotha. Do ye hear the voices?' and she rose up cautiously and listened at the door. 'I tell you,' cried Shemus Dhuv passionately, 'that the Sheas are well armed; they have seven muskets among them, and you know they are ready to use them.' Gorman's voice was then heard; the listener detected the word 'turf,' then 'fire,' and then all was still for a few moments, when she hastily retreated to the hearth, and the door was opened quickly, and the whole party silently passed out.

The next day Mrs. Kelly felt a deep gloom setting in on her mind. She could not divert her thoughts from her cousin Kathleen's danger—a danger which, despite Shemus Dhuv's assurance, she knew that she shared with the Sheas, in whose

<sup>\*</sup> The Kilkenny peasantry always speak of going into Munster when they cross into Tipperary on any business. They, as Leinster people, rather look down on the Tipperary men,

house she lived. In vain she deliberated what she could do—in vain she told her husband of the source of her anxiety.

'Don't be troubling yourself, woman,' he would say; 'do you want to have the house pulled down over our heads by interfering with Shemus Dhuv? The Sheas are well able to take care of themselves, and let Kathleen's husband take care of her; he is well able to do so, too. Arrah! don't be afther telling me of your drames; shure you don't want to be afther making this house a *clochbriagh*,\* like the one up the glen? How the wind is getting up! he said, as the mountain-blast rattled round the chimney, sending the turf smoke whirling back into the kitchen, where they were seated by the fire.

The Tipperary peasantry are peculiarly superstitious, especially the mountaineers. In addition to the more generalised banshee, whose wailing cries foretoken the speedy death of some member of the family round whose habitation she floats, the dhealv, or shadow-ghost, is still supposed to haunt many a mountain road, or linger in many an old churchyard. Many a stalwart Tipperary peasant has come home with blanched face and nerves unstrung, and has taken to his bed and nervously asked for the soggarth to be sent for, that the gloomy spell of the dhool-a-gaun whom he has met with on his lonely ride home, that hideous monster whose pleasure it is to frighten the passer-by by suddenly jumping upon him, with his spectral head carried as a peasant would his brogues, in his handsmight, if possible, be averted—the true secret of the apparition lying in the adulterated porter which the traveller has copiously drunk as he passed by the shebeen, or public-house, or it may be in the vitriolated whisky which these evil places supply to the thoughtless wayfarer. Well would it be for Ireland if the public-houses were universally closed on the Lord's-day. Saving the peasant who has reeled over the mountain-cliff and left his blood-stained corpse the prey of the raven, how many a broken-hearted wife would be comforted, how many a wanfaced, starving child be strengthened, how many a tattered drunkard assume his place as a respectable member of society once more, if these wreckers of soul and body, who are so

<sup>\*</sup> Clochbriagh, or 'stone of sorrow,' is the name given to the cairn composed of the stones, which every passer-by casts upon the spot where some terrible murder has been committed. In process of time these are grown over with weeds, grass, brambles, and have a peculiarly mournful appearance.

encouraged now by magistrates and powers that be, were sternly shut up on the Lord's-day! Then there would be no inducement for the peasant to leave his home to meet his friends at the public-house, whose parlour is the very hot-bed of treason. Half of the sedition and insurrectionary movements in Ireland would be nipped in the bud if, even on the Lord's-day, the public-houses were closed. And how many a noble young man, how many a fair country girl, how many a town mechanic, would be saved from shipwreck of soul and body in this our land!

Tired and weary, Mr. Kelly at last ascended the ladder which led to the bedroom above, while his wife sat earnestly staring into the gloomy turf embers, and listening with a start and shudder to the wind, which seemed to her over-wrought mind as though the wailing banshee were moaning its notes of

death around the lonely habitation.

'Don't mind me,' she said; 'I can't rest—I have a tooth-ache and a heart-ache, and I'll sit a little longer, and not disturb ye by tossing about.'

Presently she silently drew back the bolt and went out into

the dark night.

# CHAPTER XX.

### THE BURNING OF THE SHEAS.

WHEN Maureen Kelly stole out from her own house it was, as nearly as she could think, about midnight. A species of instinct impelled her to proceed in the direction of Shemus Dhuy's house, and, keeping up the mountain-side, dark as the night was, she made rapid progress, urged on by the restless feeling which oppressed her that Kathleen's life was in peril. Keeping along by a rude stone wall, covered with golden furze, she at last arrived, guided by a solitary candle which stood in one of the little narrow windows of Shemus's cabin, at a spot behind the ditch which commanded a view of the door. Here she halted, and her heart sickened within her as, listening attentively, she heard the sound of angry voices inside, and distinctly overheard the names of the Sheas repeated several times. Coming down to the house, she managed to get a view through a window, and saw Gorman seated alongside Shemus Dhuv at the table, while several peasants were evidently grouped near them. 'Now for it, boys!' she heard Gorman say; and, crouching down as she heard the door opened, she saw Gorman and Shemus coming out, followed by a number of peasants, each of them armed with a musket or blunderbuss, and one of them carrying two large sods of turf lighted, whose sparkling blaze glittered over his evil face as he stooped down to blow it with his lips. Crouching down, sick at heart, she saw the band at a brisk pace moving down towards the farmhouse of the Sheas, and, following after, she came to a furze-covered, sheltered portion of the wall, from whence she had a full view of the doomed dwelling that lay so unconscious of the coming danger beneath. Sick at heart, half mad with awful terror, she stood up, and, forgetting her own certain death if she should be detected, she gazed from the yellow, golden furze flowers down upon the rocky glen, sheltered by whose craggy sides the lone, doomed house upreared its thatched roof. For some dread minutes all was silent; in the darkness the murderers' forms were lost. With straining eyes and ears strung to a pitch of horror, she, with every nerve at highest tension of agony, concentrated every faculty of her mind on the white-walled house beneath. 'What can they be now doing?' she thought; 'can they have changed their awful purpose?' Alas! while she thus speculated the murderous band calmly and noiselessly were heaping up blocks of stone to secure the door. Gorman and Shemus Dhuv, with brawny arms, were tearing stones from the wall of the haggart, and the others were piling them close up to the door, while some stood ready with their firelocks to shoot down the inmates, should any show themselves ere the work was completed.

A bright, quivering flame shot up from the dried straw of the thatched roof, the whole glen was illumined by its awful glow, and the demon faces of the murderers were lighted up by its yellow glare, and then a long, loud shriek of horror from inside the doomed dwelling, followed by a demoniac war-whoop of revenge from the murderers, who now fired their blunderbusses and muskets as a feu de joie. Shot after shot re-echoed from the walls of the rocky glen, while screams and groans and smothered cries of agony resounded from within. But, as the rafters fell in, these piteous sounds were gradually inaudible; in fact, they were drowned in the hideous war-cries and shots of the demons in human shape who surrounded the blackened walls of the dwelling.

Standing as though entranced by horror, Maureen Kelly could not withdraw her eyes from the awful scene. The poor lost ones inside the farmhouse, sixteen in number, had struggled to the door, to find it hopelessly closed against them, and had fallen piled over each other, the upper corpses nearly entirely consumed by the fierce flame.

While Maureen still gazed, a loud shout was heard from behind the house, and a small party of men marched on and ranged themselves on the hillside. The murderers at once drew themselves up in line of battle, Shemus Dhuv at their head and Gorman. The fitful blaze gleamed upon the faces of both parties, and Maureen recognised a farmer named Philip Dillon, who lived near the Sheas, and who had come to their rescue, with a small party of armed servants and neighbours.

'Ye murdhering villains!' shouted Dillon, 'I dar ye to come on!' 'Ah, Dillon,' shouted back Shemus Dhuv, 'ye're too wake to try it on with us. Ye had better look to your own roof, ma bouchal; we might like another bonfire on Sliev-na-mon before Christmas.' Dillon saw evidently that his small party could not venture to attack the others with any hope of success; in fact, the groans were now fainter and fainter from inside the farmhouse; death had held a lurid carnival there. One of his men, named Butler, who had a brother in the Sheas' house, quietly withdrew from the little band, and succeeded, by keeping behind the burning house, in coming so close to the murderers as to identify Gorman. The majority of these wretches were strangers to him, and Maureen herself had only been able to recognise the faces of seven or eight of them.

The fire grew lower and lower still; the groans were hushed; a dense smoke ascended up to heaven; the tragedy was concluded. 'Quick march, boys! Step out!' cried Shemus Dhuv, and back by the same path they came at a rapid pace. The terrified woman crouched into the furze brake, while, as the murderers passed on, she heard Gorman mimicking the pitiful shrieks of the murdered victims, and gloating with hellish laughter over their sufferings, while peals of merriment convulsed these human fiends as they swept on up the dark side

of Sliev-na-mon.

Half maddened, Maureen stole back to her own house. She knew well that if she breathed a word of what she had seen to mortal, her own life and her husband's would be the infallible penalty.

The fire was extinguished on the hearth as she stole in and

dropped in a faint inside the doorway.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### RETRIBUTION.

'THIS is a terrible business,' said Sergeant O'Rafferty, as he leaned upon his musket and contemplated the blackened walls and fallen rafters of the doomed house. 'True for you, sir,' exclaimed a countryman who was helping with many others to open the stone casing of the door, which had been so fiendishly contrived the night before to shut up the unfortunates within. The scene was in truth an awful one. An eye-witness records with horror the awful aspect of the sixteen corpses that lay charred and burnt there, the molten flesh in black streams flowing along the earth floor. But one peculiar horror congealed the blood of those who witnessed it. Poor Kathleen was found apart from the others. Her babe, born in the very midst of the flames, was found with her poor, shrivelled, burnt arm fondly circling it, as she held it placed in a tub of water for safety from the flames. Alas! that loving arm that held up the little infant's head above the water, black and charred, told of the awful agony that that poor mother must then have suffered. A fearful shriek was heard as Maureen gazed upon this piteous spectacle. She had wandered thither from her own house, her heart distracted with horror.

The eighteen corpses were borne out. Oh, how terrible the spectacle! the peasants preserving a total silence, except when some ejaculation in Irish was heard. No clue, no trace to the unravelling of this dread mystery of horror could be found. Butler, who had identified Gorman on the night of the fire, was afraid to speak. His aged mother had charged him amid her blinding tears, as he valued both their lives, to keep his own counsel. Maureen wandered forth day and night as though unable to rest at home for a moment. One dread picture ever displayed itself before her burning eyes. The

groans and shrieks of the dying ones amid the blazing rafters of the Sheas' house ever sounded in her ears. As though impelled by some dread necessity, she ever turned her steps to the blackened walls of the scene of terror, and there passed whole days; while at night dead Kathleen seemed to lie down alongside her, holding her infant in her ghastly arms, and day and night no moment's rest could she find. The dread spectral form followed her wherever she went, and at last, after a year and a half of silence, she wandered away desperately to a magistrate for the county, and, asking to see him, revealed her dread tale of horror. Gorman was brought to justice. Even in the dock the prisoner, while he listened to the awful details of his guilt, seemed to enjoy the recital. His white teeth, unusually large, were seen to glare on the sight, his eyes glittered with a wild, fiendish, lurid gleam. He seemed even then, with death hanging over him, to glory in his awful crime.

Such are the real, true incidents connected with this dread tragedy, the Burning of the Sheas, which is still remembered vividly in Tipperary, although many of its terrible circumstances

have been forgotten.

The blackened walls of the house used to stand, the home of the owl and the bat, the night-wind of Sliev-na-mon howling dismally around the doomed dwelling. As the belated peasant passes by, he still thinks with a shudder of the awful tale, and expects to see the ghostly form of Kathleen holding her infant in her arms wandering along the mountain paths. house' has long since disappeared, but still the memory lingers around Sliev-na-mon of the dread scene which I have faithfully narrated, and which is foremost among those terrible narratives of bloodshed which have stamped the attribute of wild ferocity on fair Tipperary. May that happy day arrive in the Golden Vale and along her cloud-crested mountains when the Word of God will be studied and loved by all the peasantry. Then will cease, and only then, the dread list of crime, and a happy, contented people will dwell around the shadow of the blue Galtees.

## CHAPTER XXII.

#### CONVICT LIFE.

THE old glebe-house of Temple Breda stands high on a peninsula, bordered by the Carrigaline River on one side, and by the wild waves of the Atlantic on the other. The stormy blasts of winter beat across this tract with great violence, and sweep in on the pastor's house, despite the protection which the out-offices, and a coppice of slowly growing trees afford.

Across the Carrigaline River the beautifully-wooded hills of Currabinny rise, although now the glory of the old hill, its dense wood, has fallen before the woodman's axe. Upon one occasion, Sir Francis Drake, chased by a whole fleet of the swarthy Spaniards into Cork Harbour, ran up the windings of this exquisite stream, and anchored in the wooded recesses of Drake's Pool, while the Spaniards, ignorant of the locality, sailed past and left him undiscovered.

At the end of this peninsula Fort Camden rises, towering over the entrance into Cork Harbour, frowning at Fort Carlisle on the opposite shore. As Vicar of Temple Breda, I was chaplain to the garrison of Camden, and held also an appointment as chaplain to the Church of Ireland convicts stationed there, it being an 'intermediate' prison, the convicts from Spike Island being passed on to Fort Camden, where they remained until sent on to Lusk Station, or allowed out on 'ticket-of-license.'

The convicts used to take their meals in large iron houses, built outside the walls of the fort, in which they used also to sleep, and prior to my coming they enjoyed a great freedom from restraint, a long train of them, accompanied by a couple of warders, being allowed to take long walks in the country. This, however, was stopped; they were specially guarded by warders, commanded by a superintendent, and were usually occupied in building the new fortifications of the fort.

The old church of Temple Breda stands upon the highest

ground of the peninsula. It is a land-mark for seamen, and although it has been unroofed since I departed, and a new church built lower down in Crosshaven Park, still its walls stand a sea-mark for the mariner. There is something indescribably affecting to the mind in seeing a church in which one has preached the glad message of salvation to those who shall believe in their loving Saviour dismantled and fast hastening to decay. Alas! how many an Irish Protestant peasant and farmer beholds now the loved church in which he and his forefathers used to worship, in consequence of the suicidal Church Disendowment Act, closed up—a 'silent' church, to use the expressive term of the Roman Catholics themselves, with nettles and weeds growing around the closed door, through whose portals many a happy Sabbath-day the little congregation, now a prey to Rome, entered to worship and adore.

The services at Temple Breda upon the Lord's-day began by Divine worship at ten for the convicts and troops. some two miles across the fields, which in summer, when no breath of air stole upward from the still waves of ocean, enjoyed the full meridian heat of the sun, led me to the iron building, into which, escorted by the warders, the convicts used to march and occupy one side of the edifice, while the troops arranged themselves along the opposite side. The soldiers were strictly forbidden to speak to the convicts, and yet it is amazing how these poor prisoners knew the current events of the day. Spike Island, whose gloomy walls rose opposite us inside the harbour, a convict on 'ticket-of-leave' has assured me that the events of the Franco-German War were followed with the greatest avidity by the Protestant and Roman Catholic convicts stationed there, and they have even come to blows about the varying successes of either army. A convict would be told, say by a Roman Catholic, the French had gained a victory, and he would spread the news among his co-religionists, and great exultation would prevail. The next day a Protestant would be informed of a German victory, and the Protestant convicts would exult. Gloom reigned among the Roman Catholic convicts as the German armies, like an iron cordon, invested Paris. Exultation reigned supreme among the Protestant convicts as victory after victory attended the German standards.

When Divine service was concluded—it lasted for an hour—I walked back to the old church on the hilltop, which was surrounded by a very large burying-ground, in which Roman Catholics and Protestants lie side by side, and many have thus lain for centuries. From this churchyard a splendid view of

the ocean and harbour mouth is to be witnessed—the white lighthouse on Roches' Point, the distant lights of Queenstown, the noble harbour, studded with hundreds of white sails, and the outgoing Cunard steamer pursuing her American voyage, with her red funnel, and tall spars, and crowded deck, as the little 'tender' shot off from her gangway and returned to Queenstown. The evening service was held in summer in the church, and to accommodate distant outlying farmers near the Tracton side of the country, some of whom came a distance of six miles, it used to be held in the Hoddersfield Schoolhouse, about a mile from the glebe house, during the winter.

Sweet Sabbath-days, though often wearied by the mere incessant speaking, and the long walks which I had to take, still, how happy and blessed is their remembrance to my mind! How exquisite is that word which St. Paul uses to denote our souls' rest in heaven! 'There remaineth therefore a Sabbatismos (the keeping of a Sabbath-day, or Sabbath rest) to the people of God.'\* These delightful Sabbath-days which we have known, the sweet union in prayer and praise, the Word of God explained to the waiting soul, the calm, still summer haze resting upon ocean and on shore, the singing of the birds around the church windows, and the delightful presence of Him whom we love in our very heart, as we feel a very foreshadowing of heaven around us - what would this weary world of sin and sorrow prove if the blessed Sabbath-day were taken away from man? 'The keeping the Sabbath-day holy is the hem of the Christian life, which keeps it from unravelling,' says an old divine.

The convicts, after Divine service, were allowed to lie in the grass of the large field around the iron huts, and to sleep or read, provided that they did not go beyond a certain marked-out limit. The books provided for their use were, for the most part, singularly unattractive—dreary travels to the North Pole, expeditions to Africa, ponderous tomes which a page or two of would have as potent an effect as Malagiza's book produced upon the giants, when that subtle wizard, captured by their power, began to try the effect of reading a page of his

own work.

'Ne ancor havea il primo foglio volto, Che gia ciascun in sonno era sepolto.'

<sup>&#</sup>x27;The first long page he scarce did backward sweep, When one and all were hushed in slumber deep.'

At Spike a few really good religious works, standard authors, are among the contents of the library. A convict who has come out this year from that island told me that he knew Baxter's 'Saint's Rest' by heart almost, he had read it over so often. I think that if the directors of Irish convict prisons were to add some more really suitable religious books, which would be interesting as well as useful, to the libraries, they would prove of the greatest value to the prisoners.

On Friday evenings I held a Bible-class for the convicts, and this was to me a most interesting portion of my duties. We used to sit together at one of the long wooden tables, and, while the wind howled round the corrugated iron roof and walls of the prison hut, so that sometimes we could scarcely hear our own voices, we would dwell upon the chapter which was the one appointed for our consideration. I could thus acquire more individual knowledge of each prisoner. the warder had locked us all in, and had gone about his other duties, the convicts were enabled to speak with freedom, and I had thus many interesting conversations with them. From convict chaplain experience, I have learned never to despair of the conversion of any man, for truly nothing is too hard for the Lord to effect; and I have learned that there is somewhere hidden, even in the most desperate character, a little fountain of feeling which one might at first sight never suspect.

A little sparrow of a few months' growth formed the plaything of these convicts. They tenderly fed it, watched it as it fluttered through the hut, and it in turn knew them. It seemed the little tiny portal through which the latent tenderness that still existed in their sin-stained hearts manifested itself. I am certain that if anyone had touched that little sparrow to injure it, he would have been, in all probability, grievously assaulted. Many an eye was fondly turned to the little bird as it hopped round and round the prison hut.

A singular chapter might be written upon the history of pets. I have seen a soldier, as the trumpet sounded, hastily catch a little kitten, and put it into his knapsack, and then, falling in on parade, the little prisoner would utter a smothered, faint mew, mew, inside, and the private, for a second, became red as a rose as the adjutant drew nigh, or the colonel passed up the line.

During the Franco-German War, I have known the Turcos, those black-visaged Nubian warriors, to be passionately attached to pets. As the long columns swept on to battle, there might

be seen a white cockatoo absolutely perched upon the African soldier's knapsack—a strange, fantastic column of warriors, as they marched along, singing their battle-song in chorus:

'Partant en colonne on est trop chargé, On n'a rien a manger, il faut tout d'meme marcher.

Le vin est trop chère, La biere est trop amère, Et les pommes de terre, Ne sentent que l'eau. Trabuja mon chère, Mon cher bono,

Sacro! Blidah! En avant Mascara!
Basta!

# As it might be rendered:

'When marching in column our soldiers you meet, You may safely assume they've had nothing to eat.

The wine is too dear, Sour is the beer, And potatoes, I fear, Are not very sweet. But forward, my dear, A Turco, 'tis clear.

Hunger and thirst in campaigning must meet.

Tush, who'd complain?

Forward again!

Basta!

After the battle of 'The Eighteenth,' that memorable reel of giants, I was invited to visit the Turco ward of the Lazareth of Ludwigsburg, where many of the prisoners were lying, by my nephew, who was in charge, and who was almost worn out by his incessant duties—five nights out of seven being on duty, besides constant day work—and who, poor fellow, fine manly young man, has since died of fever, after unparalleled devotion to the wounded. In that same Turco ward a singular incident occurred. Among the prisoners who were carried down from the ambulance, a tall, powerful Turco was borne in, holding in his hands a huge green umbrella, which he was regarding with looks of deep admiration. 'Let me,' said my nephew, 'put it up safe for you, and you will have it all right when you are cured.' The Turco turned away his head with an emphatic gesture of refusal. They endeavoured to make him lie down upon one of the beds, but he would not, but emphatically cried, 'Non, non,' and clasped the green umbrella tighter than before. They showed him a press in which it would be safe, but he would not part with it for a moment; and at last they

allowed him to lie down upon the bed, holding the umbrella, which he then carefully placed between him and the wall; and when the surgeons were ready submitted to a terrible operation, still clasping the green umbrella with quivering fingers, yet uttering not one moan of anguish, and then he was laid upon the bed, holding on hard still by the green umbrella, companion of his campaignings.

It is well known that the late Emperor Napoleon III. placed great reliance upon the Turcos; and when war was proclaimed, as column after column of these dark-turbaned warriors swept out of Paris, the exulting populace fancied that the Germans would fly dismayed before the *élan* of their fierce attack.

Terrible and ill-omened is, in truth, their reputation among the Germans. Dread tales of rings found in their girdles, some of which still circled mutilated fingers, severed from wounded or from dead, both of German and French, I found circulating after Gravelotte and Weissenburg among the German soldiery, and implicitly believed by civilian and soldier Still, among these fierce sons of the desert the Word of God has found its way. Many an Arabic New Testament, during the war, was placed in their hands; and when, as the prison waggons with which I have travelled rolled along, and I witnessed the sweet sympathy with which the fairest and noblest of the ladies of Germany would unshrinkingly, during the hottest August days, hold up the wounded soldier's head, pour some reviving cordial down his parched throat, adjust the blood-stained bandage tenderly across his wounded brow, and speak kind words to French, Turks, or Germans alike, I felt that in such a land of kindness the reception of the Word of God would be welcomed by the sad sufferers, even before the blessed words would fall upon the eye, 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions. 1 go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there we may be also. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me (John xiv. 1-4).

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A CONVICT HUNT.

THE Royal Northumberland Artillery garrisoned Fort Camden at one period of my chaplaincy there. The men were physically very powerful, composed of miners in a great degree, and many of them were rough enough, while between them and the convicts no very good feeling seemed to exist. Sunday afternoon a warder came across to the vicarage to report that that day two of the prisoners were missing. After Divine service they had gone out into the great field which surrounded the iron huts, and at dinner-time were absent. Immediately the warders and militiamen, such as could be spared, dispersed themselves over the peninsula, hunting for the runaways. Great consternation reigned amid the timid female members of the congregation at the idea of these two convicts being at In fact, if a leopard from some travelling menagerie had got free, it could scarcely have excited more apprehension. Notice was sent to the constabulary at Carrigaline, and, meantime, the warders made the most incessant exertions to recover their lost charge.

It is almost hopeless for a prisoner to try and effect an escape from Spike Island. It was different at Fort Camden, where the men were really almost at large, and where they could, by watching an opportunity, easily slip away from the bounds of the prison-field. Two men at Spike, not long since, had managed to make out of their sheeting a dress, which they put on under their other garments. Watching their opportunity, when they were at work on Haulbowline, they saw a boat lying by the quay, and dropped into it, having thrown off the convict garb. They pulled away towards Queenstown as hard as they could, but, unfortunately for their chances of escape, they did not know how to manage the boat, and an alarm being given, a

warder dashed down to the quay, and covering the convicts with his revolver, peremptorily ordered them back. The unfortunates sadly saw that escape was hopeless. Already the signal-flags were waving on the staff, to acquaint the guard-ship that lay between them and the shore with their flight, and so they disconsolately turned back again, and were at once captured.

It was a glorious summer evening; the evening sun sparkled on the ocean rippling beneath, making its surface a field of sparkling diamond sheen. Beneath me lay a furze brake, over whose rocks a golden cloth of furze extended itself, a likely place it seemed for a prisoner to hide in when escaping. Up came a detachment of the Northumbrians, headed by a couple of warders at speed, and in and out of the furze brake the men spread themselves like hounds through a fox-covert. It was one of the most singular sights I ever witnessed—the blue uniform dashing in and out among the yellow furze. Away they swept again up the hill, across ditch and hedge, over field and road, up through the great grave-yard, and on towards Hoddersfield.

I was standing afterwards on the churchyard fence, when two young militiamen breathlessly rushed up. 'Please, sir, we are hunting the convicts—trying to catch them,' said they. 'My lads,' said I, 'did you ever think what you would do if the convicts should catch you?' They looked rather blankly at each other, for the escaped men were powerful fellows, and I presently saw them returning towards the fort, apparently not being quite satisfied with that aspect of the question.

Neither Northumbrians nor warders succeeded in capturing the escaped convicts. That night, at twelve o'clock, a patrol of two privates of the Royal Irish Constabulary was marching along the road leading to Aghamartha Castle, when they fancied they heard steps approaching. Hastily hiding beneath the archway of an old bridge that crossed a little stream, they saw the two convicts walking on, and in a minute or two, leaping out on the bewildered runaways, they arrested them. Resistance was hopeless, the constabulary had their rifles, and next day I was present in the fort when the constabulary marched in their prisoners and delivered them over to the superintendent.

At Spike, on one occasion, a serious mutiny, I heard from a convict who recently called upon me when going out into life again on 'license-ticket,' had very nearly occurred. A warder

had treated a convict roughly, had struck him, and some of the prisoners hurried up to help their comrade. The warders hastened up with revolvers, and the prisoners rushed into the room where they had been picking oakum, or turning pieces of old rope into oakum. As these pieces of rope were very deadly weapons in strong men's hands, great anxiety was caused, but the guards turned out and the prisoners were overawed, and nothing came of it.

I found, in ministerial experience among these poor wretched fellows, that they nearly all attributed their present miserable position to three causes. The first was keeping bad company, the second not keeping the Lord's day holy, the third addiction to intoxicating drinks. Some of these convicts have been non-commissioned officers in the army, many of them once held respectable stations in life, but sin and dissipation have shattered their prospects, and left them almost hopeless wrecks floating over the ocean of despair, with the rent plague-

flag fluttering mournfully above.

I have known a murderer, a man whom even the convicts working along-side of stood in dread, and when our Friday evening Bible class was over, and the other men had left the hut, he has remained behind. I have known him bow down his head upon his clasped hands, and as he wept over the sad story of his shattered life, I have heard the despairing cries which asked, 'Can there still be mercy for me?' I thank God that, even in the convict cells, that loving Saviour who never rejected even the chiefest of sinners who came to Him confessing their utter depravity and beseeching mercy has found many a trophy of His wondrous love, and has sent out into the world again many a poor prisoner whose life has attested that he has been changed by the influence of God the Holy Spirit.

I have sometimes, while the convicts have been dining together, walked around the hut in which they have been all seated, and heard with horror the oaths and blasphemies which they have uttered and the language which they have used when thus assembled together, and yet from such a hell upon earth there has been rescued by the Saviour's grace many

an immortal soul.

# CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE SOLDIER-CONVICT.

I was sent for by the colonel of the regiment quartered in the barracks of Kinsale at the time to report upon the state of a prisoner who had just been tried by court-martial, and the sentence—a heavy one—could not be ratified until the chaplain had reported upon the man's state of mind, as to whether he seemed impenitent or not.

I found a tall, powerful young man in the cells, who had been a non-commissioned officer, but who had been reduced to the ranks, and who had culminated his series of offences by striking the assistant-surgeon at the hospital. The regiment had but recently returned from New Zealand, and several cases of insubordination had occurred among the men, which the

colonel had determined to repress with a high hand.

I found Carton moody and reserved. There was a light which sparkled in his eye occasionally, and a singular sort of desperation in his manner. 'I was quite tired of the service—weary of life, for that matter. I had no dislike to the surgeon—I am sorry I struck him; but I did it simply that I might be dismissed from the army. I don't care whether they transport me or not.' I did the best I could for the prisoner; but the sentence was confirmed, and he was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment at Spike.

After he had been there some time he wrote to me, telling me that the surgeon whom he had treated so badly would join me in a petition to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant to have his time of imprisonment shortened. I made an effort, the surgeon kindly helping, to induce the Lords Justices to do

so; but they did not deem it expedient to interfere.

If a man conducts himself properly, when sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, he obtains after five years and a quarter his 'ticket of license,' which contains an accurate word photograph of the man, and he is bound to report himself on the first day of each month to the police-station, and cannot change his district or location without reporting it to the police; and when he goes to another town, he has to report himself there also to the police. He may go abroad if he pleases.

The convict, first of all, is sent to Mountjoy prison, in Dublin, where, in a separate cell, he is 'interned' for some eight or nine months. From thence he goes to Spike, and goes on from class to class according to his conduct, bearing a stamp upon his sleeve, which tells his class, and earns a penny a week in third class. In second class he receives two-pence weekly; in first class, fourpence; in advanced class ninepence weekly is paid him. This encourages the prisoner, gives him something to look forward to when he leaves Spike, knowing that he will not be thrown destitute on the world again, but will have a small sum in hand to enable him to go on with for a time.

From time to time I received an occasional letter from poor Carton. The convict is allowed to write to his friends once every three months; these letters are handed to the chaplain, who glances over them and marks them with his initials. Many a poor prisoner's letter has thus passed through my hands at Fort Camden. The convict may receive one letter a quarter also; and matters of private importance to the convict may be communicated to him by writing to the governor of Spike, who will acquaint him with the intelligence if deemed

expedient.

A great change had occurred in Carton. The man who was once half desperate, tired of life, seemed now in his letter to be wistfully looking forward to the day of liberty when he could leeve Lusk prison, to which he had, after the years of his stay at Spike, been transferred. His mind seemed also to be much awakened to the deep importance of eternal matters.

One morning a tall, thin, careworn, sad man came to my house and asked to see me. He had got out on ticket-of-license at last. Poor fellow, he talked of going home to England to his friends, and as he took breakfast, and then, after a long conversation, we all, my wife and children, at family worship, sang some of those sweet hymns which tell of Jesus' love to sinners, I saw that he was greatly overcome. It seemed as though the thought that Jesus loved him, branded as he was with the convict's name, had crept into his heart,

The former captain of his company chanced to be now living not far from me, and he went down to call upon him. The captain had within the last five years passed from death unto life, and had given his heart unto his Saviour. 'Oh, sir,' he said to me, 'the captain spoke so earnestly to me about my soul, and about the necessity of my at once asking my Redeemer to wash away all my sins in His own precious blood. Oh,' he said, 'what a change there is in the captain! Why, he prayed with me so earnestly, and besought me to give my heart to my loving Father in heaven. I think, he said dreamily, 'I will do it.' He cast his eyes down upon the floor, and seemed to meditate deeply. 'Do, Carton,' I said, 'and you will evermore be happy. Just come now as you are and believe in your own dear Lord and Saviour Jesus as your sin-bearer. Ask Him to blot out of His defaulters' book the sins which are laid down to your charge there. Believe me that, when once you can say,

""My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He smiles upon His child,
I shall no longer fear;
But Abba, Father, sweetly cry,
And to the pardoning Blood draw nigh!"

then in truth happiness and peace will be yours for evermore.'

Carton went over to England to see his people, but found that there was not much prospect of work being had, and also that his brother, a respectable mechanic, deemed that it would not be advisable for him to stay in the town, as it would be very disagreeable for them all when it might be known that he had to report himself monthly at the police-station as a convict. Poor fellow, he came back sadly enough, and said that he had determined to take a voyage, and I helped him with some pecuniary assistance, and he succeeded in getting a post in a craft going a long sea voyage.

A letter reached me from him. 'I have got £4 a month on board the —. When you get this letter I will be away, but I hope you will pray for me. I never was so much touched in all my life as I was the morning I left your house, to hear your family prayers and singing those hymns. I have made up my mind to give my soul to God, and lead a good life for the

future.'

Poor fellow! The desperate, reckless soldier, the convict who

had worn the iron chain, arm and ankle fastened together, was

now looking unto Jesus.

Upon one occasion, while I was chaplain of Fort Camden, a very unpleasant occurrence took place. Some of the militiamen who were then garrisoning the fort had been drinking in Crosshaven, about a mile distant, and had had a quarrel with some of the people of the little watering-place. Their comrades immediately, as soon as they returned to Camden Fort, sallied out armed with their bayonets, and a few of them with their rifles, and a desperate collision took place, in which several persons were injured. I was absent that day unfortunately at Kinsale, and upon returning next day found the fort still in a ferment. The convicts meantime had been guarded only by the half-dozen warders, and had they broken out they might easily have managed an escape. The militiamen were exasperated with the Crosshaven people, and a large police force had to be sent in to keep the peace. It would have been singular indeed had the convicts been obliged to turn out to restrain their guards from mutinying. A militiaman not long embodied has no idea of the discipline which a regular soldier submits to, not only as a duty, but a matter of course.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BIBLE.

I was going up to Dublin in the night mail. I envy much those travellers who can quietly gather themselves together in the corner of the coupé, and be asleep ere ten minutes have elapsed. There is, however, a consolation for those who cannot thus slumber in the variety which every station affords as you roll into it. There are the countrymen pressing forward, stick in hand, to go to some distant station; there the picket of stalwart, erect Royal Irish, with rifle on shoulder, or standing at ease, as they vigilantly look into the carriage windows as they roll past; the different accents of the various counties; the varieties in costume; the Fenian felt and hardcloth mingling with the peasant's frieze garments of antiquated fashion: the stout, red-faced priest, with brogue redolent of the soil, whose comfortable exterior bespeaks the P. P. of some prosperous and populous parish whose flock have not emigrated as much as his neighbour's; the pale-faced, severelooking ecclesiastic, the ultramontane Vicar-general, who forms an important link in that iron chain of bondage which grasps and strangles the Roman Catholic sons and daughters of Ireland.

Some little time since a dignitary of the Church of Ireland, whose name as a powerful preacher and pious minister is well known, told me that, travelling in a carriage with a Roman Catholic bishop, the latter pointed out a very fine-looking cathedral, with the exclamation, 'I am sorry to tell you we have now no more people than to half fill it. One cause of this,' he continued, 'is emigration, but the other cause is the increasing spirit of infidelity which we deplore is coming in among our people.' Upon my friend asking him what steps

he was taking to counteract this infidelity, he replied, 'I recommend the frequent use of the confessional.'

A third person, who knew my friend, looking in at a station, and addressing him by name, the bishop retired into

himself, and taking out his breviary, spoke no more.

Now, this testimony is most important, as giving a clear proof that there exists a deep necessity for the circulation of the Word of God in Ireland. Much has already been done in the diffusion by colporteurs, both by the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, of the Bible and New Testament, but a large society is imperatively called for which will scatter especially the Roman Catholic edition of the New Testament at half-price among the people. Bishop Robert Daly, of Cashel, that honoured Church of Ireland prelate, used to circulate the Douay Bible at half-price—the price of Duffy's edition being three shillings, a large sum for a poor peasant to afford. Roman Catholic New Testament published by Coyne is sixpence; it has had a great circulation. Indeed, I trust that ere long a Roman Catholic Bible Society may be started for the purpose of selling at a cheap rate the Holy Scriptures. This will never be done by the Church of Rome; but why should not evangelical, earnest Christians in England and Ireland adopt such a course? The peasantry would eagerly welcome that blessed Book, which would teach them of Jesus, who is alone Ard soggarth mohr-The great High Priest. I was plunged in deep thought when a tall, manly-looking Englishman got into the carriage. 'A cold night,' he observed, as he drew up the windows. After some little conversation together, I found that my companion was much interested in the emigration question, and that he was also an earnest follower of the best of masters. 'I will tell you,' he said, 'what happened to me lately. I am a Sunday-school teacher in London-at least, in a suburb thereof; and one of my class, a singularly interesting girl of some sixteen or seventeen years of age, the only daughter of a widowed mother, who was one of the best pupils that I had, one Sunday was missing from her class. Upon inquiry at home, I found that poor Mary had been lured from her mother's house by some wretch who had taken her away, and no trace remained whereby we could ascertain where she was.

'I used every exertion to discover her, but in vain. At last I received intelligence that the poor girl had been abandoned

by her deceiver, and that she was living, or rather dying, in a wretched London garret. I went to her mother, and asked her if she had anything belonging to Mary in her possession. The poor mother drew herself up and, with a frown, charged me never to mention Mary's name again in her presence. Still, I persevered, and at last she went to a press, took out a little Bible, and said, "There's her Bible—take it; let me never hear her name mentioned again." I took up the little Bible—many a passage was marked in it—and I went forth. After a couple of hours I found myself at last ascending the stairs which led to a miserable garret. There, crouched over the embers of a half-consumed fire, I saw the poor girl of whom I was in search. She turned round at the noise of the opening door; a bright hectic flush was on either cheek; a hollow cough; a startled cry of shame and terror. I went forward. "Mary," I said, "do you know this book?" Never shall I forget her agonized, gasping utterance. "Oh!" she screamed, "my Sunday-school Bible!" She buried her pale, thin, emaciated face in her worn hands and wept violently. "Put on this shawl," I said, "and come along with me." She obeyed, as though walking in a dream, followed me downstairs into a cab, and we drove back to her mother's cottage. She said nothing, but lay back in a corner, as though she had fainted away. At last she started up—"Where are you taking me to?" she cried.

'We were entering into the village; we stopped before the mother's door. I took her in my arms and bore her half-lifeless form inside. Her mother was standing as though changed to stone before the fireplace; the poor wretched girl tottered feebly forward, and she fell upon her knees. "Oh, mother! mother! can you forgive me?" A wild, fierce gleam shot from her mother's eyes, and then such a holy, sweet, compassionate, yearning look of love. She rushed forward, and the next moment poor Mary was clasped in her mother's arms. I turned away without a word.

'A week had elapsed, and a letter reached me. It was blotted over with frequent tears. "Mary is dead; but ere she died she whispered to me, 'Mother, tell him, my Sunday-school teacher, who, under God, has saved my soul—tell him whom the Good Shepherd sent after me to find me, that my last dying words were: I, a poor lost one, washed in my precious Saviour's blood from all my sins, and robed in His everlasting

robe of righteousness—that I, poor castaway, through His wondrous love, with dying breath cry:

"" Salvation! oh, the joyful sound,
What pleasure to my ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A comfort for my fears.
Glory, honour, praise and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever.
Jesus Christ is my Redeemer!
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!""

### CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE ATTACK ON HEATHFIELD TOWERS.

THE town of Youghal, whose curate I had become upon my resignation of the incumbency of Temple Breda and chaplaincy of Fort Camden, is one of those quaint old towns, full of historic memories, which are to be found in the South of Ireland, whose history is thus in miniature that of the English in Ireland. The noble old collegiate church of St. Mary's, restored by the generosity and exertions of the late Rector, the Rev. Pierce W. Drew, remains one of the most deeply interesting ecclesiastical edifices in Ireland. This ancient church is one of the finest specimens of the Pointed English or Norman architecture now to be found. A part of the church was screened off for a vestry-room, and many a quiet Sabbath evening have I stood while the sweet strain of the voluntary poured through the vast aisles of St. Mary's. And the light gleamed upon the curious paintings of the Boyle tomb, with its many figures, and the lordly silken banner floating from the spear-head trembled in the air; and the stately altar-tomb, with its legend of its unknown occupier-

# 'Hic jacet Thomas Fleming'-

and many an ancient knight and fair dame are chronicled in these dim aisles, where the sweet voice of praise arose. In this chancel the brave old Oliver Cromwell buried his lieutenant-general, and stood by his coffin in the flickering torchlight as he delivered an address to those rugged, iron-cuirassed soldiers on the uncertainty of life. In this chancel lies the monument of Roger Devil, one of Strongbow's captains.

My worthy Rector himself sprung from the grandfather of the Norman Conqueror William, one who to illustrious lineage of such royal descent was the successor in doctrine of the illustrious evangelical ministers of the Church, the giants of the past generation—men who preached with great power the good old Gospel—at the time I became his curate suffered much from ill-health. His house was situated about a mile from the church, and at the time he was engaged in erecting Heathfield Towers in a more bracing and open situation. At this time the Fenian agitation had not risen to its full height, but still thinking men were filled with apprehension as they heard, night after night, of drillings of the peasantry in the fields, and when the disaffected state of the people became a matter of notoriety many an anxious forecast of the future was made.

Mr. Drew went on building the Towers, and when I had become Vicar of Kinsale, and had found myself for a day in Youghal, when I saw that he was preparing for the contingency of an attack by the Fenians, and when I marked how, in a strategic point of view, he had constructed his defences, I, although I scarcely realized that the place would be attacked, felt that, if not taken unawares, the Towers might stand a siege, unless cannon were brought against it.

'I am ready, at all events,' the Rector would say. 'It's coming sooner or later. We English settlers have been six hundred years in Ireland, and they have not got rid of us

yet.'

And now the Fenian agitation culminated in the general rising of the 5th of March, 1867. Police-barracks were attacked, in some cases successfully, and the smaller coast-guard stations had to be abandoned, and the men concentrated in larger posts. Ireland was a scene of terror. The year wore on; the next year was ushered in with dread of another insurrection, and on Sunday, the 16th of August, came the long-expected Fenian attack upon the Towers. I insert an authentic account given by the brave old Rector himself:

'I had been very unwell during the past week, and did not feel well enough to go to church, where Dr. Neligan very kindly took my place. No persons were in the house but my daughter, Lady Meredyth, the cook, and myself. At about a quarter to one o'clock p.m. I was sitting in my room, and heard a gentle tapping at the hall-door. At the same moment Lady Meredyth came to say she had just observed two well-dressed men come to the door, but that she could not see their faces. I begged of her to send the cook to inquire who

they were, and what they wanted, but by no means to open the door. They told her they had a letter for me from the Rev. Mr. Leslie, of Cork. I at once said, "They are Fenians." I had often thought that Cork Fenians would attack this place, and select Sunday during church-time for that purpose. There is a square opening of about nine inches in the hall-door, with a shutter to it, and I asked Lady Meredyth to open the shutter, and ask for the letter. On her doing so a pistol was pointed in, and, she says, very nearly touched her, the Fenian saying at the same time, "There's the letter." She had barely time to draw aside when, as she states, the pistol, which must have been, from the size of the ball afterwards found, a small one, was discharged. She then called out as loud as she could, "Papa! Fenians! Fenians!" The moment she did so they assailed the door with great violence, so that as there was no bar to it, and as it is very thin, I thought it must be destroyed even before I could get a revolver. However, I fled to the box for one, and took my position on the first landing of the staircase, from whence I had a full view of the hall-door. called out to them to desist. They roared out they would not, and cried, "Open! open!" I roared at them, "I never will!" They cried, "You must; we'll break every door and window in the house!" I said I would have to shoot them if they did not at once go away. They then became more violent than before, and the bangs against the door and the noise they made there were terrible; and I perceived one side of the door beginning to open in the centre, and a panel of about five feet six inches long and five inches wide completely stove in, and only keeping (as at present) a small hold at the top. I thought it high time to let them see, and hear too, that they had no chicken to deal with, and I called out, "I don't wish to hurt you, but I must fire on you; I give you warning." They in reply gave the door a terrific bang; and expecting every moment to see it demolished, I discharged one chamber of my revolver right at the door, in which the ball may be seen. I then saw a leg crossing the square hole, and I fired at it, and my second ball must have passed clean out through the hole, as there is no mark inside. I remembered that my other revolver was unloaded, and expecting them every instant into the hall, and up the stairs, I did not like depending on only four shots; so I got up to my room as fast as I could, and in about two minutes loaded the second revolver, and returned to the same place on the stairs. They were still

trying to push and kick in the door, and it was fortunate for them that I had not time to load and use my rifles, as their shots would have gone through the door as if it was only paper, and killed them very probably; but I am better pleased that that did not occur. However, the rifles shall not be idle the next time. Rather rashly, I next went downstairs and placed myself in the doorway, between the dining parlour and the hall, to see if through the sidelights I could get a view of the assailants. On peeping out, I perceived a pistol covering about a third of the front of my body, and I instantly presented mine to fire into its muzzle, when it was withdrawn. then asked in a loud voice for what purpose they were breaking into my house, and what did they want. They said they wanted my arms. I asked what right had they to them. They replied the same they had to anyone else's. I said they should never get my arms. They swore that they would get them, and should get them. I said, just as I felt, in the most determined manner, that they should not get my arms but with my life. One said, "I will have your life." I replied, "You have one of your own; you had better take care of it now. I now warn you again; I don't wish to hurt you, if I can help it." I heard no more, and believe they were beginning to take a dislike to coming in, for, indubitably, one resolute push more would have sent in the broken half of the door, and then we would have been in one another's arms. would seem that they disliked the familiarity even more than I did myself, for they were the first to leave the field of battle. However, I expected every moment to see them come in the library window and take me in flank; and accordingly I hastened to the first landing on the stairs, where I had been before, and was not sure if one or two shots through the sidelights might not follow me, and, indeed, I went smarter than I ever did since I got the gout. I got down a blunderbuss very heavily loaded, and waited for their coming into the hall; I had also another in reserve. I never was more certain of anything than of their coming in by the library window; but after waiting for nearly ten minutes, I thought it would be well to fire a good many shots from my bedroom window to call the attention of the neighbours. This I was able to do with great rapidity, as Lady Meredyth handed me cartridges and caps as fast as possible. It had the desired effect. My son heard the firing, and hastened with two or three more to the house. The Fenians, about eight in number, decamped.

leaving a pair of trousers and two hats, with dark veils in them, in one of Mr. Hobson's fields. I have made this statement with all the truth and accuracy that any man could possibly employ; and very probably I should not have taken the trouble to do so at all, and certainly not so soon, but last evening I heard misrepresentations of the transaction which were not only ridiculous, but malicious. I am thankful to Almighty God for His gracious protection, and that I was not the means of taking away human life. But I shall be better prepared in future for self-defence, which I will always use, so long as I have the means.'

A man named O'Halloran was arrested that same night, identified as one of the attacking party, and returned for trial, and amid much excitement removed to Cork under a strong escort of police. In the words of the Rev. Dr. Neligan, who had sent out word to Mr. Drew not to come in for Sunday duty, 'Had not this message been sent, and had he come in for Divine service, it is more than probable that Heathfield Towers would have been wrecked throughout, and the females in it (already frightened enough) murdered by a cowardly crew.

The Fenian agitation, though lulled, is not dead. Many of the leaders have returned to Ireland again, biding their time; and when the Home Rule chimera has culminated in another insurrection, those will see their mistake who fancy that Fenianism is extinguished.

It is a remarkable fact that at the present moment the Roman Catholic population are organized in some of the large towns and surrounding districts, and generally, it may be,

through Ireland in the following manner:

In one watering-place, for example, there are a hundred prefects, who have under them a hundred sub-prefects. Each of these has the supervision of a certain number of Roman Catholics, and this, which is ostensibly an ecclesiastical arrangement for the purpose of bringing the men to confession every Saturday night, can be made use of for the purpose of concentration when required. The Rector of an important town in the west told me that the same arrangement exists there, and on Saturday nights the heavy tramp of peasants marching in in vast numbers from the country to the chapel resounds through the streets. The Church of Rome has its followers organized in one mighty host through Ireland, and whenever she may give the signal three days would see a vast army

concentrated, their motto not 'Ireland for the Irish' alone, but 'Ireland for the Pope' also.\*

\* In the dread horrors of 1641, from which the Protestant interest in Ireland never fully recovered, a particular account was sent in by the Roman Catholic parish priests of the number of the slain, by which it appeared that in Ulster alone, in the first three months of the rebellion, 104,700 Protestants were massacred by the insurgents. This 104,700 only represented a part of those slain. But who was the cause of such horrors? The Church of Rome.

I add an extract from the Bull of Pope Urban VIII.:

'Ad futuram Rei memoriam Urbanus Octavus, etc.

'Having taken into our serious consideration the great zeal of the Irish towards the propagating of the Catholic faith, and the piety of the Catholic mission, in the several armies of that kingdom, which was called of old The Land of Saints, and having got certain notice how, in imitation of their godly and worthy aucestors, they endeavour, by force of arms, to deliver their thralled nation from the oppression and grievous injuries of the heretics, wherewith this long time it hath been afflicted and heavily burdened, and gallantly do in them what lieth to extirpate and totally root out those workers of iniquity who, in the kingdom of Ireland, had infected, and always strove to infect, the mass of Catholic purity with the pestiferous leaven of their heretical contagion. We, therefore, to all and every one of the faithful Christians in the foresaid kingdom of Ireland, now and for the time militating against the heretics, and other enemies of the Catholic faith, they being truly and sincerely penitent after confession, and the spiritual refreshing of themselves with the sacred communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, do grant a full and plenary indulgence, and absolute remission for all their sins, etc. We freely do bestow the favour of this absolution upon all and every one of them, and, withal, desire heartily all the faithful in Christ, now in arms as aforesaid, to be partakers of this most precious treasure.' This Bull was produced in court at the King's Bench, on the trial of Connor Lord Macguire, for high treason, for being concerned in the Irish massacre, on February 10, 1644 (see Hargrave's 'State Trials,' vol. i., p. 1090, fourth edition, Dublin, 1793).

### CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE REV. PATRICK GRAHAM, D.D.

' Quau tèn sa lengo, ten la clau\* Que di cadeno lou deliéuro!'

Lou grand Felibre.

THE Reverend Patrick Graham, Doctor in Divinity of the University of Dublin, was one of the most brilliant scholars of Trinity College, and although he did not obtain the Fellowship which he stood for, the prize which in lieu thereof became his marked worthily the closing of a most distinguished Academical career.

Tall and thin, exceedingly muscular and with very long sinewy arms, the Doctor as a candidate master was renowned for his skill in fencing—Satel himself confessing that in him he saw no longer a pupil, but a rival.

Doctor Graham claimed descent from Patrick Graham of Eliestoun, second son of Sir Patrick Graham of Kincardine, who in the reign of Robert III. married the only daughter and heiress of David, Earl of Strathern, and by her obtained that earldom.

When the living of Gurt-na-horna became vacant—the last rector, an ex-Fellow of Trinity College, having held it for some forty years, during the latter ten years of which period, owing to bodily infirmity, he had been non-resident—the vacant benefice was, much to his own amazement, offered to Doctor Graham by the Board of Trinity. Fortunately for him, none of the Fellows at the time cared to leave alma-mater. Not even the inducement of being able to resign a compulsory celibacy, and to get settled in life, could induce even any of the junior Fellows to accept Gurt-na-horna.

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;He who understands his language holds the key That will from the chain deliver him.'

It is true the neighbourhood had rather an unpleasant reputation. The Roman Catholic parish priest, the Rev. Ulick Maguire, P.P., was exceedingly addicted to the very disagreeable habit of denouncing the Protestant clergy and landlords from the altar of his large, whitewashed chapel, and typifying their destiny by solemnly blowing out the candles thereon. It was pleasanter on the whole for the junior Fellow to bide his time, and dine at Commons daily; the dangers to be encountered even on a dark winter's night in the squares of Trinity were as nothing compared to the possibilities of Gurtna-horna. Bronchitis was the worst in the former case, but the wailing cry that had floated from the homes when the corpses of a murdered curate and treacherously assassinated landlord had been brought in told that the contingencies of the latter might be exceedingly hurtful.

Patrick Graham at once thankfully accepted the benefice. For years he had laboured in the liberties of Dublin as a city curate. For years the tall, erect, fast-walking minister had toiled in dreary lane and fever-stricken court. House after house had been visited and revisited by him. The old, creaking, decayed stairs had swayed beneath his footsteps while he carried the glad message of a loving Saviour to the sick or dying sufferer. Many a sad face brightened when the Doctor drew near, and, taking a seat by the straw on which the weary one lay, would open the pages of his little well-worn Bible, and read the blessed words of welcome and of comfort to the weary sinner's heart.

Days of ceaseless toil had imprinted their mark upon the curate; his voice had latterly shown symptoms of failing, and so it was that, although sad to leave his loved flock, he yet felt that the change had not come an hour too soon, and so

very thankfully accepted the offer of the vacant benefice.

The Doctor had packed his portmanteau, rather an unwonted task for him. Wistfully he glanced at the tall folios along his shelves, and anxiously speculated how he could find space for the huge 'Thesaurus' of Pagninus among the other smaller books that he desired to carry with him. The times were troubled. In truth, for over forty years' experience of Irish life I cannot recall any period thereof that has not been more or less troubled. A journey by the Royal Mail was an adventurous undertaking, not rashly to be taken in hand. Upon some recent occasion the passengers had found their course disagreeably impeded by a barricade of trees cut down

across the road, and the brass tubes of very bell-mouthed blunderbusses had appeared lining the wall on either side, and ominously concentrated upon the roof and windows of the aforesaid coach. A hand-to-hand encounter had ensued, the two guards and some officers who were travelling had bravely defended the mail, and brought her off, the coachman managing to sweep his team round, and gallop back to the last station.

The Doctor took down a brace of silver-mounted pistols, which had belonged to his father, and laid them in the trunk, and then, having secured his seat for the next morning's mail, went to say good-bye to some old friends. It was a great change for a man who had neither wife nor child to leave his loved city work and to go down into the lonely country; and so the Doctor felt it. In Dublin he had old college friends to speak to, and, above all, the noble college library to read in. In the country he would certainly have more time to study, and to carry out the ideal which ever flitted before his mind of a commentary upon the New Testament, for which for years past he had been accumulating matter, and there was much consolation in this prospect.

The journey proved uneventful, and, tired enough after a long period of being shut up inside the Royal Mail, Doctor Graham found himself at last seated in the library of Gurt-na-horna.

The old glebe house was a substantially-built stone edifice; the lower rooms opened off a long corridor, and all the lower windows were either heavily ironed with strong bars or were provided with iron-plated shutters, through which loopholes were pierced for purposes of defence. In one of the lower rooms the large library of the late incumbent was lying packed in boxes, awaiting the time of transit to Dublin. There is something to my mind peculiarly sad in this flitting away for ever of the old tomes from the shelves where they have stood for years. It seems strange to see the pencil-marks so fresh in some of these white-covered quartos, made years ago by the hand that now rests in the old graveyard, close to the dear, quaint, square-towered church that the dead Rector used to love so well. It seems strange, when so much of learning, intermingled with doubtless stray gleams of life's romance and much of life's sorrow, as well as of a holier joy, should be lying encoffined there, that these faint pencillings should seem so vivid and so fresh upon these pages.

And then mingled with these dusty folios, or learned quartos, or Elzevir duodecimos, to think of the old letters that are lying side by side: letters traced by dead hands—letters breathing out love that has changed, may be, to some other object—letters telling of bright ideal hopes of early days—letters that speak of sorrow and hard life battlings; and now he to whom all these have come is dead, and, like ashes burnt out upon the hearth, there is no more a life in these old, worn, tearblotted, square-folden epistles. And still these old letters during life have a marvellous power. I have known a hard, stern man, whose secret desk has been opened by his executors, and then the long, curling, brown tress of hair cut from a dead wife's brow, and the piteous words, 'Ay de mi,' have told their story.

'If your honour is ready to see him, Mr. Sweeny would be glad to speak to your reverence,' said the old woman-servant

left in charge of the house.

Mr. Murtagh Sweeny, the gentleman in question, immediately afterwards entered the room. He had held for years past the post of steward under the late Rector, who, living at a distance, had entrusted the whole management of the forty acres of glebe land to him. That such management was a lucrative one for Mr. Sweeny there could be but little doubt; and that the Rector's share of the profit was but small was undoubtedly certain. Many a time he had said to Dr. Graham, 'I wish I could get well rid of that fellow Sweeny, for I know he is robbing me right and left.' An easy-going man, and an invalid besides, he had never mustered up sufficient resolution to do so.

There was a peculiar sullen gleam in Murtagh Sweeny's sunken gray eyes as he entered the room, that half seemed to intimate that he had more than doubts in his own mind that his stewardship was in danger. Dressed in a shabby, well-worn frieze cota-mohr, or great-coat, with an antiquated, deep, brass-buttoned waistcoat, knee breeches, and gray woollen stockings, ending in massive brogues, and holding a felt hat under his left arm, Mr. Sweeny made a low reverence as he entered the room—a pale, wrinkled face, eyes in whose gleams sparkled a mixture of ferocity and cunning: a low, stout, broad-shouldered peasant. He sank into a chair at the Rector's bidding, and there seemed, in the stealthy glances which ever and anon he shot at the Doctor, to be endeavouring to ascertain in advance his disposition towards him.

'Troth, 'tis a long warisome journey your honour had of it,' observed he, as the Doctor, who had scanned his features with one calm observant glance, remained silent.

There could scarcely be imagined a greater contrast than existed between the two men seated at the library table. The tall, erect Doctor of Divinity, some five and fifty years of age, still showing no tinge of gray in his black hair, which was swept back from his broad brow, his features regularly cut, his eyes, whose piercing glance was pleasantly tempered by a kind, cheery gleam, a well-worn cassock bound round his waist by a broad belt, the long arms thereof ending at the wrists in a curve, which seemed as though the beginning of a horseman's gauntlet.

Mr. Murtagh Sweeny sat shuffling his feet uneasily on the floor, and from beneath the covert of thick gray hair darted penetrating glances at the Doctor, while ever and anon the large veins in his forehead seemed to dilate, and a little faint

laugh issued from his lips.

'Troth, thin, your riverence, 'tis a long journey, an' a mighty dangerous one, too, sometimes. The boys does be out of a dark night—ha! ha! And shure, if you were looking for one spot in all Ireland more than another that is disturbed, 'tis just this same part where the three counties meet aich other. There's poor Brian Sheridan was found this morning up to his chin in a bog-pit lined with furze and thorns, where the boys had left him for two days, and his ears were shaved off—ha! ha! Oh, the villains of the world! 'tis meself does often be anxious when I am seeing all safe on the glebe lands of a night;' and, rising up, Mr. Sweeny carefully closed the shutters, as though hidden danger lurked outside. 'Shure Mr. Crawford was shot only a month ago, just thro' the window, of an evening, as we are sitting now, and not a sign have they ever found—ha! ha!—of thim that did it—the villains of the world!'

There was a wolf-like glare in the pale face, the large white teeth that appeared plainly when the horrible little laugh was given, and the expression that glittered in the hollow eyes, that struck the Rector with profound sentiments of aversion and

loathing.

'The land round about the house seems very good,' at length observed the Rector. 'I should think that it ought to yield heavy crops.'

'Och, not it, your riverence; 'tis mighty poor, and it cost us up to six pounds an acre for manure for it. His late river-

ence—the heavens be his bed!—used to wish many a time that he had not a perch of glebe land. I had the whole care and management of it for him, and I assure your honour that I could only knock on an average ten shillings an acre out of it for him.'

'In that case, Sweeny,' observed Dr. Graham, 'I think I shall take the management of the glebe lands into my own hands.'

The steward gave a scowl at the Doctor, and his right hand grasped the table nervously for a few moments; then he said carelessly: 'Just as your honour pleases. I have a farm of my own up in the mountains, and the care of it is heavy; but I can tell your riverence that many a time after you'll be sorry for undertaking such a weighty job yourself. Why, if you had the finest whate crop in all the barony, or oats aither, you would get no more than six shillings a barrel for it. And as for keeping stock, he'd be a bould man would try it on the glebe lands. Shure they won't long have tails on them, anyhow. There was Mr. Taylor had his haggart fired and all burnt a week ago. But just as your honour plaises; I am glad to be rid of it. And many a time I was afraid of my own life riding home of a dark night, because I was a faithful servant to the ould Rector, and would not see him wronged to the handle of a pitchfork. However, your honour will be wiser ere long —ha! ha!' and with a clumsy bow and another scowl, and an Irish phrase that seemed marvellously unlike a blessing, Mr. Sweeny withdrew.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### ALICE FORRESTER.

'Oh! coume l'amo soufre à quita lou païs!'

Plang.
'Oh! how the soul suffers when we leave our fatherland!'

THE new Rector was an accomplished Irish scholar; he loved the old language of Erin, and spoke it with fluency. One great reason why he felt reconciled to the sudden change from the metropolis to the lonely country glebe was that he hoped, amid an Irish-speaking people, to make himself useful by proclaiming, whenever opportunity might occur, the great love of God to fallen man in giving him so precious a Saviour, who has said, 'Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' In truth, the key to the native Irish heart is the Holy Scripture in the Irish tongue. Gathered around the bright turf fire in the mountain cabin, how great the peasants' joy as they listen to the loved sounds of their own native language, while the reader tells the glad story from the Gospels of the Ard soggarth mohr—the great High Priest Jesus—and of His precious blood that cleanseth from all sin when the vilest sinner turns unto Him and cries for pardon, and believes in Him as his only Sin-bearer and Saviour.

The old glebe house was very prettily situated. A flower-garden ran round two sides of the building, a hawthorn hedge defending the inmates of the neatly-trimmed box-borders from the ravages of the cattle in the green pasture fields near. The study windows opened immediately upon the garden, where roses and geraniums showed evidence of having been recently well cared for. A few fields off a broad rapid-rushing mountain-stream whirled past, screened by an occasional mountain-ash tree and hawthorn, the trout flashing along its pebbly bed or lurking in its dark pools beneath the tufted rushes. A range

of blue cloud-wreathed mountains shut in the view on one side, and a few gentlemen's houses arose at varying distances

along the winding current of the stream.

'Ah, thin 'tis Miss Alice used to love thim flowers well,' said the old servant-woman, who had lived in the glebe for over a score of years. 'Tis she would water them and tend them; and many a tear she shed when she was leaving them.' 'And who is Miss Alice, Maureen?' asked the Rector. 'Miss Alice, your reverence,' responded Maureen with an half-surprised air, 'och, shure I forgot 'twas before your reverence came down to us. Miss Alice is the ould gentleman's daughter—ould Parson Forrester, who for fifteen years was curate-incharge of this parish, and who lived for ten years in this very house, until about six months ago, when the Bishop promoted him to the parish of Temple-na-Bridogue. You can just see his Rectory house peeping out through the wood, about three miles from here, over the river. Shure sometimes she rides over here still to have a talk with ould Maureen and to see the flowers. I daresay the ould Rector himself will soon be paying your honour a visit.'

The Doctor that evening took down his blackthorn; it was an old friend, and had gone many a day's march with him through Rhineland vineyards and along Tyrolean glens. Crossing the river by a quaint old wooden bridge, that reminded him, he used to say, of the singular Pont du Basta of Biarritz, he found himself out of his own parish, and evidently

in the jurisdiction of Temple-na-Bridogue.

A sudden turn of the golden furze-crowned road, and before him appeared a pleasant and unwonted vision. A white pony cantered along with speed, bearing as occupant of the side-saddle a young lady, whose long flowing habit, gauntlets, and velvet hat with black feather, were as scrupulously en règle as though the 'fifteen acres' of the Phœnix Park, and not the lonely country road, were before their owner; a face which seemed as though it had emerged from the picture-gallery of the Brera, pale, yet possessed of a certain piquant handsomeness which one could not call beauty, and yet was more attractive; eyes in whose bright light a mixture of mirth and softness alternated. As the rector raised his hat, he mentally said, 'Miss Alice Forrester'; and as the young lady flashed past she whispered to herself, 'Can that be Doctor Graham? He is not an old man after all.' In fact, when Miss Forrester heard that a Doctor of Divinity had been

appointed to the vacant benefice, she had fully settled it in her own mind that some gray-haired divine, stooping and austere, would be their next clerical neighbour. When she heard the current rumour as to the extent of the Doctor's scholarship, she had begun to think what very learned—albeit, dry—sermons the poor people would have to listen to. She now, still mentally, began to speculate as to whether he might not, after all, preach extempore. 'I wonder,' she said, 'does he wear his hood. I have never seen a D.D. hood. Papa is only a Master, and his poor old hood is so frayed and worn and faded that it would be almost impossible to tell what colour it once was. But here we are at Widow Sullivan's cabin.'

'Here, Patsy,' she cried to a little ragged urchin of some twelve years who now appeared at the cabin door, 'I'll leave you in charge of Mistral, while I go in to see your mother and read to her.' The poor old invalid, lying on the mattress in the corner, gave a smile of welcome as the young lady sat down on the three-legged stool by her pillow. Pleasant in truth it was to hear the sweet, low voice of Alice Forrester reading the glorious words of Revelation that oft have comforted many a dying heart:

'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, And He will dwell with them, And they shall be His people, And God Himself shall be with them And be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain, for the Former things are passed away.'

### CHAPTER XXIX.

# MURTAGH SWEENY'S MIDNIGHT RAMBLE.

'Beu camin jamai alongo!'

Provençal Proverb.
'A good road is never long!'

Mr. Murtagh Sweeny did not apparently seem to care much for the loss of his position as general manager of the glebe lands; he even used to say that he was delighted that he could now bestow so much more necessary care upon the mountain farm; but for all this Mr. Sweeney had felt, and felt deeply, the loss which he had encountered, and prompt action he felt was necessary, in order that he might regain his lost position, and that, as a necessary corollary, Dr. Graham might be forced to leave the glebe and become non-resident. Still, Sweeney calculated that every move must be made on his part with the greatest caution. Threatening letters sent to the Rector might only draw suspicion upon himself as their author. Something stronger must be resorted to.

It was a cold, dark night, the wind was sweeping impetuously through the red pines, and moaning over the reeds and rushes that thickly grew along the shore of the large inland lake of Darghaverraghmohr. One side of the lake was fringed by a dark sullen bog, home of the plover and wild duck. The others were crowned by hills, gradually increasing in height towards the further end, where a lonely mountain peak towered among them, its sides covered with furze and heather, and a

huge rock standing like a pillar on its crest.

At the other end of the lake, rising midst the dark trenches filled with the black pestilential peat-water, stood a cabin, flanked on one side by stacks of turf, and on the other by a wooden shed or boathouse, in which lay oars and fishing-gear, mingled with sails and an old cart and a heap of decayed fish-

nets. Moored in the trench alongside the cabin lay three or four 'whale-boats,' each end being shaped alike. Round one of these boats some half-dozen peasants were standing, evidently waiting for the arrival of some expected personage. 'Have ye got the oars? Phaudrig, ma bouchaleen, currig, currig, avicho!'\* cried an old weather-worn peasant, the proprietor of the cabin close by. The little fellow thus apostrophized bounded away into the recesses of the boathouse, and presently reappeared bearing the oars and a lantern.

'I wonder Murtagh is not come,' said another peasant; 'the night is getting on, and we have a good deal to do before morning.' 'Ye need not fear that I'll keep yiz long, boys,' cried a harsh voice close behind the speaker; 'so off with her now, Shaun Oge, and we'll meet you beyant at the landing-

place.'

The boat disappeared down the dark trench beneath the shade of the willow-trees, and the men in Indian file traversed the bog, leaping from stone to stone with the ease of those who were accustomed to the treacherous path. A rude landing-stage had been erected, consisting of some half a dozen planks extending into the lake, whose sullen waves were now breaking upon the low, black, turfy shore. The moon had now risen and the white foam caps, as far as the eye could reach, extended across the lake. The boat, impelled by four rowers, swept at a vigorous pace towards a small islet some three miles distant, whose ash-trees rose in wild luxuriance from the water's edge. 'We have the wind with us now, Shaun Oge,' remarked Murtagh; 'when we are coming back, boys, we will have a harder pull of it.'

Hidden amid the trees rose an old ruined castle almost invisible from the water. In the lower room of the square tower a group of men were already assembled, and a bright turf fire blazed cheerfully in the wide old fireplace. Seated on pieces of the fallen masonry, smoking vigorously, occasionally conversing in Irish, the occupants hailed with a cry of welcome Murtagh Sweeny and his party's arrival. And then a sentinel was detached to the boat, another to the outer door of the castle, and another to the exterior of the room in which they were assembled. Each of these men was armed with a blunderbuss or musket. 'Have you given the sentries the pass for the night, lieutenant?' asked Sweeney. The officer

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;Patrick, my little boy, run, run, my darling!'

addressed, a powerfully-built, well-dressed man, wearing a sword by his side and gilt band round his cap, which was of green colour, and had a sunburst fashioned upon it in front, gave a military salute and responded in the affirmative: 'The moon is dark, captain. Countersign. She will rise when 'tis darkest.' 'Now friends, to business; don't let us lose more time,' cried Sweeny, with an acquiescent nod to the lieutenant. 'Read the report, Adjutant-Secretary.' The latter individual, who was the schoolmaster of a wild parish some miles inland, gave a profound bow in reply, placing in position a large pair of brass-mounted spectacles, and holding as a baton an immense ebony ruler, whose terrible proportions had often come into collision with the heads of his pupils. With a few introductory 'H'ms!' and a severe glance around to mark if all were attentive, the Adjutant-Secretary began to read a huge foolscap manuscript, which half a dozen bogwood torches held by the nearest peasants assisted him to decipher:

'I fear, captain, we have not to enumerate many plasing or startling episodes during this last month; the boys have done a little, 'tis true! Now then, Conticuere omnes, be that your motto, and let aich of you in the ranks imitate the discreet example set by your suparior officers, and let it be true of you that, Vox faucibus hæsit, your vocal powers be as adhesively silent to your dental armouries as ever were the

great "Ayneas" of Virgilian and Homarian fame.'

The schoolmaster, whose classical allusions had won for him amid the country population a reputation for scholarship far exceeding even that of the priests and curates around, now commenced the perusal of his report:

'Devastations committed upon the Sassenach in the Agrarian warfare, during the last month, by the lads of the Ribbon

Lodge, Number 183.

'Captain Harding met by the boys and shot at his own gate; a red mark manes, as you know, complateness. Mortuus est. I saw his head-stone put up this very day in the ould churchyard. Squire Burton was missed by Lanty Magrath, getting a midge in his left eye when about to pull the trigger; the driver on the off-side of the car was riddled instead, and more's the pity. The Rector of Bally McThomas got the usual notice to lave the country or else to get his coffin ready. I drew the coffin meself, and the shovel, and though 'tis meself says it, 'twas well done! I suppose, captain, the next boys on the roster will meet him, too, as he has not an idea of going.

Two lads with blunderbusses and a few pikemen will be wanted there, for the *colleen* in the kitchen says that she don't think he'll give in aisy. Five head of cattle houghed on the ploughland of Ballycowlish belonging to John Grady. William Standish's haggart fired the last night but one. Troth! 'tis a mighty poor month's work for our Lodge! No wonder Father Ulick should say that he was ashamed of us.'

'Pass the report over here till I set down my signature,' cried Murtagh Sweeny; and in a rude, sprawling hand he wrote: 'Captain Twilight, 183 R.L.' 'Now,' said he, 'what is before us for this next month? There is one matter which I must bring before yiz first of all. Ye know, lads, that there is a new Rector at Gort-na-horna. I want some of yiz to pay him a visit; just to lave your cards, with "Captain Twilight" written on them.' The schoolmaster gave a quiet laugh. 'Mors est certa, tempus incertum Domine,' he muttered. 'Now,' said the captain, 'the sooner yiz drop in on the heretic, the better, and if he don't consint to lave the country, bag and baggage, why, thin, if he does not sware it on the holy evangels, ye know thin how to act to him.' 'How many men will be told off for this sarvice, captain?' 'Better to make a display of force; at laste a dozen will be required; and, boys, to avairt all suspicion, don't be surprised if yiz hear my voice before ye in the glebe-house, same night. Maybe I'd find a way of opening the back dhure for yiz, after all, for I know the ins and outs of the Rectory by this time, I should fancy. Ha! ha! Give notice to the men to be ready and armed this night week. You, lieutenant, will take command, for it is important that we drive the viper from his nest.' 'But, captain,' said a peasant from the foot of the table, 'are we not mighty quick entirely in going to see him so soon?' 'Troth,' remarked his neighbour, 'I'm thinking so myself. They say he's mighty kind to the poor.' 'Perhaps the one to come after him will be worse,' said another. 'Validior est duorum virorum bonorum sententia quam totius pecoris stultorum,' growled the adjutant, 'which manes. The opinion of two men of sense is better than the sentiments of a whole herd of numskulls.'

'I have my own raisons, and they are good ones, boys,' said Sweeney, in a conciliatory tone; 'so just make an enthry of the job, and the best hour will be about eleven. He's sure to be in, and if he does not swear to lave the glebe, why, thin, yiz know what to do by this time,' and the captain gave a look of fiendish import. 'Mortuus homo non narrat historias—A

dead man tells no tales. Shure, little Darby Doolan will remimbher the quotation for a month to come, through the flogging I gave him this morning for mistranslating it. Now, captain, sign the ordher for the party to call on him—the Rector, I mane, not Darby—and if the lieutenant does his part, we will have something to tell next night. Marciful Saint Tharaysa, what is that?' A couple of shots in rapid succession struck upon the ear, and then a loud shout.

'Out with the lights, men! throw water on the fire! ready your arms, and keep quite!' The outside sentry came rushing in, overturning the watch at the door. 'There's boatfuls of thim coming round the island. Begorra! 'tis the ould captain and the police, and I think I seen the sojirs after them, all full

cry for us-the villains of the world!'

'Run up the winding-stairs, Lanty, and see if ye can make

out how many boats there are?"

'Och millia murdher! We are all ruined!' cried the pedagogue; 'the report book is lost in the confusion, and we'll be hanged, as sure as I am talking this blessed minute, if the ould captain finds it. Look for it, lads; grope in the dark. Oh, what an unlucky night! Are yiz looking, boys? Oh, misfortune to you, whoever you are, for knocking against me! What a head you have—like the ram of Ulysses! Och, wirra! Here I am, knocked into the fire-grate.'

'Hush!' cried Sweeny. 'Here they are; be ready, lads. I hear ould Darrell Darcy's voice outside, and the Chief of

Police with him.'

Contrary to the expectation of Sweeny, the two boats, which were rapidly advancing towards the island instead of directing themselves towards the landing-place at which the Ribbonmen had disembarked, struck the shore on the other side, and thus afforded him an opportunity which he at once availed himself of. 'Ould Darrell Darcy thinks he has us like rats in a trap, and is just walking over to us fair an' aisy to take us. Down with yiz, lads, into the boat, and we'll escape him yet;' and in a very few moments the rowers shot her out into the deep shadow of the island projected on the waters. 'Give way, lads! Double-man aich oar, and make her walk through it!' Sweeny called out in a low, deep, stern voice. A full half-mile was gained in advance before a cheer from the island announced that Darcy's men had comprehended their manœuvre and were in full cry after them.

"A starn chase is a long chase," many a time I've hard my

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father say, who was an ould sailor,' remarked the stroke oar. 'Head her up well, captain, for the big rock is convanient.' The boat almost flew past the sheet of white foam which marked the locality of the sunken rock. Darcy is gaining on us all the same, said the schoolmaster. 'I wish they would all stick on the big rock; small fear of it, though. acerrimos habent oculos—Vultures' eyes are mighty sharp-sighted. Give way, lads!' and with redoubled energy the men toiled at the long ashen oars, while a shot from the leading boat in pursuit skipped over the water, and the pedagogue at once dipped his head and frantically adjured the peasants to 'Pull, pull, like men!' A derisive yell was the only reply vouchsased to Darcy's shot, and in a few minutes more the boat touched the shore, the crew leaped out, and dispersed up the sides of the mountain, while the pursuers sullenly coasted along the side of the lake, after having first examined the boat which had won the race.

## CHAPTER XXX.

# MURTAGH SWEENY'S TREACHERY.

'Amore e denari non si possono occultare.'

Sicilian Proverb.

'Love and money cannot be hid.'

THERE was an unusually large congregation gathered together in the old square pews of the square-turreted, weather-beaten church of Temple-na-Bridogue when Dr. Graham exchanged duties for a Sabbath with Mr. Forrester.

The half-dozen Protestant farmers with their families mustered in full number on that day. The half-pay lieutenant, who for years had enjoyed a local brevet of captain, and the dispensary doctor, with their households, filled their respective places. The squire of the parish, and all the party from the 'big house,' had walked down through the snow, which lay heavily along the roadside where it had been drifted across the mountains; and Miss Forrester had organized her little choir of schoolgirls, and had brought them to a very sweet proficiency, albeit an occasional discordant note would steal in from the aged tenant of the little cabin, whose rent Alice Forrester herself paid, and who was a direct descendant of the Huguenot who had fled to Ireland to avoid the Galleys of Toulon.

That sweet pale face that occasionally looked upward at him as he preached! The doctor, look as he would around the little auditory, still found his gaze wandering back to the Rectory pew, and still ever and anon glancing at the marble brow and sparkling eyes which told him that Alice Forrester was drinking in eagerly his words, and was responding in her very heart to the accents, which sometimes sank so low as to give her some little difficulty to catch them perfectly, and then seemed to almost carry her away with their rushing force, like the Mistral sweeping among the pines of Napoule.

That evening, after Sunday service had been concluded at his own church, Dr. Graham was reading in his study. It was a lovely, still night, and the Doctor as he read, occasionally it must be confessed, could not help dropping his book and looking into the fire. The pale face of Alice Forrester I fear was coming between his vision and the tome that he was studying.

A loud ring at the hall door-bell interrupted his meditations, and presently Mr. Murtagh Sweeny sent in his respects to the master to say that if his honour pleased, he would be glad to speak to him for a few moments. The rector looked at his watch and saw that it was about ten o'clock, and wondering at the day and hour of visit chosen by Mr. Sweeny, he sent out word for him to come in.

It was some time before Mr. Sweeny explained the object of his mission. He first of all spoke of the state of the country; then he noticed the crops; after this he went on to tell of his own movements; said he was going into the fair of Ballyhooley in the morning ere daylight dawned—could he do anything for his riverence there: could he get him a couple of nate young springers, or a few bonnives at laste?

The Doctor shortly replied that, the day being Sunday, he could not speak about business matters with him; that he would not trouble him to effect any purchases for him. And still Mr. Sweeney sat on and on, while the divine would have given anything in reason that he should take his departure.

The old domestic had wearily betaken herself to her rest; and still Mr. Sweeny, with an anxious look upon his face, sat on.

'The counthry is getting terribly unaisy, your riverence,' said he at last. It seemed to the Doctor that Murtagh Sweeny as he said this gave an anxious look towards the study window, and that he appeared as though listening for some sound outside to fall upon his ear. 'What can the man want?' thought he. Naturally the most unsuspicious of men, when once his attention was arrested, Dr. Graham pursued the idea presented to his mind with unswerving vigilance. The thought flashed across his brain that Murtagh was present with no good design, and unlocking the table-drawer, he quietly, in the shade of the deep tablecloth, transferred the venerable, silver-mounted, ancestral pistols into his capacious pockets, having ascertained by a rapid glance that the priming was in order.

The next moment a gleam of ferocious delight shot across

the features of the ex-steward. The loud tramp of many feet marching towards the hall-door was distinctly audible, and then a succession of knocks was heard. Sweeny and the Rector started up and made for the hall.

'Och, your reverince, we are dead men both of us, for they

have come at last,' he whispered.

'Ask them what they want, Sweeny,' said the Rector in a low, quiet tone.

'Who's there?' cried Sweeny in a loud voice.

'Open the dhure before it will be worse wid yiz,' replied a chorus of voices outside, and a storm of kicks and blows

resounded upon the door.

'We'd better open the *dhure*, sir,' said Murtagh; ''tis our only chance to give in, and not to anger thim. We may escape thin, sir, wid a caution and oath; but if we delay, 'tis murdhered entirely we both will be. They're awful onst they begin.'

The Rector slowly drew out the long pistols and cocked them. 'Now,' said he, 'you may unlock the door and throw it open.'

Murtagh Sweeny's face assumed a demoniac aspect when he saw the pistols. 'I'll thry once more, your honour, ere we proceed to extremities, he sullenly muttered. This time Sweeny spoke in Irish, and as the Doctor listened he heard the startling confirmation of his suspicion as to Murtagh's purpose in visiting him. 'Tis no use this time, boys. The ould Sassenach serpint has a brace of loaded pistols with him, and our labour is lost. I'll find a better chance of settling him soon. Fire a volley through the door high up, and we'll come again when he is asleep. I thought, lads, to let ye in fair and aisy meself, and we'd soon have finished the ould heretic; but 'tis no use this time, at laist, boys.' A volley of slugs rattling through the glass of the hall-door instantaneously followed this exhortation, and the hasty tramping of retreating footsteps sounded on the gravel walk. 'Oh, the villains of the world, they're gone at last; but I fear they will come back again! And shure 'tis meself would like to be home this night,' and Mr. Sweeny shook apparently with terror.

'Come in here,' said the Doctor in a low, quiet tone; and he went into the kitchen and laid hold of a coil of small rope. The next moment Sweeny was laid prostrate upon the floor, and in the iron grasp of the Doctor held as powerless as though he was a child. Then his hands and feet were lashed securely, and he was fastened to an iron ring firmly fixed in

the wall. Then the Doctor called up his domestic, and bade her run down to a Protestant farmer's house about a quarter of a mile off, while he sat down on a chair and gazed into the fire.

When the farmer and his sons came up the Doctor told them what had happened, and one of the young men ran off, gun in hand, to the police-station. That night Mr. Murtagh Sweeny spent in the police barracks, and before three months had expired, thanks to the Rector's knowledge of Irish, he was crossing the seas to a convict settlement.

It need, I suppose, scarcely be added that ere long Dr. Graham had won a bride, and that Mrs. Graham tended the self-same flowers that she had loved to care for as Alice Forrester.

rorrester.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

#### FATHER ULICK'S REPENTANCE.

We can well understand that the position of a Protestant clergyman in the midst of a Roman Catholic population must be a very difficult one.'— *Times*, Oct. 6, 1874.

THE Rev. Dr. Graham, Rector of Gurt-na-horna, was one of those clergymen who might fairly be said to be representative ecclesiastics of the Church of Ireland. An accomplished scholar, and a peculiarly earnest preacher, his name was well known throughout his diocese.

Tall and erect, possessed of much physical strength, and of dauntless determination of mind, he was still the Rector of Gurt-na-horna, although some six attempts had been made to take away his life. The peasantry, in truth, at last conceived that the minister bore a charmed life, and that it was no manner of use firing powder and lead at him. He had been denounced over and over again from the altar of the chapel by the parish priest, the Rev. Ulick Maguire, P.P. He had been cursed from that altar, when the parish priest had stood before the wild, excited mass of peasantry, and had held up his name to their undying hatred as a heretic and a Sassenach. been fired at over and over again, and still the tall, thin, erect Doctor of Divinity was to be seen at his post, riding daily about the long dreary boreens,\* visiting outlying parishioners, or moving inside the glebe fields, lost in meditation over his next sermon.

The Doctor was seated one pleasant Saturday morning in July in his book-room. A large Hebrew Psalter lay open before him, at the 116th Psalm, and he was evidently selecting a text for the Sabbath sermon. The library shelves around were especially

rich in Hebrew and Greek editions of the sacred volume; and many an old Spanish and Portuguese commentator whose name is scarcely known in this land was to be seen there.

The Doctor arose and slowly knelt down. The good old man was praying over his text; and, as the earnest supplication ascended unto God, and ere he had resumed his chair, a slight tap was heard at the window that opened upon the garden, and

the next moment a figure entered the room.

The new arrival was a low-sized, strongly-built peasant, whose features bore a strange expression of frankness, combined with dread. 'Is there any fear, your reverince, of the servants coming in? for if so, I'm lost entirely;' and he stole round quietly and bolted the door. 'Your honour's reverince,' said he, 'I have put my life in my hand this day, and have come up to warn you. Don't step a step outside of your hall-door this day.'

'Why so, man?' said Dr. Graham, who, after narrowly scanning the features of the peasant, was unable to recognise

'Sir, at this very moment two of them are waiting for ye, hiding down aist there in the shrubbery; and now, mark my words, if ye will keep quiet, fair and aisy in your own house till two o'clock to-day, when they see that you don't go walking along your usual walk in the shrubbery, they'll know thin that your reverince is not coming out to-day, and at two o'clock they'll be off. And now, your honour, you know nothing of me, but I know that you are an honest man, and kind to the poor, and a good neighbour, and I have saved your life this day; for if ye will go out after two o'clock, when the coast is clear, ye'll see with your own two eyes the port-hole that they are resting the blunderbuss in this blessed moment, in the old ditch, to shoot ye with as ye walk in the shrubbery.' The next moment the peasant had disappeared into the garden as noiselessly as he came.

At a quarter-past two o'clock precisely the Doctor took his blackthorn and sauntered out, directing his steps towards the shrubbery. Examining the ditch, he found the grass trampled, as though heavy bodies had lain upon it, and through the old turf ditch a rude port-hole was plainly visible, through which

his murderous assailants had hoped to shoot him.

That evening the Doctor resumed his sermon work, so strangely interrupted. He had found now what he had been searching for in the morning, a suitable text. Upon his knees he wrote it with a grateful heart: 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.'\*

The congregation gathered together in the quaint little church next Sabbath never remembered a sermon of greater power The farmers. than that which the Doctor delivered then. whose carts and horses sheltered beneath the wooden sheds in the churchyard, as they drove home to their distant outlying farms talked much of that sermon. Dr. Graham spoke of the many times that our loving Lord God has delivered our eves from tears—affliction's tears, the tears of sickness, the tears of sorrow, the tears wept over sin. He spoke of that gracious Lord who, by His Holy Spirit, had so often saved our feet from falling in the hour of sore temptation; and surely there was a mingled recollection of the bitter tears that would have been wept by wife and children in the rose-covered Rectory, of the great peril that God had graciously delivered him from falling into, and of the death of the body escaped by him, which fired the old Rector's lips as he stood up in the bright streaming sunlight of the old chancel windows in the aged oaken pulpit, and spoke of Calvary's hill, of Calvary's dying Saviour, and of that precious blood of Jesus which alone saves the guilty soul, by washing the sins away of the poor repentant sinner who believes in the name of that blessed Redeemer and only Saviour Jesus Christ the Lord.

<sup>\*</sup> Ps. cxvi. 7, 8.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

### FATHER ULICK'S CONFESSION.

A VERY distinguished stipendiary magistrate, who possessed the implicit confidence of the Irish Executive during the troubles of 1848 and the Smith O'Brien insurrection, told a gentleman of position, 'Believe me, there never yet was trouble in Ireland but a priest was at the bottom of it.'

A Roman Catholic gentleman of position told a friend, whose son mentioned it to me, 'I am compelled to leave my property and go to England, for I know my own parish priest wants to have me murdered.' This very gentleman, after a residence in England, returned to his property, and was murdered.

Now, it may seem strange to those who do not know Ireland well why it is that the unfortunate victims of the priests' altar denunciations do not take instant legal proceedings against their denouncer; but a moment's reflection will show that, as the difficulty of obtaining evidence against the priest would be well-nigh insuperable, no proceedings could succeed. The superstitious peasantry know well the terror in which the priest holds them for time and eternity, and also that, if they gave evidence, or were even compelled, if possible, to give evidence, they would themselves be soon murdered. The Roman Catholic gentleman would dread the same fate. Perhaps if a little party of the Royal Irish Constabulary were in the chapel there might be a possibility of evidence being producible, but it is in their absence that the denunciations would be most likely uttered.

Having been myself denounced from the altar by a Roman Catholic priest, I know well the utter impossibility of collecting such evidence from the terrified hearers. One has only to hear the tidings, 'You are denounced by Father ——,' you

read in the people's faces, as I have done, the effect of such denunciations, their averted glances, their muttered words, the very manner in which the sign of the cross will be made by them as you appear, and in which they will expectorate as they view you coming.

Again, the priest will hold you up to the execrations of the people, but he will do so sometimes very cautiously. Guarded words will generally serve his purpose—cipher language is

readily understood by the peasantry.

Dr. Graham had heard a report that Father Ulick was very ill. One Sabbath morning, as he was walking along the road leading to the church and school-house, where the children were assembled in Sunday-school, he saw Father Ulick seated on a chair outside the farmhouse in which he resided. He looked very ill and much emaciated; a profound sadness lingered in his worn features; the song of the thrush floated from the hawthorn-tree, which filled the air with perfume from its white flowers; and the little brook ran gushing into song o'er the round stones in its course, and dancing into light, or darkling into shadow 'neath the bending alder and ash trees that mirrored their leaves in its tiny ripples.

As the Rector approached the priest raised his head. A bow usually was the extent of their mutual salutation, but this time the priest beckoned the Rector to approach him. Wondering at this unwonted occurrence, the Rector crossed the little brook and the small flower-garden that intervened, and soon stood face to face with Father Ulick. 'I am sorry to see you so ill,' he exclaimed. It was a strange scene—the tall, gaunt, erect Rector looking, with a kind, honest compassion in his blue eyes, upon the man who was now but a wreck of his former self. A strange working played round the priest's thin lips for a moment, and a strange light played in his dull eyes, the deep circles round which told the ravages of sickness. want you, Dr. Graham, to come up to me to-morrow at three o'clock if you can; the hand of death is on me, and I have something to say to you ere I die. I hear your bell ringing over yonder,' said he, 'and your flock are crossing the bridge, so I won't delay you longer now; but if you can, be with me at three to-morrow;' and the priest leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes wearily.

Dr. Graham pondered much that night over his strange interview with Father Ulick, and the next evening he found himself at the appointed hour entering the door of the farmer's

house in which were the priest's apartments to the right of a corridor, to the left of which the farmer's rooms were situated. The old priest himself opened the door for him, and bade him be seated; then, slowly sinking into an arm-chair, he burst into a flood of tears, and cried with deep emotion, 'Oh, Dr. Graham—Dr. Graham, can you forgive me?' 'Forgive you, Father Ulick,' cried the Rector, rising from his chair; 'for what am I to forgive you?' 'Oh, you know well!' said the priest-'you know well! Can you forgive me for trying six times to have you murdered? I tried six times to compass your death. May God forgive me! Oh, Dr. Graham, can you now forgive me?' Bending over the agitated man, whose tears fell fast down his furrowed cheek, the Rector caught his hand, and said with deep feeling: 'May God forgive you, Father Ulick, for the dear Redeemer's sake, as fully, and as freely, and as truly as I forgive you this moment; but remember that my forgiveness is of little matter, you must earnestly entreat God, for the Lord Christ's sake, to forgive you. The sin is against Him, not me.' 'Oh,' said Father Ulick, 'I know it—I know it; but I thought if I had your forgiveness, He would graciously pardon me, too! Oh, Dr. Graham, my religion may be a good one for a man to live by, but it is a bad religion for a man to die by;' and the priest bowed his head in his hands, and said in a hoarse whisper: 'Yes, it is a bad religion to die in, for there is no comfort in it. I am dying; what is to become of my poor soul?'

The Rector was in truth deeply affected. He laid his hand upon Father Ulick's emaciated hand as it grasped the chair in which he sat, and whispered softly: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Do you remember how it reads in the Latin Vulgate, Father Ulick? "Fidelis sermo, et omni acceptione dignus: quod Christus Jesus venit in hunc mundum peccatoris salvos facere, quorum primus ego sum." 'Oh! sighed Father Ulick, I may well say, "quorum primus ego sum"—of whom I am the chief." 'And yet, Father Ulick, you too may say,' continued Dr. Graham,

"I the chief of sinners am, Yet Jesus died for me."

Turn with me now to the third chapter of St. John's Gospel—read the blessed Lord's own words, "Et sicut Moyses exaltavit

serpentem in deserto; ita exaltari oportet Filium hominis: ut omnis qui credit in eum ipsum, non pereat, sed habeat vitam eternam."' The priest's eyes sparkled with a wondrous glow. 'Oh, blessed words!' he cried: '"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that everyone who believes in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."' 'Did it ever strike you,' said the Rector, 'in reading the twenty-first chapter of Numbers, which gives the account of Moses lifting up this brass serpent, when the Lord commands Moses to make this serpent, He says, "Whosoever, being struck, shall look on it, shall live "? and, again, we are told that when they that were bitten looked upon it "they were healed." You see I am reading now your own translation of the Vulgate. Now, Father Ulick, look thus, smitten as you are with your sins, struck as you are by the arrows of the Evil One, stung as you are by the fiery bite of sin, look now this moment unto Jesus, trust Him as your only Saviour, lay all your guilt on Jesus, He will take it all away, He will wash all your sins in His own precious blood! Here is what He says by St. John in the first chapter of his first epistle, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."\* And oh, Father Ulick, how blessed it will be for you then, when you have left earth and all its cares behind you, when you have thus savingly rested your soul on the Lord Jesus Christ, and He hath washed away all your sins in His own precious blood, to experience in truth the joy of what St. John says in the last chapter of the Apocalypse, "Blessed are they that wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in by the gates into the city."† Remember those blessed words of the dear Redeemer, too, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."' 'Dr. Graham.' said the dying priest, 'thanks be to God, you have lifted a great load from my heart to-day! Oh, how blessed a Saviour He isglory to His holy name! - that I can come to Him this day, and ask Him to receive me, and to wash away all my sins in His own precious blood, and to know that He will do it. the way, the truth, and the life," He saith Himself; "no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."; 'Yes,' said the Rector, 'and to know and feel that "of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption"; as He says in the second epistle of the Corinthians, "We are ambassadors for Christ, as

<sup>\*</sup> John vi. 37. † Rev. xxi. 14. ‡ John xiv. 6.

though God did beseech you by us. We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God: for He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."\* Think, Father Ulick, of God making the sinless Jesus our sin, and making us—oh blessed substitution!—the righteousness of God in Jesus! Surely, clothed in the wedding-garment of Christ's righteousness, you can, as a blood-washed sinner, rejoice in your Redeemer.'

'There is another matter,' said the priest, 'that I want you to do for me: would you kindly unlock that drawer and take out the parcel inside? This parcel contains sixty one-pound notes. I am not far from death, and I know the very moment the breath is out of my body Father James, my curate, will lay his hand on it, and there will be neither tale nor tidings of it. Now, sir, I want you to take this money, and to give it to my poor old bed-ridden sister, who lives in the neighbouring town. Here's her address, but don't do so till I am buried. Dr. Graham at first declined, but seeing that Father Ulick had set his heart on his doing so, he sat down, wrote out a formal receipt for the money, and the purpose for which it was intended, and Father Ulick assuring him it was an unnecessary nicety on his part, deposited it in the drawer. 'May God bless you this day—you have lifted a weary load from off my mind, he cried; and as the Rector grasped his hand and bade him farewell, he sank back into his chair. 'Come back a moment, Dr. Graham,' cried he; ''tis only right to myself to tell you that, though I tried to have your life taken, alas! six times, I was the means of saving your life once. I sent you a warning once that saved it.' The Rector and the priest never met again. That very night the curate was roused up from his slumbers by one of the farmer's servant boys, who told him that Father Ulick was dying. Father James started off quickly, and ere long reached the house in the gray dawn of the morning. The dying man heard him groping about the room, and feebly inquired, 'Who is there?' 'Tis I,' replied his curate. 'What do you want?' asked the dying priest. 'I want to administer the last rites of the Church to you, of course,' said the curate. 'You may spare yourself the trouble, then,' said Father Ulick. The curate, astonished, drew near the dying man's bedside. 'Why, what on earth do you mean, Father Ulick?' said he. 'Don't you want the rites of the Church?' 'I want,' said Father Ulick, lifting himself up in his bed—'I want,' said he in a deep voice—'I want neither you nor them,' and he fell back upon the bed. A smile played over his features. The curate held the candle closer; the farmer and his wife went to raise him up, but Father Ulick was dead. He had gone to that land where the repentant sinner who believes in Christ Jesus is welcomed to the Father's house with joy.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### THE TWO WILLS.

Dr. Graham was sitting in his study towards noon of the day in which the priest had died; the sad news had reached him, and he was meditating with deep emotion upon the wondrous conversion which God had graciously wrought in Father Ulick's heart. Suddenly the sound of wheels advancing briskly towards the hall-door were heard, and presently two visitors were ushered by the servant into the study. The first who entered was the Roman Catholic curate, the Rev. James Burke, a tall, thin, sallow-faced man, whose features wore a mixed expression of uneasiness and confidence; his companion, the Rev. Dominic Sullivan, was the Parish Priest of Kiltyernan, an adjoining parish. He was a stout, rubicund-featured individual, with a deep bass voice and small eyes, that seemed ever to wander round the room as though their possessor could not keep them quiet. The Rev. James Burke, rubbing his hands together uneasily, and drawing his chair close to Dr. Graham's, began the conversation by premising that, of course. Dr. Graham had heard the sorrowful intelligence of the death of the Rev. Ulick Maguire, the worthy parish priest of Gurt-na-horna; that he—and now Mr. Burke began to look a little uncomfortable-had, as in duty bound, examined the deceased ecclesiastic's papers; that he had found a document which led him to understand that Dr. Graham was in possession of a sum of money belonging to his departed friend and Rector; that, of course, funeral expenses had to be defrayed, and that the clergy intended having 'a month's mind' for the repose of the soul of his valued Rector; that he knew that Dr. Graham did not attach importance to such a ceremony, but that it would necessarily be expensive, and the curate rubbed his hands, and a sinister smile stole over his features

as he expressed his earnest hope, and at the same time his full conviction, that Dr. Graham would then and there restore the money of which he was the possessor, to defray all these heavy expenses therefrom. The other reverend gentleman smiled pleasantly, and whispered, gradually enlarging the compass of his voice, that, of course, he knew what Dr. Graham would do; that, of course, he would hand them the money. The Rector smiled a quiet smile as he rose, standing with his back to the fireplace, and assured both the gentlemen that he had not the least intention of complying with their request; that he intended carrying out Father Ulick's desire to the letter, and that his sister, and his sister alone, should have the money. 'Oh, sir,' said the Rev. Dominic Sullivan, 'I am certain, upon reflection, you'll alter your mind; such conduct could not be tolerated; in fact, it would rouse the whole country round you. I assure you, sir, I have hard work already keeping the Kiltyernan boys aisy and quiet, and if you don't comply with our reasonable request, I can't answer for the consequences to yourself.' The combined eloquence of both speakers was, however, quite lost upon the Rector, who quietly assured them that, at all hazards, he was determined to carry out Father Ulick's wishes, and the two ecclesiastics, with a parting glance of intense aversion and disgust, left the room and disappeared down the avenue, Father Dominic vowing that 'if the Kiltyernan boys stood this, there was neither law nor justice in Ireland'; while Dr. Graham smiled quietly, and resumed the perusal of the book which lay before him. It may be that for a few nights succeeding the Rector examined more carefully than was his wont the fastenings of the iron-plated window-shutters, and turned the key in all unoccupied rooms in accordance with his custom. Twice before had these self-same iron-lined windowshutters done good service, when a sudden attack was made upon the house, and a plunging fire poured into them; however, the Kiltyernan boys did not come, and as Dr. Graham, immediately after breakfast on Wednesday morning, was standing in the flower-garden in front of the house, a rider rode rapidly up the avenue, and the Rev. Dominic Sullivan leaped from the saddle of his horse, and asked for the pleasure of a few moments' interview. Producing a paper from his pocket-book, and fixing his wandering eyes upon the Rector, he kindly asked him to glance over the late Rev. Ulick Maguire's will, which he had discovered in his writing-desk.

Scarcely had the Rector taken the document into his hand, which set forth that he, the said Rev. Ulick Maguire, did bequeath all his monies, effects, chattels, to his dear old friend Rev. Dominic Sullivan, in testimony of his deep affection for him—said monies to be first applied to liquidation of his funeral expenses—when the wheels of an advancing vehicle hastily nearing the house rolled onwards, and a tall, thin form, holding a whip, leaped into the room, and the Rev. James Burke, his sallow face flushed, eyes sparkling, advanced towards Rev. Dominic Sullivan, and, in a tone of concentrated passion, demanded, 'What — has driven you here?' Leaping to his feet, Rev. Dominic Sullivan beat the air with one of his clenched hands, and in his deepest bass exclaimed, 'And what —— has brought you here?' The two ecclesiastics stood now face to face, their eyes sparkled with wrath, their forms dilated. when the Rector, interfering, quietly observed, 'Gentlemen, such altercations, you must allow me to observe, is, to say the least, unseemly.' 'I have come, bringing, as Dr. Graham knows, Father Ulick's last will and testament,' said deeply Rev. Dominic Sullivan. 'And I have come, bringing, as I will at once show, Father Ulick's last will, hoarsely said Rev. James Burke. 'This is Father Ulick's last will,' shouted Father Dominic. 'Look at it, Dr. Graham. you recognise his signature?' 'I must confess that the signature, Mr. Sullivan, seems to be genuine, but——' 'But,' cried Rev. James Burke triumphantly, 'there are no witnesses to it! See here now, here is the right will,' and he produced a document which left all Father Ulick's property to himself, in testimony of his gratitude and esteem for his curate. This was duly witnessed, but the signature was very unlike the bold handwriting of the late priest.

'That's a forgery, sir—a base forgery! That is not Father Ulick's handwriting at all!' loudly cried Rev. Dominic Sullivan.

'Gentlemen,' said Dr. Graham, 'I intend fully to carry out Mr. Maguire's wishes. His sister shall have the money. You can each of you go to the Probate Court with your wills, and prove them there. Your will, sir, is, as you must be aware, utterly worthless,' said the Doctor, fixing a stern, cold glance of rebuke on the curate. 'And yours, Mr. Sullivan, is useless, for you have no witnesses.' The two ecclesiastics then withdrew, without exchanging a word with each other; and the very next day Dr. Graham took the money to the invalid sister of the deceased priest.

The two priests actually brought up their wills to the Probate Court, but they found that they were, of course, worthless.

The Kiltyernan boys never paid the Rector the threatened visit; and the poor bed-ridden invalid often blessed Dr. Graham's firmness which had preserved for her the bequest which made her declining years a little more comfortable than before. Never again was an attempt made upon the Rector's life while he continued in Gurt-na-horna parish. And so ended this strange episode, which I have related as it was told me by a friend of the worthy Rector himself, who had heard from his own lips the history which I have now told, and whose truth is beyond doubt or contradiction.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### THE MURDER.

IT might have been some few months after Father Ulick's death that a strange event occurred to the Rector. Some time before, one of the most zealous Roman Catholics in the parish -a well-to-do peasant, named Thomas MacCarthy-had openly avowed himself a Protestant, and had come to church, boldly enduring a storm of persecution for the sake of Christ. Those alone who know the wild country parishes of Ireland can form a conception of what any convert has to suffer who becomes a Protestant. Denounced from the altar by the priest, the superstitious peasantry are commanded not to buy or sell with him. Neither bread nor meal nor milk will be sold to him, even in some of the minor shops. Women cross themselves as they see his shadow approaching, men curse him as they behold him. He is ostracized from all—a leper Too often the members of his in the sight of the people. new faith look coldly upon him. Refused work or employment, he lives in daily danger of his life; and yet many such have I known rejoicing in being accounted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's sake.

Mrs. Graham, who was a notable housekeeper—as sundry preserves and confections liberally shared among the sick and suffering Roman Catholics of the parish could testify—was one day getting in her usual annual store of bacon and hams, when Tom MacCarthy, whose reputation as a bacon-saver was very great in Gurt-na-horna, entered the kitchen. 'I shall be very glad to save it for you, ma'am,' said Tom; 'but I fear to be out at night, you know. There might be no account of me in the morning, for the boys have been troublesome lately, and I got this love-letter last night;' and he produced a sheet of note-paper, with an open grave sketched in pen and ink, and

a coffin with 'Thomas MacCarthy' graven on it, and the date of the current week. Mrs. Graham gave an involuntary shudder, and replied, 'Oh, Tom, we will make it all right. You can stop here to-night, and go home in the morning.' Tom was soon engaged in the salting work, and divers flitches of incipient bacon and sundry hams testified at night to his diligence.

That night MacCarthy was lodged in a bedroom upstairs, and the Rector, in accordance with his usual custom, went his rounds, inspecting personally the fastenings of the iron-lined windows, and turning the key in all unoccupied rooms on the outside. Entering the convert's room, he examined the fastenings and bolts of the shutters, and wishing him good-night, he involuntarily locked the door on the outside and took out the key. The dogs seemed restless that night, and Dr. Graham could not sleep for some hours. It was a bright moonlight nightthe shadows of the hills darkened the plain, the rippling of the river sounded distinctly in the stillness, and the perfume of flowers ascended from the garden beneath through the open window.

At last the Rector dozed off and fell into a disturbed slumber, from whence he was suddenly awakened by the noise of a violent knocking at the hall-door. Blow after blow was violently given, and the sound of several voices was heard outside. Dr. Graham went to the window, and recognised the faces of three Protestant farmers of his congregation, who, with some other men, stood below. 'What is the matter, Mills?' exclaimed he. 'Oh, your reverince,' cried Mills, 'Mr. Hunt has been murdered but an hour ago, and we can't find his body.' The Rector, in a few moments, deeply shocked by the intelligence—for Mr. Hunt was a friend of his of many years' standing—drew back the bolts and allowed the men to enter, and then knocked at MacCarthy's door, and told him to get up and saddle the bay mare for him—that he meant to ride out to search for poor Mr. Hunt's body. MacCarthy at first endeavoured to dissuade the Rector from so doing, intimating the danger of being 'abroad' on such a night; but when the Doctor impatiently said, 'Well, Tom, if you don't saddle the mare, I'll do it myself,' he said, 'Well, all right, your reverince,' and proceeded to dress himself. By the time he was ready he had to knock loudly at his bed-room door to be let out, the Doctor having involuntarily taken the key, as we have seen.

Ere many minutes the Rector was scouring the country,

mounted on his bay mare, while Mrs. Graham and Violet Graham, her only daughter, sat mingling their tears together, as they thought of the deep affliction that thus had fallen on their friend's household, and longing for the dawn, that they might, as soon as possible, seek the house of affliction.

Many hours had not elapsed when Mr. Graham, guided by the wheeling in the air of some ravens, whose rising upwards and sinking downwards suddenly into a field had attracted

him, stood side by side with his dead friend.

I have stood face to face with death; I have witnessed death's carnival during the Franco-Prussian War; have seen thousands gasping for breath, with blood-stained uniforms, ghastly wounds, shattered limbs, and moaning voice of agony; but I think that the aspect of a murdered form has a something of indescribable horror all its own. I have stood and gazed upon a murdered one found by the constabulary, lying, a dread spectacle, by the roadside. And I can well understand Dr. Graham's horror as he bent over his old friend and marked the shocking wounds which had terminated his earthly existence. He had evidently struggled hard, and was now lying under a blooming golden furze hedge, the body half immersed in the stagnant water, and his hands grasping still the grass in their death-grip of agony.

'He died hard, your honour,' said a hoarse, harsh voice close by the Rector, who involuntarily started. The speaker—a red-haired, beetle-browed, low-sized peasant, whose right hand held a loy or spade, and whose white teeth glistened from a wide mouth in a wolfish manner—now advanced closer to the dead man, and the Rector recognised one Shaun Ruadh, or Red John, whose character did not stand very high among the neighbours, and who on one or two occasions had narrowly escaped, by the dint of an alibi persistently sworn to by some of his friends, from at least penal servitude for life, for an attempt to murder a gauger, and an attack in search of arms

upon a neighbouring house.

'I wonder, your honour, who did it?' said the fellow coolly.
'Tis me own opinion that it would not want a conjurer to tell their names,' and he raised himself up and gave a smile—a smile so fiendish in its expression that Dr. Graham could not help shuddering. At this moment the tramp of marching men was heard, and a picket of the Royal Irish Constabulary, under the command of their sergeant, appeared in their dark olivegreen uniform, marching at a quick step towards the scene.

The sergeant saluted the Rector, and then, leaning on his rifle, darted first a penetrating glance at Shaun Ruadh, who uneasily and doggedly returned his gaze, and then proceeded to examine the dead man's habilaments. A few letters, a card-case, was all that he discovered; but neither watch nor money were perceptible.

'This is a terrible job, sir!' said the sergeant at last to the 'It is in truth, MacDowall,' replied he sadly; 'but we had better send up to the farmhouse over the hill yonder for a cart to bring home the poor fellow.' 'Ah!' said the sergeant, 'I knew how it would be; sure I knew as a fact that he was read out in chapel last Sunday after last mass. By the same token, you were there, too, Shaun Ruadh, for I saw ye coming out the door as I was going to church.' 'There was many a worse man nor me there, sir,' said Shaun Ruadh, doggedly. 'Ah, perhaps so,' replied the sergeant; 'and perhaps some better ones, too.' The cart was not long in coming, and then the sad procession departed—Shaun Ruadh exchanging a glance of intelligence with a tall, wicked-looking labourer, who held the horse's head, and who seemed, with an unshaven, bristly beard of some few days' growth, and an ashen-pale face, to tremble once or twice as he helped the constabulary to lay the dead man upon the straw in the cart. 'Men, shoulder armsmarch!' and the sergeant fell in with his party, and escorted the mournful cortège, while the Rector trotted forward in advance, with a heavy heart, to Wild Duck Lodge, his departed friend's house, some ten miles in advance, in order to break, if possible, the sad tidings to Mrs. Hunt and the family.

But the Rector's kind intention was useless, for, as he trotted up the old avenue, beneath the shade of the gnarled elm-trees which lined the path, a wail of deepest agony floating on the morning air from the open windows told him that the sad truth was already known by poor Hunt's wife, and the aged domestic, who called a *gorsoon* to take the doctor's mare, told him that Dr. Kennedy had been already sent for. 'May God pity the poor mistress and her desolate orphans this day! But come in, your reverince—this is indeed the house of sore, sore sorrow;' and she led the Rector into the dining-room, through whose windows the morning sun was now breaking in sweet and brilliant lustre.

Let us draw a veil over that agonizing scene of sorrow.

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Alas! how many a country house in Ireland has been the scene of a similar desolation!

Mrs. Hunt was soon weeping in the embrace of her two friends, Mrs. and Miss Graham. She was one who loved her Saviour, and who, even in that darkest hour of agony, could feel His presence near—that abiding presence of the Son of God which, even in our most gloomy season of despair, lights up with a ray of heavenly light the darkness of the soul's night, even as that same blessed form in days of old lighted the black, surging waves of Galilee's tempest-tossed sea by the glory of His presence, as He drew near to those poor trembling disciples crowded together on the deck of the fishing craft, and sweetly answered them, 'It is I—be not afraid!'

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### THE TRIAL.

THE coroner's inquest, held at Wild Duck Lodge, proved to be a peculiarly startling one. Several witnesses were examined. who testified to their having seen Mr. Hunt riding homewards on the night of his murder. One man had passed him riding at a brisk trot at about eleven not a mile from the scene of the Another had seen him leaving the market town at nine o'clock, and had wished him good-night and safe Another witness had seen him the morning of the same day, and soon after, by the same token, had met with Tom MacCarthy, who spoke to him for a few moments, and asked, Was not that Mr. Hunt who had just passed on by the boreen? for he had ridden down a side road over the hill, which was a short-cut when going to town. Another witness had spoken to Mr. Hunt in the town, and had seen Tom MacCarthy near the scene of the murder early in the Presently Shaun Ruadh stood up, and deposed on oath that he and Shemus Mohr\*—who was no other than the whitefaced labourer who trembled, as we have seen, while assisting the constabulary with the sad duty of conveying the deceased to his home—had been on the night of the murder passing along the road on their way to a neighbouring 'wake'; that they heard a horse coming along at speed, and by the moonlight saw him not a hundred yards before them, when suddenly they heard the report of a blunderbuss, and Mr. Hunt fell from the horse, and they saw a man dragging him to the side of the road; that they advanced cautiously, and distinctly recognised Tom MacCarthy, the 'souper,' as the murderer; that he, hearing their steps, shouldered the blunderbuss and leaped over the ditch, and that they were afraid of their lives to follow

him, or even to touch the body; that they were afraid to say anything about it, lest they might lose their lives, but that he, Shaun Ruadh, felt so miserable in his mind at not having told what he had seen, that he now had come forward to tell the truth, and the whole truth. And here the red-haired peasant gave a glistening scowl of his wolf-like teeth, while, after some examination by the jurors and the sub-inspector of constabulary. Shaun stood down, and Shemus Mohr took his place, and corroborated his testimony upon oath. The sergeant of police moodily shook his head as he heard these two witnesses, and whispered to the head-constable, who stood near him, 'They would swear a hole through an iron boiler this minute.' A gleam of triumph shot from out Shemus Mohr's dark eyes as he concluded his testimony; and then the jury consulted together for some time, and that very night Sergeant MacDowall, with a party of the constabulary, arrested Tom MacCarthy, and lodged him in the county gaol, to await his trial, on a charge of wilful murder, at the next Assizes. Vain were all poor Tom's protestations of his innocence.

'It is an unpleasant duty, Dr. Graham,' said the coroner—'a most unpleasant duty. It is all, doubtless, as you say. What you tell me is really very strange; but I must do my duty, and doubtless the Assizes will clear him should he prove, as I trust

he may, an innocent man.'

Dr. Graham felt that a foul conspiracy had been concocted against poor Tom MacCarthy, and repeatedly visited him as

he lay in gaol awaiting his trial.

The Assizes at last came on, and intense excitement reigned in the town and neighbourhood as the day of the trial drew A strong force of the Royal Irish Constabulary was marched in, a troop of Hussars and a company of the line were billeted on the inhabitants. Early in the day, when Tom MacCarthy was to appear in the dock, a vast mob of peasantry came into the town, and a number of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics found a place in the court-house. The building was completely crowded by a wild, excited mass of frieze-coated peasants, who whispered to one another occasionally in Irish. The witnesses were examined. Several new ones testified to having seen Tom MacCarthy early on the day in which the murder had been committed in the vicinity of the scene of the assassination; but all held their breath as Shaun Ruadh testified, as he had done at the coroner's inquest, to the identification by him of Tom the 'souper' as the murderer. When

Shemus Mohr also unfalteringly deposed to a similar effect the excitement was intense, and a look of triumph played over many a face as they whispered to one another, 'The "souper" is done for now, anyhow.'

A few minutes more and the Crown prosecutor closed examining witnesses for the prosecution, and then the witnesses for the defence were examined.

The most hideous expression of fiendish, baffled rage swept over Shaun Ruadh's face as he saw Dr. Graham ascend the table, and heard the words which fell from the Rector's lips as he turned towards the jury. Shemus Mohr seemed to lean heavily against the side of the witness-box, and his face became pale as snow. Dr. Graham gave his evidence plainly and clearly. When he told how accidentally he had locked MacCarthy inside the bedroom, a thrill seemed to run through the court-house; and upon the conclusion of his evidence, corroborated as it was by the testimony of the servants in many parts of it, MacCarthy, who had been silently lifting up his heart to God in prayer, was directed to be released, the judge indignantly denouncing the evidence of Shaun Ruadh and of Shemus Mohr as the most atrocious case of malignant perjury that had ever come before him.

That night these two worthies spent in the county gaol, and that same Assize saw them standing in the dock on a charge of corrupt and gross perjury, and a few weeks more witnessed their departure to undergo the sentence, so justly earned, of penal servitude for life. Downcast and gloomy, the mob departed from the town, and Tom MacCarthy, with a grateful heart, returned home, praising God for His gracious preservation of his life. Many a one supposed that Shaun Ruadh and his companion were the real murderers of Mr. Hunt; but that, like many another dark deed, awaits the day when the great White Throne shall be set, and the books opened, and God shall judge the secrets of men.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### THE BURNING OF CLOONE GLEBE.

IT is a life of much peril to minister as a presbyter of the Church of Ireland to the little flock of Protestants in some parts of the country. It is not pleasant to see the crowds returning from Mass making the sign of the cross as they catch sight of the Protestant minister as he meets them on his way to the little church where a few worshippers are waiting him; or to mark them spitting on the ground with abhorrence as they behold him; or, in some of the town districts, even to hear them crying out, 'There goes a devil from ---.' And yet these very same persons who thus act, being taught from their very childhood to hate the name of Protestant, are one of the noblest races in the whole world. The Irish Celt, warm-hearted, generous, eloquent, enthusiastic, brave, chaste, only needs to be instructed in the Word of God, and to have the lessons of that precious Bible brought home by God's Spirit to his heart, to be one of the noblest races upon earth.

Some time before poor Hunt's murder, the Rev. Andrew Hogg lived across the deep flowing river which bordered his property and separated it from the glebe land of Cloone. It was a dark night; the calm of the Sabbath had come to a close; the hardworking, zealous curate, after family worship had been ended, tired out, had retired to rest. The glebe-house bore, in its shingled roof and aged walls, marks of its antiquity, being one of the oldest in Ireland, and the situation itself being very

lonely.

Many a time Tom MacCarthy used to find a kind welcome in the glebe-house, and the Roman Catholic peasants around used to resort thither for medicines when ill, or to take advantage of the curate and his wife's kind compassion when suffering from want. A scriptural school had been established by him

for the female children of the parish, and one day news came in that it had been burned to the ground, and that thirty copies of the Word of God had shared the same fate. Of late marks of hostility had been shown by the peasantry to him, and there was a sense of alarm reigning in the country.

It is indeed a terrible ordeal to dwell amid a disaffected population—night after night to retire to rest, after carefully examining bars, and shutters, and doors, with the uncomfortable consciousness that your house may be attacked before the morning; to rise from your bed when you hear your watchdog's bark, and to scrutinize every approach to your house, in anxious search as to whether it be advancing marauders, pike and firelock armed; or only some stray farmer's dog making inquiries after your few sheep grazing beneath the golden flowers of the gorse, with a view of devouring the best of them; or, it may be, an otter returning to the river banks, after a circular peregrination through the country to some other stream, searching for better salmon fishing; or, perhaps, Reynard himself stealing down from the covert to reconnoitre your

poultry-house.

In the olden times the English settlers in Ireland used to construct their dwellings, square mansion edifices, with round towerlets, as flankers to defend the main entrance—in the rear the servants' and labourers' habitation forming a square—and thus they were able to turn out a dozen or twenty stalwart men in time of need, armed with the long firelock of the past, whenever the saffron tunics of the wild Irish clans appeared, and the gleaming arms of the Gallow-glasses and kerns were seen. But for many a long year past Irish landlords, as a rule, neglected planting their properties with Protestants. If an agent could get half a crown an acre more offered by a Roman Catholic tenant, the Protestant, who knew he could not conscientiously offer a rent which he could not make the land pay, was dispossessed, and tens of thousands of loyal Irish Protestant hearts were forced to emigrate to Canada or the United States; and thus the Irish landlords sowed the wind, and have already begun to reap the whirlwind. Alas! humanly speaking, who can but feel that Protestantism has received a death blow in the South and West of Ireland by the cruel Irish Church Act?

It was midnight, the clock had just struck twelve, when one of the female servants, starting from sleep, looked out and saw the whole yard apparently in a blaze. The dwelling-house itself and the outer offices being linked together in a square, and being roofed with shingle or thatch, the girl at once saw that the whole must soon be in a blaze. Rushing to her master's door, she cried out the terrible intelligence, and he and his wife at once hastened out to release the inmates of the stable and cow-house from being burned alive. Clouds of smoke filled the whole yard, and, as the door was being opened, the tramp of a party of armed men was heard as they entered the wicket-gate leading from the front avenue into the yard. Mr. Hogg at once presented his gun at the assailants, and instantly fired in their direction. The cowardly band faced round and retreated; and the curate, accompanied by a Protestant man-servant, crossed the deep river-a work of danger—while two shots in rapid succession, from peasants resting their guns on a low wall, splashed up the water alongside him, fired by the party who had retreated from the wicket-gate. Entering into the house of Mr. Claudius West, who lived but a few hundred yards off, Mr. West and Mr. Hogg returned across the stream to the burning glebe, and set to work to cut off the communication between the out-offices and the house. Hayrick and turf-pile were blazing wildly up in the darkness of the night; but the intended murderers, disappointed in their expectation of murdering the curate, had departed, not awaiting the little force of three men who had returned to meet them. Before the police, who had been sent for, could arrive, the wind had providentially changed, and thus the fire was blown back from the dwelling-house itself, and the matches that had been placed in the shingle thus failed to ignite. The Protestant servant, a brave fellow, when the first shot was fired upon them, went between the curate and the assailants, crying out, 'If they kill you, it will be through my body!' and when labourers were sought for next day to assist in saving property from the charred ruins, not one would help for any amount of wages.

The poor minister gratefully felt the all-protecting hand of God in this chain of circumstances—the sudden awaking of the servant, the retreat of the murderers, who, in the dense smoke, hearing the voices in the yard, supposed that assistance had arrived, and the changing of the wind, which saved the habitation from being inevitably destroyed.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### THE WHITE LADY OF CHARLES FORT.

NEARLY two centuries ago two English gentlemen made a lengthened tour through Ireland, an exploit at that time of no inconsiderable risk and hardship, when as yet the saffronmantled wild clans wailed their fierce war-cries round the walled-in towns of Kinsale, Bandon, and Youghal, and many a night the stout-hearted burgher of these strongholds, as he paced his measured ward upon the artillery-mounted ramparts, would listen uneasily to the fierce gathering cry of 'Desmond Aboo!'

These travellers record in their chronicle that they visited the old town of Kinsale, which was in that age considered as the military and strategic key of Munster and the South of Ireland; and, after some curious particulars of the then condition of the town, mention their visit to Charles Fort, situated some ten miles from Kinsale. They give an account of the state of the fort, and mention a curious story connected with the strange old building in it, which opens out on the bastions, and is known as the Governor's House. how that it was believed in Charles Fort that a singular apparition is every seventh year seen gliding through this house. young, beauteous lady, all clothed in white raiment, is then seen issuing from one small room, whose windows open out on the bastion immediately over the sea, and wanders by night and day through the quaint old house.

One might be tempted to smile at this strange legend of the past, but, strange to say, this tale is firmly believed at the present hour by many a resident in Kinsale and in Charles Fort; in fact, some few years ago the sentries had to be doubled upon this bastion, which is commanded by the White Lady's windows. For at that time, when nightly accounts were

brought in by every sentry off guard that he had seen the white trailing garments and the pale face of the ghastly lady, as she looked out from the windows upon him, no soldier heard the words, 'Sentry, go!' without a certain amount of terror in his own case; and many a brave heart, that would never have flinched before the Russian bayonets, quailed as its owner began his moonlit pacing on the ominous bastion, while the sea splashed beneath upon the dark rocks, and the grim old fortress cast dark, far-reaching shadows across the still harbour towards the deep embrasures of the old deserted block-house on the other side, and the shriek of the wing-flapping heron struck the ear, and the distant bugle from the barracks stole over the green hills, and some white-sailed coaster drifted in with the tide, gliding close to the frowning ramparts, rising still and high above its spars.

The superstition has indeed rooted itself deeply in Charles Fort. Fort-Major Black, who in the Peninsular War served with great distinction as a lieutenant in the 74th Highlanders, and who for many a long year had discharged the duties of fort-major, upon great occasions of inspections turning out in the singular old uniform of the men who won Waterloo, and bearing the decorations of a day when such things were hard enough to be won and few given—the good old major told me one day that he had himself lived in the Governor's House,

and had himself witnessed this singular apparition.

'One evening we had been at tea, and when it was over I went to the hall-door, and had not been long there, in the still summer evening, when I saw a lady,' said the major, 'entering the door and going up the stairs of the house. At first I thought that it might be one of the wives of the officers quartered at the fort; but as I looked, I saw that she was dressed in white-the fashion not such as was worn then, but of a day long passed away. Impelled by curiosity, I hastened up the stairs after her. She glided before me without seeming to notice me, and entered the large room off which, as you are aware, the small room opens which is known as the White Lady's apartment. I hastily entered also, but the next moment, although I had plainly seen her entering a minute before, there was not a trace of her to be seen in either of the rooms. I searched, but she was invisible, and then the old story of the White Lady, which I had laughed at always before, came into my mind. I never could tell what to make of it,' said the fort-major.

'On another occasion I remember also two sergeants, when the house was temporarily unoccupied, were engaged packing a box of cast stores in the hall. One of them had his little girl playing about, and she suddenly, while they were stooping over the chest, exclaimed, "Oh! papa, who is that white lady who is bending over the banisters, and looking down at us?" The men looked up, but could see nothing! The little girl then said that she had plainly seen a white lady looking down and smiling at her. These are facts—I remember them well, said the fort-major.

Dear old major! thou hast gone to thy rest, a double veteran —a veteran of the Cross as well as a brave soldier of the past. It seemed as though a part of the aged fort itself had passed away when thou didst lie silent and cold in death by the shore of the ever-sounding sea! No more will thy voice give forth directions to the fatigue parties whose labours thou didst oversee at drawbridge lowering and other duties. The office itself ceased with thee, when a brave old Christian officer was laid to rest in the churchyard of Rincurran, within the sound of those fort bugles whose echoes thou didst love so well! What a wondrous change is in the British army since the days of Waterloo, when, as an old veteran assured me, there was not in his regiment a single officer who had the manliness to acknowledge that he was in the habit of prayer, except one, and that man was derided by the others for so doing. Now, what a change hath God wrought! How few regiments are there where there are not one or two decidedly pious officers, who make their motto to be 'An open Bible,' who are not ashamed to pray, and openly acknowledge that they are soldiers of the King—guardsman, cavalry, and line alike. I have with joy seen the Gospel colours displayed in their quarters; some blessed word of holy Scripture or some sweet hymn above the mantelpiece, with the blessed Book upon the table-silent evidences that these men seek and have found the Lord.

It is but just to say that many officers have lived in the Governor's House, and have never seen aught of the White Lady; but if this be alleged, the believers in the story say that such were not present there in the seventh year, which is the one of her appearance. The last account, which I heard in Charles Fort when visiting a staff-surgeon's family there, was the following:

A field-officer had chosen the Governor's House, it being the best quarters for a married man in the fort. One night, as the nurse lay awake—she and the children sleeping in the room opening into the White Lady's apartment—suddenly at midnight she saw, to her great amazement, a lady, all clothed in long white raiment, gliding through the room and standing by the youngest child's bedside. Presently she laid her hand upon the little slumberer's wrist. At this moment, as the nurse, awestricken, gazed with astonishment at this strange spectacle, feeling her heart becoming cold with fright, the little child, restlessly starting in its slumber, cried out: 'Oh! take that cold hand from my wrist!' and the next moment the lady had disappeared. It would be easy enough to account for the nurse's view of the White Lady on the theory of her having dreamt it all; but the child's words are not so readily got rid of, as the nurse asserted positively that she was lying broad awake at the time. It may be well imagined that stories of this nature must make the Governor's House, with its front view upon the bastion, on which heavy artillery are mounted, and its side view of the sentry's path, rather unenviable quarters for any who may be of an eerie temperament. I have myself sat in the room opening into the celebrated chamber—a little three-cornered boudoir-in the gloom of the winter evening, and half fancied that I could hear the rustling of the white silk robes and see the beautiful, pallid face of the White Lady.

Some few years ago Surgeon L., a very brave and distinguished officer belonging to the gallant—th, a well-known Irish regiment, was quartered at the fort. I don't even know whether he had heard of the story, although, being a member of a highly-respected Kinsale family, he might have known of it. L. had seen much and varied service, had been several times decorated, and had known the ghastly horrors of the field of battle.

It was a winter evening; L. had been out snipe-shooting, and as he crossed the drawbridge the mess-bugle rang out its summons. Hastily crossing the parade-ground and descending the steps, he opened the hall-door, and then stooped down to take up the key of his room, which he had left under the doormat when coming out. The officers meantime had commenced mess, and no appearance for a considerable time having been made by the surgeon, at last one of them ran across to the Governor's House to ascertain what was keeping L. To his amazement he found him lying senseless on the floor at the foot of the stairs, some few steps of which led to a lower landing. L. after a while recovered consciousness, and

then announced his determination, as soon as possible next day, of leaving the house. His friend stopped with him that night, and he said to him that when he had entered the hall the lamp was burning in it; no one was visible there, but the moment he stooped down for the key, he felt himself violently dragged across the hall and thrown down the flight of steps. L. accordingly next day vacated his quarters, and the Governor's House became even more famous for its strange tenant's doings, for of course the White Lady was made responsible for L.'s adventure.

From time to time I had endeavoured to ascertain the origin of this strange, weird story, which thus links centuries together, and the result of my inquiries I have given in the succeeding chapter. I have never seen the old Governor's House rising in the pale moonlight, and casting its shadow across the bastion, without a strange feeling of romance, increased by the ominous words, 'The Devil's Bastion!' which, printed in large letters, appear over the sentinel's head as he

paces to and fro his round.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

# THE LEGEND OF THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

Not very long after the erection of Charles Fort,\* the importance of which as a military station some two centuries ago was well known, and whose deep embrasures frowned with some two hundred pieces of artillery of the quaint type of ancient gunnery, and within whose walls, dominating the still waters of the harbour, and rising in grim defiance to the Spaniard, or the Hollander, or the French squadrons of the past, were quartered some two regiments of foot, while the command of the garrison was given to Governor Warrender, who had served with great distinction in His Majesty's armies, and at sea and on shore had acquired the character of being one of the bravest and most determined of the officers of the army in Ireland. Grave and austere, a martinet, visiting minor offences with a greater severity than most commanding officers would have treated greater offences with, Colonel Warrender was liked by but a few of his officers, and far from loved by the gunners and master-gunners of the Royal Artillery under his command, while the regiments of Colonels Hooper and Wilmot were far from feeling peculiarly delighted with the erect, tall, silent old veteran, whose orders must be obeyed to the letter. But there was one inmate of the Colonel's habitation who almost redeemed his name from the want of love which men entertained for it—his daughter, Miss Wilful Warrender. Whence came this strange name? Whether it was from the revulsion of feeling after the times of the Parliamentary ascendancy in England, or some vague fore-shadowing of her life that it was given to her, we know not; but

<sup>\*</sup> Charles Fort was erected in 1667 by the Duke of Ormond, Viceroy of Ireland, and at first called the Royal Fort of Rincurran. When he visited it personally in 1678 he gave it the name of Charles Fort.

this we do know, that she lived with her father in the great house, and that she was the very flower and pride of Charles Fort and of Kinsale. At this time Kinsale was far different, in truth, as regards dignity, from its present state. Then, if one wished to write to Cork, letters bore the superscription, 'Corke, near Kinsale.' The quaint old houses, with their balconies overlooking the narrow streets, and flower-gardens extending to the water's margin, then were the favourite resort of the Irish nobles and gentry. The sovereign of Kinsale then was a merchant of high position; and the outward-bound fleets of merchant ships bound for the far distant Indies, for a century afterwards used to anchor in its harbour. Truly, till a certain naval captain of the royal service, stupidly running his craft ashore, reported that there was not sufficient draught of water for large ships, Kinsale was the rendezvous of our shipping. And now this is all past. A solitary gunboat, or revenue cutter with a long pennant and small crew, form the war department of the harbour; a few collier brigs and foretopsail schooners of local owners, dropping across for coals to the other shore; perhaps some homeward-bound fullrigged ship or barque lying at the entrance of the harbour; or Norwegian ice-ship for the fishing season—these are the chief representatives now of the once great fleets that anchored opposite the town, and up the reaches of the beautiful Bandon river. Now hundreds of red-sailed Cornish luggers and Manx yawls mingle with the 'hookers' of Kinsale, and thousands of bronzed, sea-beaten, tempest-tossed fishermen congregate in its waters, and gather together in the Fishermen's Hall, or stately old Church of St. Multose, or Wesleyan chapels, for Divine worship, uniting in the grand hymns so sweetly rendered by these stalwart mariners.

Some two hundred years ago, the English power in Ireland was chiefly maintained by the walled towns which were a garrison in the land; hence the great importance of those self-same walled towns, which, in turn, were fought for and besieged

by many a combatant.

A rumour had reached Kinsale that Miss Wilful Warrender was really about to be married to Sir Trevor Ashurst, of an ancient Oxfordshire family, who had been attached to the royal household, and had met Miss Wilful first at Court, when she was presented. This young soldier, who had served against the Spaniards, and given promise of much military skill, was, for some time past, on a visit to his brother, who

was quartered at Charles Fort. Time passed on, and the old Church of St. Multose was crowded with all the gentlefolk of Kinsale, when the Vicar united Miss Wilful and Sir Trevor in marriage. Amid all the spectators who wished the noble young couple joy, or who looked with admiration upon the beauteous face of the white-clad bride, and the noble, manly form and fine features of the soldier-bridegroom, one old crone was overheard to mutter strange words of woe, which brought upon her the wrathful glance of Master Hughes, the sexton. She had been the wife, and was now the widow, of a former grave-digger of St. Multose, and, like some ghoul, always fluttered in the train of a funeral, or passed most of her time among the graves and tombs of the ancient churchyard. 'Always croaking, Elspet, always croaking,' said the sexton, as he closed the gates. The old woman gave him a wrathful glance, and then pulled her cloak over her brow, and said that she was going towards the Fort of Charles for the night. 'You are bound for Janet Irby's, no doubt,' said the official, as he felt the gold moidores in his pocket which Sir Trevor had given him. 'Crows of black feather wheel together,' laughed he. Elspet shook her horn-headed staff at him, and went slowly on, muttering strange words, as though talking to some one side by side with her. The guard at the drawbridge of Fort Charles had long since turned out to welcome the incoming party, when Elspet was seen by the sentry on the ramparts, in company with her friend, Janet Irby, wending her way to the old churchyard on the hill behind the fort, where, like two ravens of ill omen, they sat down beneath the aged yew-tree in the centre, and fixed their gaze upon the walls of Fort Charles.

It was a lovely summer evening. Sir Trevor and Mistress Wilful were standing looking over the battlements upon the blue waters some sixty feet beneath. 'I wish,' said the young lady, 'that I had a nosegay of those crimson wild flowers which are growing on the rocks below; but I suppose it would be impossible to get them?' Sir Trevor said nothing, but determined to procure them when she had retired to rest; and, after an hour or so, he proceeded at nightfall to climb down to the rock and procure the flowers. The sentry watched him for a few moments, and volunteered to gather the flowers for him, if he would only assume his post in the sentry-box, lest the Governor might, in the interim, go his rounds, and find his post empty. The young knight gladly caught at the idea,

took the firelock from the soldier, put on his watch-coat, and stood resting on the musket in the sentry-box. The soldier went for a rope, and commenced, on his return, to descend the rocks; but unfortunately he was longer than he had calculated upon: his task proved a more arduous one than he had imagined. Meantime, Sir Trevor gradually yielded to the influence of fatigue; the sound of the waves rippling on the walls beneath insensibly lulled him to repose, and, ere an hour had passed, the young man was asleep.

The colonel, meantime, was, in accordance with his custom, proceeding forth to visit the sentries. It was now war-time, and the utmost vigilance was enforced by him. Pacing past the various sentries, at last he came to the box in which Sir Trevor stood asleep. No challenge struck his ear; and, drawing forth a pistol from his belt, the fierce old Governor shot the slumberer through the heart. A few minutes more, and the guard, appalled by the approach of their commander, heard him sternly order the sentry's body to be brought in. 'I found him sleeping on his post,' said the stern old man. few moments had elapsed, the guard turned out, and horror filled every heart when they recognised the features of the dead. Solemnly, silently they bore him in, and, without a word, laid him in the large room of the Governor's house. They seemed like men in a dream. The old sergeant who led the way, as they placed the body on the table, heard a step coming down the stairs, and the next moment a girlish form was seen. In vain the old halberdier tried to interpose and shut out the ghastly sight. She flew past him, she fell upon the dead form, she kissed his pale brow, she clung to his lifeless corpse, and then the steps of her father were heard, as he flung down his sword in the hall, and entered the room. Oh, how terrible the spectacle! Carried to her apartment, the poor desolate young bride seemed as though turned into stone. Madness had seized upon her, and the next moment, after the watchers had for a moment left the room, distracted, shrieking out her dead husband's loving name, she tore the window open, and cast herself into the deep beneath. Her cruelly torn body was borne in that very hour and laid by the side of him she loved so well. They say that the Governor seemed to preserve his ghastly calmness all that night. He ordered all to retire, and shut himself in with the dead. Hour after hour the servants below heard him pacing up and down; but when the sun was rising, a loud report was heard. The

terrified servants rushed in, but Colonel Warrender was lying dead by his dead daughter's side. The last soldier who looked upon him alive said that never, to his dying day, could he forget the awful look of despair painted on the old colonel's face, as he stood at the foot of the table upon which lay, side by side, the beautiful young bride and the manly lover, with the rich tresses of her hair floating towards him, and one of her hands-that which bore the bridal ring-laid I have seen in the picture-galleries of the Louvre a painting—an old man seated by a dead, beauteous maiden, lying there so still and lovely in death. He holds her hand. Is he father or husband to the loved one there? But oh! the unutterable agony gleaming in those eyes of fixed despair, as though all hope, all joy, had died away out of them for ever. Thus one could imagine that stern old veteran, with pale, ghastly face, contrasting so horribly with his scarlet uniform, as he stood and gazed upon his work, the results of his own fierce temper. Ah, which of us can guarantee himself against yielding to some momentary gust of passion, which may wither the happiness of a lifetime? He alone who feels his own weakness, and the gracious truth of that holy promise of Him who says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.'\*

Surely we cannot wonder that, as that solemn burial party wended its way, with black palls and reversed arms, and crape waving in the wind, to the old churchyard behind Fort Charles, and as the old Vicar, who had married these hapless lovers, tried, mid choking sobs, to read the blessed words, 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die,' one wild burst of mourning sorrow broke out from that company. One would imagine that the sweet Gascon Provençal modern Troubador Jaques Jasmin had heard of such a burial procession, when he sings:

'Las carrèros diouyon gemi Tan bèlo morto bay sourti! Diouyon gemi, diouyon ploura Tan belo morto bay passa!'†

<sup>\* 2</sup> Cor. xii. 9.

<sup>† &#</sup>x27;The roads should shudder beneath our tread, So fair a maiden form lies dead; The roads should shudder, the roads should weep, Her funeral throng should o'er them sweep.'

# So ends the legend of the White Ladye of Fort Charles.\*

\* In the year 1775 Twisse speaks of Fort Charles very correctly as 'being built upon a solid rock fronting the sea. I have never seen a stronger fortification—I mean towards the entrance of the harbour; for its strength towards the land there is little to say, being commanded by the hills around. There are three tier of cannon, the first next the sea, from thirty to forty-two pound ball. I reckoned a hundred and eight ready for use, in excellent order, with their ammunition piled. We were shown the cannon of forty-two pound ball, that struck a French ship on the quarter almost a league from the citadel in the last war, and brought her into the harbour. The gunner was promoted for his skill. I observed some pieces with the arms of Spain finely ornamented that were taken from the Spanish Armada in 1588, but they are not mounted. This royal fortification is bomb-proof, and, in the opinion of everyone, impregnable from sea.' At present an ironclad, with a couple of modern-rifled cannon of heavy calibre, would soon dismantle the worn fortifications of Fort Charles.

Since the above was written, I regret to find that Fort Charles has been dismantled of its cannon. They might as well have been left in peace! They did good service in their day, and would still have been useful in repelling attacks by an enemy's smaller craft, or by his boats, besides being necessary to the 'training' of the artillery stationed in Fort Charles, and also to the dignity of the fortress.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### THE CONVERT'S DEATH-BED.

WHEN I first came to Kinsale, I officiated there as curate of Teigh-Sasson, which derives its singular name, literally 'The Englishman's House,' from an aged castle, whose ruins still exist in one of its green fields. This little benefice, whose yearly value was some £,70, without a house, was held by a very popular London clergyman, who, deriving no benefit whatever from it himself, allowed it to be held by a curate, who was expected to work in Kinsale, there being no church, and only some half-dozen parishioners in Teigh-Sasson. The environs of the old churchyard of the parish were very picturesque. The Bandon river flowed past, with its broad stream spanned by the singularly long wooden bridge, which has sometimes reminded me of the wooden bridge over the wolf-like Var, which used to separate France from the Sardinian States, and which now forms an introduction to Gallicized Nice.

Sheltered beneath the densely clustered trees, the slumberers lie in God's-acre—the shrill cry of the curlew or heron's shriek wailing o'er their dwelling-place, the flash of the waves on the shore blending in unison with the wild roar of the ocean on distant Garretstown strand—lake-like glimpses of beautiful river scenery, the walls of the ancient fortress of Ring-rone towering over the bluff above the stream, the battlements of Castle Park, with their memories of the swarthy Spaniards who held possession, under fierce old Don Juan d'Aquila, of this strong position, until they and the Irish forces were dislodged by the English troops.

My lodgings in Kinsale, though very pleasant as regards their front views, which extended across the harbour, were not so much so when considered under a side aspect. My worthy host, besides being a cabinet-maker and upholsterer, added to his other occupations that of an undertaker, and the black and white plumes of the hearses at nightfall, as they reposed quietly in the yard, were far from being enlivening as I gazed from the window; besides, there seemed to be a continual make-up of scarfs and hat-bands going on in the premises where my landlord resided with his sister. Kinsale itself is famed for the longevity of its inhabitants. I have known persons considerably over eighty strong and active, and the old register, which extends back above two hundred years, is filled with instances of advanced age.

One of the servants was a tall, gaunt, thin woman, who was regarded as a bigoted devotee of the Roman Catholic faith, but who was obliging and civil at all times, and a capital domestic, though advancing in years, and whom I looked upon as about one of the last persons in the town that would be likely to change her religion. Years passed away, and I returned to the old town as its Vicar. One evening, at the Wednesday service, I was amazed at seeing Julia — entering St. Multose, and seating herself in a back-pew. She left the church without speaking to me, and several times afterward used to come up from Summer Cove, where she was living as a caretaker in the house of the late fort-major of Charles Fort.

When I inquired about the circumstances of Julia's case I was delighted to learn that she had renounced the errors of the Church of Rome, and had become a member of the Church of Ireland. She had been for several years servant to the worthy old Peninsular veteran, whose never-varying practice was to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures at family prayers night and morning. When Julia became a member of his household, her master asked her whether she had any objection to attending prayers. She said that she had not, and used regularly to come to the service twice a day. She never made a single comment upon anything that she had heard, but used to withdraw with the same unmoved countenance and aspect as before.

Time passed on, and the old major lay a-dying. He passed away to the rest of the people of God, and then Julia put on her long black cloth coat, with the hood over her head, and quietly walked up to the Church of Rincurran. Much annoyance and persecution followed, much of reproach and insult, but she boldly endured it all for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

'I could not,' she said, 'have listened so many years to the

words of my dear old master the major without learning what the Word of God assures us of—that there is but one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, and that no man can come unto the Father but through Him, and the Word tells me, too, that if any man will come after Jesus, he must take up his cross daily, and follow after Him.'

And so the tall form and thin, worn face was ever seen in the house of God, until she came to lie upon the bed of sickness, and the doctor pronounced that there was no hope of her

recovery.

It was a wild stormy night; the harbour waves were thundering upon the seaweed-covered rocks, and the fishing craft were straining at their anchors, as I walked along the upper road leading to Summer Cove. I had been sent for to see poor Julia, who was dying. As I passed along I met the doctor, who said:

'I am afraid it is nearly all over now. She is unconscious,

and won't be able to recognise you.'

Still I passed on, and at last found myself standing in the parlour where Julia was lying on a temporary bed. As I bent over her, the attendant said:

'She is unconscious—she knows no one.'

I bent over the dying woman. I took her hand and whispered 'Julia.' Slowly she opened her eyes, and fixed them upon my face, while a sweet smile of rapture stole over her worn features.

'I am going home at last,' she said very feebly. The wind moaned round the house. I bent over her. 'I want,' she said, 'no other priest but Jesus. He is my Great High Priest. He hath said, "I am the way—no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." He has washed away my sins in His own precious blood.'

The dying eyes closed again, her dying clasp tightened on my hand; she whispered 'Jesus' softly, and ere long Julia had entered into the Father's house, where the weary are at rest.

Blessed be our God for that Father's house, for that glorious home at the end of our pilgrimage below! Blessed be our dear Redeemer, who saith, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!'

I remember, in a town where I was Vicar, a dying convert, whose husband was a great drunkard. This poor woman was well instructed in the Holy Scriptures, and had originally been a servant. The night before she died I went upstairs to

her room, and found her with the damp dews of death upon her brow, the death-rattle in her throat, and her husband lying on the outside of the bed, with his heavy, thickly-nailed boots convulsively jerking up and down within an inch of her face. I could not abstain from catching him by the collar and placing him on the floor, by no means gently, I fear. Even then I saw her dying eyes opening. I saw her trying to bend her head to the side of the bed near him, and I heard her voice as she tried to whisper, 'Poor Tom! poor Tom!' Oh, woman's love, how great thou art! This poor thing was well guarded from priestly When dying, my earnest, able Scripture-reader interference. spent the night in the house, and in the room below one of the priests was stationed, it belonging to a zealous member of his flock, who was exceedingly particular in her inquiries of the Scripture-reader, whether he would not go home before it came on much darker. In vain his reverence waited for an opportunity of slipping upstairs to anoint the poor dying woman when she might be unconscious and unable to resist him. Another convert woman had been sent in by me as nurse, and thus happily the night passed away; and the poor woman at last entered with joy into the rest of her Lord, giving a good testimony of her faith in the Lord Jesus.

Athough the Church of Rome may seem to have forgotten sometimes for a time the very existence of one who has left her communion, when persecution has proved useless, when the convert has gone away elsewhere to a more Protestant neighbourhood, still, when his dying hour draws on, then she endeavours to lay hold once more of his soul. Then, when the dark shadow of death is clouding over him; when the mind and body alike may be weakened; when the recollection, graven into his very brain, as though with a searing-iron, of Rome's vaunted power, which she claims for eternity as for time, revives once more; then, when the priest watches his opportunity and creeps into the chamber of death under the pretence of inquiring after his health, can one wonder that, sometimes, weak and low, mind and spirit enfeebled, sometimes a convert will suffer the priest to anoint him? though this, I believe, has not occurred in one of a thousand instances. But whether he may suffer it or not, the priest need only wait till the vital spark is just flying upward, and then, when the eye is glazing in death, he anoints the man who would have resisted him with all the energy of his soul had he been conscious.

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But let us not suppose that the dying Protestant is allowed to depart in peace, if there exists any chance of his being, if I may use the word, 'interviewed' by a priest. Alas! in too many cases mixed marriages have proved but the facile road for the introduction of the Roman Catholic priest into the dying one's presence. A Roman Catholic wife or child will strain every nerve to bring him in, a Roman Catholic servant will do the same, or even a friend.

### CHAPTER XL.

#### PRIESTS AND CONVERTS.

On one occasion I remember a singular incident thus occurring. In our town there lived an old artillery sergeant, who to his half-pay added any little emolument which he might derive from watch-cleaning or repairing. He had a little shop: the back apartment was a kitchen; this led by a ladder to the only bedroom, and underneath was the tiny shop, whose window was decorated by the component parts of an old watch, of an undoubted and venerable antiquity. Its glass adorned one pane, its wheels another, its case a third; a little fine oil, an old seal or two, a few pincers, and microscope glass, with a bundle of old books—these formed the properties of the shop, with the addition of a curiously painted wooden clock that never seemed right.

Poor old Wilson was married to a Roman Catholic, who, however, seemed to have pleasure in hearing the Word of God read when I would enter the little shop. After a time she died, and the old sergeant was very lonely. One day I heard that he was ill, and found him in bed, and a little Roman Catholic boy acting as servant. The next day, going up the street, I thought I would turn into his shop a little before my hour for seeing him. The little fellow was sitting before the fire, rubbing his hands with great glee. 'Och, your rivrince,' cried he, 'Father O'Shaughnessy is above, and he's confessing him.' I made three steps up the ladder, and there, seated by the invalid, was the ecclesiastic, who was blandly teaching him, as it seemed to me, a prayer to the Virgin. I came to Wilson's side and said, 'Father O'Shaughnessy, are you not aware that this is a member of my flock? The reverend gentleman thus accosted blandly replied, 'Oh, I know that well, but he sent for me.' 'Wilson!' I exclaimed, 'is it possible that you have

sent for Rev. Mr. O'Shaughnessy?' Poor Wilson turned his glance upon me and whispered, 'Well, not exactly sent; but you see, sir, the way is—I met the reverend gentleman, and I asked him to look in on me-I wanted the cleaning of his watch,' he added in a whisper. It was then asked of Wilson, 'Which of us two do you really wish to have with you?' sick man, with an apologetic smile, replied, 'Well, your reverences, I'd like to have you both.' 'Well,' said I, 'this won't do, Wilson; if you prefer Rev. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, you can't have me, and if you have me, you can't have him.' 'Well, then, your reverence,' said the old sergeant, 'I'll have you.' 'You will now perceive,' said I to the priest, 'that Wilson has made his free choice, reverend sir, and that, of course, you'll abide by his decision.' Mr. O'Shaughnessy politely wished me good-morning; I as politely recommended him to take care of himself descending the narrow ladder, and I am bound to say that Mr. O'Shaughnessy acted honourably, and did not, as far as I ever knew, come near Wilson again. He recovered soon after and left the town, at which I was not sorry.

One of the most touching incidents which has occurred in convert experience is connected with a wild, lonely mountainbrow, on which stood, some years ago, a small cabin, inhabited by Dermot Cavanagh, who rented some five or six acres of poor hilly land, in which the rocks almost were more numerous than the stunted crops that grew upon them. Dermot's main crop seemed to be furze, which he used to cut annually and pound up on a large circular rock that stood in the vicinity of his habitation. This served as winter fodder for a small largehorned mountain cow, which, with a couple of heifers, half a dozen sheep, and a black goat, formed his stock. True, it was, he had a few geese and ducks that, with the inevitable dozen of barn-door fowl, used to flutter around the rocks, and take long journeys by day along the mountain-sides in quest of pasture, and the usual bonnive\* would slumber away stretched at full length in the sun's rays. Dermot was married to a respectable young girl, the daughter of a not-far-distant small farmer, who lived in much the same style as Dermot himself. They had one little child, now almost a year old. A great change had occurred in Dermot. One day an Irish New Testament came into his possession, and this he, though a very zealous Roman Catholic, used to diligently study. His wife also found much enjoyment from hearing God's Word read to her by him; and gradually Dermot, who was of an inquiring spirit, found that there was not a particle of warranty in God's Word for any of the distinctive doctrines of the Church of Rome, as opposed to the Church of Ireland. Confession, transubstantiation, all lost their authority in his mind. The worship of, and invocation of, the Virgin and the saints, purgatory, justification by works, all lost their grasp on him; and thus these two absolutely were led by the perusal of the Word of God, without human instruction, to perceive the light of the Redeemer's love, and to enter in a great measure into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

This change in their sentiments could not remain long hidden. Dermot and his wife went no longer to confession. The priest mounted his gray horse and rode across some miles to the cabin to inquire why the absentees did not come to confession, and why they had not been at mass for a month. Dermot mildly replied that he had found no warrant for either the one or the other in the Word of God. The usual scene of priestly threatenings followed, and the ecclesiastic retired, leaving not exactly a blessing upon the cabin and all its inmates.

Next Sunday the whole family were 'read out' from the altar; and now persecution arose against poor Dermot and his wife.

It was hard at first to bear; it was hard to see the averted faces, and to see the sign of the cross made by the old neighbours when they saw the souper\* coming along the road. It was hard to see the little children scampering away with horror in their faces as they cried, 'Oh, here comes Dermot Cavanagh, who sold himself to the devil!' It was hard to see no man permitted to buy of him, nor sell even bread or milk to him. His little harvest might lie rotting for want of help to save it, but no man would be allowed to work for or assist him.

It was a lovely summer evening. Dermot had ended his labour for the day, and was sitting outside his little cabin door reading from the pages of his loved Irish Bible. The golden bloom of the furze sent forth its sweet perfume, the wild bees hummed along, as they floated home to their nest, the thrush sang cheerily from the rowan-tree; but Dermot's heart was low within him. The little child had been ill for a day or two, and the dispensary doctor had told them that he could not yet exactly say what might be the matter with her. 'That night,'

<sup>\*</sup> The usual name given to converts.

said Dermot, 'some of the wife's people from the house beyant were with her, and the crathur was very wake. The mother wrapped up the little colleen in her own shawl for warmth, and was crooning over her near the turf fire. The neighbours, when they heard that the child was sick, said it was a just judgment upon us for deserting the Church; and the wife's people were softly whispering to her to kneel down and say a "Hail, Mary," and then it would be all right again with little Maureen, and she said, "Never"—that she had given up all that for ever. It was dark, and I stole outside the door and came out under the big rock here—I could not bear the little darling's moans; and then I fell down on my knees, and I began to pray to my God. Oh, sir, I did not know what to say. I knew plenty of "Hail, Marys," and "Padareens," and such like, but as for real prayer, I knew scarce what it was; and there, in the dark, dark night, with the wind moaning up the mountain, I lifted up my heart to my God. I tried to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come." Oh, it was hard to go on—the words seemed to choke in my throat, the tears poured from my eyes, and, as I tried to go on, I heard the little piteous voice moaning inside. Oh, sir, it was hard to say, "Thy will be done"; and yet I did say it—I poured it out into the ear of my loving Father, and, blessed be God, I had not risen from my knees when I heard the wife's cry within, "Dermot! where's Dermot?" and, as I entered the door, the blaze quivered up from the turf, and the wife cried, "Oh, Dermot, Dermot! the Lord Jesus be praised and glorified for ever, the child is better!" And sure enough she was better, and from that moment she began to mend; and, sir, look at her now,' as a fine, curly-headed little girl, with blue eyes and a dear, pretty little face, smiled at him, as she ran up the boreen outside, holding her little prize Bible in her hand, and singing:

> 'In darkest shades, shouldst Thou appear, My dawning is begun; Thou art my bright and morning star, And Thou my rising sun. Oh, how I love Jesus! Oh, how I love Jesus! Oh, how I love Jesus, Because He first loved me! 'How can I forget Him? How can I forget Him!

How can I forget Him? Dear Lord, remember me!' But, alas! all cases of convert history do not turn out as happily as poor Dermot Cavanagh's! How many a blood-stained grave holds the murdered corpse of the man who has earned the martyr's crown, even in Ireland, because he would not give up King Jesus and 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' I knew of one brutally stoned to death because he became a Protestant, the very roadside spattered with his blood. Poor John M'Manus! He had been brought to the knowledge of the truth by the study of God's Word, and had joined the little congregation that used to assemble in the old seaside church, at whose base the wild ocean Atlantic waves rolled in and moaned upon the sand beneath the lonely churchyard.

One night M'Manus was returning home later than was his custom, and was absolutely murdered not far from the church by a party of the neighbours who lay in wait for him. The body presented a shocking appearance when found early next morning. As regards what may be called minor prosecutionsuch as hooting at converts, throwing stones at them, threatening, reviling them-such things are too common to be almost even thought worthy of notice; but when the Church of Ireland was taunted by her enemies for not having made more converts, it seems almost wonderful how any, in some districts, could be made at all. I have heard of a well-known English clergyman, who prominently supported the Liberal Government in their sacrilegious act of disendowment and disestablishment, justifying his conduct by saying, 'I don't believe that the Church of Ireland has done her duty, for she is able to show so very few converts.' 'Pray,' said an Irish clergyman who was listening, 'in your great town parish you have thousands of Irish Roman Catholics settled as workmen—how many converts have you ever made?' 'Not one,' he answered. 'And yet you have law and order and public opinion on your side in England, and we have a miserably weak executive to protect, and public opinion of the mob altogether against us,' said the Irishman.

I shall never forget hearing the well-known Rev. Mr. —

telling a singular story of convert experience:

I was curate of the parish of ——, where there lived a convert and his wife, and, as fortune would have it, they dwelt in a cabin just two fields distant from the priest's house. One morning poor Pat came running up breathless to my house, and cried out, 'Oh, your reverince, I am ruined entirely!' 'How so, Pat?' said I to the poor convert, who dropped

exhausted into a chair. 'Oh, sir, I'm ruined; your honour is going off to-night to the fair that is to be held to-morrow morning, twenty miles off?' 'Yes, Pat,' I said; 'I want to buy a horse, and to sell the old one if I can.' 'Oh,' said Pat, 'I fear the ould coppal\* will be the means of ruining us. Could not your honour put up with him for another sayson?' possible, Pat,' said I; 'he's not up to my work at all. Morning, noon, and night, as you know, he has to be out visiting the flock, or taking a turn at the plough at intervals.' 'Och, poor coppaleen,† 'tis little you know, poor crathur, what harm you've done,' soliloquized Pat. 'But what is wrong, Pat?' said I, struck with his face of blank dismay. 'Could not your reverince put off your visit to the fair?' said he. 'Quite impossible,' answered I. 'Well, thin, we are ruined, and the cause is lost,' moaned poor Pat despondingly. 'You see, sir, Father Miles, the priest, has been telling all his people that he has challenged you to meet him and defend your faith, and that you are afraid to do so. Now, he knew a week ago that you are going to the fair, and so he fixed upon to-morrow, when you will be away, and he has told the people at early mass last Sunday that he has publicly challenged you to meet him at twelve o'clock to-morrow, at my house, and there and then to defind your faith against the questions that he'll ask you. All the counthry side is coming in, sir, to hear the discussion, as they think, and to see Father Miles turn me into a black goat afterwards. Now, your honour, could not you wait?' I turned the matter over in my own mind, and I said, 'Well, Pat, I suppose I must, but it's a great loss to me.' At this moment Pat gave a wild whoop of delight. 'I have it—I have it, your honour; it's all right! You can go, after all; but only jist lave me your honour's old white hat, with the black crape, that's hanging up in the hall.' 'But, Pat, the discussion.' 'Och, your reverince. lave it all to me-'tis safe in my hands.'

Pat went off in triumph, bearing the white hat wrapped up in a newspaper, and charging me not to make my mind unaisy, but to 'lave' all to him. I drove off that evening, intending, if possible, as the fair was early, to get back before noon. 'The priest said, your honour, that he knew you'd be afraid to meet him; that you had not even answered the letter which he sent you. Did he send you one?' 'No, indeed, Pat,' said I. 'But that he knew well you'd quit the country, you were so afraid to face him. But lave it all to me.' And as I drove

<sup>\*</sup> Horse.

along I noticed a peculiarly expressive smile upon the faces of the peasantry, which seemed very forcibly to say that they now knew that I was fairly afraid of Father Miles; and in some cases I overheard observations of a not very flattering type towards

myself.

The next day I had succeeded in despatching my business and in effecting the purchase of a young horse that I thought would suit my work, and had put him between the shafts of my gig, and found him, as I drove homewards, a first-rate trotter, though possessed of some peculiarities which did not enhance his value. It was exactly noon when I came in sight of my own house, and I was amazed by the large bodies of peasantry that I saw congregated in the road leading to Pat's cabin. very hedges were black with them, and the field leading down from the priest's dwelling was crowded with a huzzahing crowd, who waved their sticks, tossed their hats in the air, and shouted, 'Hurroo for Father Miles, and confusion to the heretic Sassenachs!' I could now see, as I drove rapidly along, a procession starting from the priest's hall-door. First came the chapel bell-ringer, waving wildly a large bell in his right hand, whose discordant notes, at intervals when the shouting lulled, boomed upon the ear; then came two little boys with censers and incense burning; then came the sexton; then the parish priest himself, wearing his cassock and cap, and holding a huge volume in his hand; and after him a heterogeneous mass of peasants, all straining their necks and fixing their eyes eagerly on poor Pat's back-door, which opened immediately out on a little yard that was sheltered by a hedge some five feet high. As yet I had not attracted the observation of the party, being sheltered as I drove along by the furze hedge. Suddenly I saw the procession stop. The bell-ringer ceased tolling, and fell back on the acolytes. They retreated on the sexton, and he dropped alongside his master, and he, with a look of blank dismay, halted, and looked attentively towards the little haggart behind Pat's cabin. The rear-ranks had faced up around him by this time, and every eye was concentrated on Pat's dwelling. 'What on earth can be the meaning of this?' thought I. Another moment and a deep groan burst from the mob; another and another followed, and then the priest fairly gathered up his cassock, and, shutting the big book, turned round and made for his own hall-door at a quick pace. Groans of sorrow and rage burst from the peasantry. Meantime, unobserved, I found myself opposite Pat's front-door, and ran into the haggart,

where peals of laughter were sounding from him and his wife. There I found Pat, holding a broomstick in his hand, on the top of which he had placed my old white hat, and every now and then elevating it or sinking it beneath the line of the hedge, so as to give the appearance of one watching the people in the field.

'Oh, your reverince,' shouted he, 'I'm fairly kilt with the dint of laughing. Oh, I'll never forget to my dying hour the look of Father Miles when he first caught sight of the ould hat, and thought that your head was under it, and that you were waiting there to answer him. How he started when I first moved it the laste bit in the world over the top of the haggart hedge! Look at thim, your reverince, how they are going; sure they are just like crows in a barn-field when they hear the sound of a gun.' Indeed, the sight was a strange one—the people all scattered themselves across the fields going homewards, evidently disgusted that the priest would not venture to face the minister after all. In vain the sexton assured them that it was only a 'strong weakness' that came over Father Miles. In vain he hinted that a few days more and the challenge would be renewed. It would not do. Pat was not changed into a black goat—the minister was not faced; the cause was lost, and the heretics were triumphant. As yet they did not know about Pat's ruse, but when the real facts were disclosed, dire was their wrath, great their anger, vivid their displeasure with their priest. I need not say that he never renewed his attempt at controversy save inside the four walls of the chapel or among his own flock, when he was certain that no heretics were present.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## THE STAFF-SURGEON'S STORY.

'There are a few more men coming,' said the staff-surgeon; 'we may as well wait a few minutes for them.' We were engaged in holding a prayer-meeting at Charles Fort. It was a lovely summer evening; I had rowed myself down from Kinsale, and the little boat was waiting at the Summer Cove landing-place. Far away the blue ocean mirrored itself beneath the sierra-like hills, and a faint breath of air rippled the waters 'neath the embrasures of the deserted block-house, whose black ramparts rose frowningly across the harbour, while the white sails of the drifting yacht loomed past, and the sentry's shadow gloomed the waters 'neath the steep bastions of the fort.

'I can, from my own experience, speak of the wondrous power of earnest believing prayer,' resumed the doctor. about a year since, when I was returning on sick-leave from India. We had drawn in with the English coast, as we imagined, and for days we had been surrounded by an exceedingly dense fog, so that the captain was unable to take an observation to ascertain our exact position; and, of course, everyone on board was exceedingly anxious, for we dreaded lest the currents might be sweeping us to destruction on the iron-bound shore. The captain looked very grave; the officers, the crew, the passengers, shared his anxiety. "It will be a bad business if this fog continues," said the captain to me, as we were pacing the quarter-deck together. The sea was calm; the dense fog spread over ship and ocean; you could not see the canvas drooping from the yards, nor scarce a hand-space before you. The ship's bell kept continually tolling; men on the look-out forward strained their eyes, but could not see the jibboom before them. We were in a critical state, for we knew

we must be well in with the coast, and every moment we expected to hear the cry of "Breakers ahead!" "I have known much," continued the captain, "of the wonderful effects which have followed earnest prayer. Do you not think, doctor, that it would be well if we assembled ourselves and laid our danger before the Lord?" I need not tell you how eagerly I assented to the captain's proposal; there were on board some decided followers of the Lord Jesus, who had for years past witnessed for Him, both on shipboard and in military life. And soon the whole ship's company that could be spared from duty, and the troops, were mustered aft; and there, with a deep unwonted solemnity reigning all around, each face wearing an aspect of earnestness, each knee bent in prayer, we besought the Lord that He would enable us to ascertain the ship's position, and so calm our deep anxiety. There was much searching of heart Many an earnest cry was made for pardon through the atoning blood of Jesus. Tears stood in many eyes that had been long unused to weeping. We all felt our great danger. We all knew that none but God could deliver us from it. And so the day passed on, the fog of the night succeeding that of the day with murky darkness; and as the transport rolled upon the waves as she lay hove to, every now and then in the darkness of the moonless, starless night, the dash of the sea against her bows would seem like the shock of breakers, and the continued ringing of the ship's bell sounded like a mournful dirge, as the glare of the lamps contended against the murky, stifling night fog that shrouded deck and spars and sail.

'I was lying in my berth next day reading, or trying to read, by the assistance of a little lamp. It was drawing on to twelve o'clock, when an observation could be made if only the sun appeared, but all was intense mistiness; still the fog, dark and gloomy, fast held us. Just ten minutes to twelve. The only moment for an observation would be at twelve, and all was darkness still. Five minutes to twelve. A bright dazzling flash of sunlight streamed through the cabin window across my book; the next moment a sound of feet trampling overhead. I rushed upon deck. The sun beamed out upon us with a bright dazzling radiance. The mist and fog seemed to part to the right and left hand. The captain stood on deck taking an observation. "Thanks be to God," he said, "for His great mercy in answering prayer—for we are saved." The observation was taken; the dense fog swept over the sun's face again,

and all was mist and murkiness; but once more gathered together, we adored the Lord who had heard our prayer—granted an answer to it—and enabled us to know exactly where we were. It is not to be wondered at that God should answer earnest and believing prayer. I have often thought that if His people were to keep a record of His answers to their cries, how deeply interesting such a collected mass of answered prayers would be. He that saith, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me,"\* hath also said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do." '†

Another remarkable answer to prayer was related to me at our Cornish fishermen's meeting at the Bethel which these hardy mariners attend during the season, when the boats have run in on Friday evening, and the nets are examined and repaired, and the Sabbath comes round again, the rejoicing of these manly fishermen's hearts. We had concluded our service. the exquisite harmony of the Cornish hymns had sunk into silence, when an old fisher-captain stood up with bronzed, weather-beaten face, and voice like a speaking-trumpet. 'I was down,' he said, 'some years ago in the Australian gold mines, and felt very lonely like. Oh, sir, it was a scene to make one sad to stand there as I stood at the door of my tent on the Sabbath-day, and to see the cock-fighting, and racing, and drinking, and gambling that was going on all round. was down in the world; had a wife and children waiting for me at Cornwall, and wanted to bring home something that might lift up their heads above water. Well, sir, I left the encampment sick at heart, the blasphemies and foul talking ringing in my ears, and I strolled up the hill that rose right over my tent, for I wanted to hold communion with my God. Oh, how different the Sabbath there to a Cornwall Sabbath: no sweet sound of hymn, no reading of the Word, no unfolding of the great love of God to perishing sinners-all these rough, swarthy, bearded men, as far as I could see, spending the blessed day in sin.

'As I walked up the hill, I thought of God's loving promises. Oh, sir, how very near God is to those who love Him—how peculiarly near they feel His presence in a far distant land;' and the old man, as he stood surrounded by a group of Cornishmen, laid his hand upon the bench before him, and when he looked up again a tear stole down his rugged face. I remembered the times in a far distant land, surrounded by

<sup>\*</sup> Psalm l. 15.

strange faces, and with a strange language borne to mine ears, when I had proved the truth of his words, and upon the Sabbath day in loneliness a stranger had found how very close our loving Father seemed to be. 'I walked up the hill,' he continued, 'where, under a tall tree, there stood a huge stone, or small rock. This, I said, shall be my Bethel, and then I knelt down and held communion with my Saviour. asked Him if there was another man in the camp who had given his heart to Him and tried to serve Him; that He would graciously bring that man and me together; and then I read the Book of God as I lay under that great green tree, the very air around simmering with sun-heat, and so the Sabbath wore away.' There are men who profess to disbelieve in the power of prayer-like as there are men who say that they do not believe in God. I have seen such on shipboard, and I have seen when the wild tempest blast careered over the deep, and the struggling ship, with a single fore-tausle set, close-reefed, would stagger like a drunkard beneath the whelming surges as they swept clean over her. I have seen their faces of despair as they have grovelled on the deck before Him whose awful majesty they had dared to mock at; I have heard their cries for mercy; and I have known then that infidelity won't do in a dying hour. Prayer was rooted deep by God Himself in man's nature, and it must come out.

'The next morning, when I went off to my work, crossing the slope of the hill, I saw a man coming to meet me. I did not say a word as he drew near: he wore a miner's suit, looked an honest, manly, bronzed fellow, with a cheerful smile on his face. He just halted in front of me, put out his hand, and cried, "Welcome, brother." Sir, that man was one who loved the Lord; and see how thus God answered my prayer. far as I could learn, there was not another man in the whole camp that cared for heavenly things. We worked together as mates while we continued at the mines, and many a happy hour we had together of prayer and communion with our loving God. After a time, he continued, I grew tired of the mines, and got a berth on board a square-rigged craft, homeward bound, that was just going to Mauritius. I found myself among a lot of as wild, careless fellows as ever trod a plank, and it was hard work, sir, to pray before them, but I was given grace to do so, and I persevered. Well, when we came to harbour-our captain, I must tell you, was dead against religion—I went aft to the quarter-deck, and touched my hat, as

I asked leave to go to the floating-chapel. He turned away, and the next word was an order to man the gig, and drop me on board her; and, sir, what should I see after a bit, but, as I sat in my place during Divine service, the whole ship's company from our craft all trooping in and taking their places as nicely as you could imagine among us. I have seen, sir, that sailors and soldiers mark a man who boldly hoists the Gospel flag, but when they see that he is in earnest they respect him, and then he has great influence over them; and I would say to any young fellow on shipboard, "Just you give your heart now to the Lord, declare for Him, ask Him to give you strength not to be ashamed of Him or His service, and He will bring you through more than conqueror, through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us."

'I remember,' said a young captain, 'what occurred not long ago on our Cornish coast. I was down on the shore, and there a brigantine was driven in by the gale right under the cliffs. Well, we launched a boat, and by great exertions succeeded in rescuing the hands, who were all forward, but we could not get near the captain, who was at the wheel aft. Poor fellow! we saw him climb up the main-mast shrouds, and when he got up he worked his way, hand over hand, along the stay, between the fore and main masts. You see, sir, he could not go along the deck, for the white waves were making a clean breach over the ship's waist. I think I see him now, with his hair blown back by the storm, his pale face turned aloft as he slowly worked upwards. At last he neared the fore mast. All eyes were fixed on him; one moment more he would be saved. He grasped a rope, and let go his hold on the stay, and down with lightning speed, and with a wild, despairing cry of agony, he fell, and was killed upon the deck beneath. sir, he had got hold of the wrong rope—he had caught part of the running rigging instead of the right rope—and he was And surely the prayerless man has got hold of the wrong rope, and that prayerless soul will find, when it is too late, that no prayerless soul has ever entered into glory. It is an easy matter to pray now to the loving Lord God, to ask Him to wash away all our sins in the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus, but it will be an awful matter for a lost soul to drift before God's throne, to meet a God there in wondrous majesty whom he has never earnestly sought on earth by prayer.

The band of Cornish fishermen standing round remained

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silent for a few moments, and then voice after voice burst forth into the sweet plaintive cadence of the hymn:

'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains—
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We belong to the band, Hallelujah!
No tears shall be shed when we all do meet—
We belong to the band, Hallelujah!

# Out on the night air rolled the echoed words:

'The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, more vile than he,
Wash all my sins away.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We belong to the band, Hallelujah!
No tears shall be shed when we all do meet—
We belong to the band, Hallelujah!

## CHAPTER XLII.

#### THE MEETING.

THERE was much commotion in our quiet old town the day that the Royal Ulster Artillery marched into our barracks, and assumed the guardianship of our interests. The Royal Ulsters were a very fine regiment, physically speaking, and much and varied comment was made among the lower classes of the town, upon the startling fact of an Irish regiment having only some forty men going to mass; while the Presbyterian clergyman used to come over from Bandon to attend to the large proportion of the men who belonged to his Church, and the officers and rest of the regiment used to march down to the old church of St. Multose for Divine service. An English Protestant regiment quartered among them the Kinsale inhabitants would think natural enough, but it seemed a prodigy to the peasantry of De Courcy's country, to the wild Seine men of the shore, and the Roman Catholic townspeople generally, that a whole regiment of Protestant men could belong to any Irish county.

The men behaved themselves very quietly, giving offence to none of their southern friends. They went on as peaceably as though they were not all and each reputed to be Orangemen of

the most purple dye.

The great northern revival wave at this period was spreading over the whole Ulster province, and as daily these men received letters from their homes, telling of the wondrous work that was going on, a deep solemnity reigned among the thoughtful ones, while even the wildest were compelled to think and ponder over the strange accounts which reached them, of wilder and more hopeless friends having been changed, and made to rejoice at becoming the servants of Him who bought them with His own precious blood.

It was a lovely July evening, the waters of the beauteous land-locked harbour of Kinsale sparkled in the still sunlight haze of the calm evening hour, and the smoke of the distant steamers floated in a light cloud along the serene sky; the red sails of out-going fishing-boats dotted the ocean, and the quaint old houses of the town rose from the green gardens that bordered on the water, and here and there the sun-burnt Seine fishermen were dragging in their nets to the shore; while the frightened fish, swarming together in silvery flashing masses, were making wild, unavailing efforts to escape, as nearer and nearer still the brown folds of the net were drawn by their wildly-clamouring captors to the shore, until at last the whole space of the rapidly contracting net became one agitated mass of living captives, madly darting from side to side, finding in vain all frantic efforts to burst from their ever-diminishing prison.

As I gazed upon this busy scene, and meditated upon the comparison which our blessed Saviour has instituted between it and the end of the world—when the angels shall draw the Gospel net to the shores of eternity—I saw approaching me a young soldier, something in whose air and agitated manner attracted me. At first he was passing on, after acknowledging my greeting with a sad smile, and a word or two of response; but as I drew nearer, and, impelled by a secret impulse, began to speak to him, I saw that he was evidently suffering under some great sorrow.

After walking a few paces alongside the young soldier, and making some remark upon the pleasure which I had in seeing so many of the men present the Sabbath evening before in the House of God, I asked him if he would attend the prayermeeting which some pious soldiers intended to hold upon next Thursday evening in the barracks? Never shall I forget the look of concentrated agony which came into his face as he said, 'It is no use, sir—no use; I am a backslider! joined the service I have given up prayer, and God has given me up too. I feel most miserable.' I stopped and laid my hand upon his shoulder. 'You must come back to God at once,' 'You must begin to pray at once. You must ask God to wash away this great sin of backsliding in the precious Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed on the cross for you, and if you come to Him at once, and earnestly and believingly Remember what He ask Him, He will assuredly pardon you. says Himself: "Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause Mine anger to fall upon you, for I

am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep Mine anger for ever. Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God."\* And now look here, dear friend, to the reason why the Lord will have mercy: "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you, and I will take you one of a city and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion." And now, mark well, God says, "I am married unto you." How dear a relationship! how close the bond! how great the love on God's part! He is willing to receive you, He is yearning to pardon. Come, then, ask God to pardon you for the sake of His dear Son, and to give you the gift of the Holy Spirit that you may be helped to pray and to persevere in supplication.' 'Oh, sir,' he broke in wildly, 'you don't know what it is to pray in a barrack-room, with all your comrades laughing at and mocking you, perhaps hurling things at your head, and calling you saint and hypocrite, when they cry out, "What a pretty fellow you are to pray!" 'It must be done,' I said; 'remember'—and I spoke low and solemnly—'it is for a great prize, it is for a crown of glory. Remember, Christ hath said,† "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's, and of the holy angels." 'Oh!' he cried, with a groan, 'that text seems burnt into my very soul. I was once a Sabbath-school teacher, and loved to speak of Jesus, and now I am most wretched,' and he hastily strode off, the first post sounding from the barrack bugles.

Two nights had passed away, and almost on the same spot I met with him again; his eyes looked absolutely maddened, his mien that of one enduring the greatest mental conflict. 'Dear friend,' said I, 'have you come back yet—have you commenced to pray?' With a wild, tortured glance, he carried his hand to his cap, and cried, 'Sir—sir—I cannot do it; I am too great a coward to do it; I am afraid of my comrades to do it; I am ashamed of man to do it, and I feel that I am going mad,' and with a rapid step he passed on, clearly unwilling that I should accompany him.

I lifted up my heart to God, that He who alone could do it, would give His Holy Spirit to this poor backslider, would enable him to return to his loving Father once more, would strengthen him to pray, and restore to his weary soul the joys of Christ's salvation.

<sup>\*</sup> Jer. iii. 12, 13, 14.

The evening for the prayer-meeting came. It was a special one, between Divine service on the Sabbath. At the Thursday evening meeting the poor soldier had not presented himself, but now the room was crowded with the men and their wives. A deep anxiety reigned in many a heart. A great work of God was at this time progressing in the far distant north, and some of the men had received letters telling of many delightful conversions occurring among members of their families residing there.

After praise and prayer, my brother minister delivered a deeply earnest address to the men, and then sigh after sigh burst forth from many a soldier's heart, and it seemed as though that barrack-room had become a Bochim—a scene of

weeping.

Tear upon tear, moan after moan, testified to the deep anxiety that existed in many a heart; truly the presence of God's Holy Spirit was felt in that meeting that evening, as strong men came forward anxiously inquiring, 'What shall I do to be saved?' and they were told, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." 'Bring your sins to Jesus, and He will wash them all away in His precious blood; come to Him, renouncing all dependence, giving up all trust on your own righteousness, and accept that free f gift of Christ's righteousness which will present you faultless before God's throne, as St. Paul says in the third chapter of Philippians and ninth verse, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but (having) that (righteousness) which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith;' that self-same gift of righteousness which, receiving, you 'shall reign in life by One, Jesus Christ' (Rom. v. 17). Among these soldiers, with tears flowing down his cheeks—but tears of joy and not of sorrow stood William Semple. 'Oh!' he cried, with rapture, 'Jesus hath forgiven me, and now I have great peace. I came back last night to Him. I went down resolutely on my knees before all the men in my room at bedtime, and prayed and struggled in silent prayer, and, thank God, He hath sent me an answer of peace. I am a pardoned backslider. He hath washed me in His precious blood from my sins, and now, believing in Jesus, I have peace with my Father and my God. From henceforth, Lord Jesus, make me and keep me Thy servant for ever.'

<sup>\*</sup> Acts xvi. 30.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

#### THE ROYAL ULSTERS.

Some days had passed away, and, in accordance with the melancholy precedent which I have always remarked at Kinsale, that no regiment ever marched into our barracks without leaving some dead in the old churchyard after them, short as might be the period of their stay, a death took place. A young soldier of the Royal Ulsters, while bathing, was carried out of his depth and drowned. Life was extinct when the body was recovered. It was an imposing ceremony to witness. The whole regiment was paraded for the funeral; and, as the firing party took the word of command from the sergeant-major, and the volleys rang over the grave, a great concourse of townspeople gathered round the gate of the churchyard, or struggled in with the troops.

I have had very frequently to deplore the want of common decency shown at funerals by the mob assembled, as on occasions of this sort, laughing, talking out loudly, pushing one another. I have seen a tumultuous mass of spectators come surging in the churchyard, and have even seen the ears of girls and boys stuffed with cotton-wool, lest they might imbibe heresy from the strains of our noble Burial Service. behaviour is, of course, very much adapted to exasperate the feelings of strangers whose dead is about to be laid in the grave. Many a time have I blushed for the conduct of the mob at occasions of this sort, and wondered what on earth Englishmen or Scotsmen could think of us. This behaviour, of course, is not always adopted, for I have seen large assemblages acting most decorously, and have over and over again addressed large gatherings at funerals, and pointed out as clearly as I could the way of salvation, through the atonement and merit alone of the Lord Jesus, and have been heard with great attention; but sometimes the ill-conduct of some of the lowest classes brings disgrace upon those who are far, indeed, from sharing in such proceedings. The rabble round the gate upon this occasion kept up an incessant uproar, and annoyed the Royal Ulsters exceedingly. The men were very indignant; and afterwards, when saluted in the streets with the favourite cries of 'soupers,' and 'Orangemen,' I had reason to fear that, as the twelfth of July was fast approaching, evil might come of it.

My brother minister then wrote to the captain in command of the regiment—for all officers of field rank chanced to be absent—stating that he had heard that the men intended to celebrate the twelfth, and that he was apprehensive that something might occur, suggesting that it would be expedient to confine the men to barracks for that day. To this letter he received a rather curt reply; and when the day arrived the commanding officer dismissed all parades, kept in his officers, and about fifty picked men, and rashly allowed the rest of the regiment to go out into the town.

Meantime, word had been sent to the Courcies' country, to the men living therein, to be ready to march into Kinsale, so as to be ready, should the Royal Ulsters break out, to help the Kinsale men to contend *pro aris et focis*. The signal, it was understood, was to be the ringing of the chapel and convent bells.

That evening, at five o'clock, I was standing on the Green of Kinsale, beneath the Assembly Rooms, when suddenly wild cries proceeding from the fishing quarter, called the 'World's End, met my ear. This strange old dilapidated part of Kinsale consists of numerous deserted, ruined houses, and others in a state of semi-ruin, which are still inhabited by the fishing population of the town. To glance at the glassless windows, the slateless roofs, the walls falling apart from age, you would, indeed, pity human beings condemned to live Interspersed with these ruins, some more habitable cottages appear, and in these a large population reside. strange, picturesque peep is often to be had inside these tenements—a Tenier's view of men and women with fishing-lines and hooks hanging up, nets draped from the wall, boat-hooks and spars radiating along the smoked sides of the hut, and highly-coloured florid paintings of saints and angels, such as the Irish peasant's mind delights in—for he is essentially fond

of art, and the rudest cabin boasts its decoration in some Madonna or saint hanging on the wall.

Hastening down the hill, arriving in the quaint old winding street known as 'Fisher's' Street, I saw a band of some sixty militia soldiers, waving sticks and cheering, apparently in a state of semi-intoxication. The Royal Ulsters had broken out at last. Rushing forward among them, I entreated them to desist from violence-for they were already throwing stones at the windows as they passed along—and to respect the old town. The first files had passed along, and I was reasoning with the others, when suddenly a herculean artilleryman, waving a stick high in the air, swept back from the front row, and describing evolutions in the air over my head with his stick, inquired who on earth I was that dared interrupt them? I thought that the stick and my head would soon become acquainted, when, to my intense relief, another militiaman leaped forward, and shouted out, 'That's my minister, and let me see who dare touch him!' The giant, who meantime had expressed his intention of demolishing me, now rapturously laid hold of me, and shouted out, 'We'll chair his reverince through the streets, boys!' This suggestion was at once encored by a score of voices, much to my horror, and in imagination I already felt myself chaired through the town, sticks waving around, and stones flying through the air as dense as leaves in Vallombrosa; but strongly protesting against the honour, and urgently begging the militiamen, who were excited by drink, to desist from violence, to spare the windows, and abstain from collision with our people, I followed the artillerymen as fast as I could up the street, and as long as I could keep near to them no stones were thrown. At last a militiaman turned back and said, 'It is of no use keeping with us; you may get an accidental blow that we would be sorry for. I would advise your reverince not to follow us on.' Still I kept on, and now arriving in a network of narrow streets, which radiate from the head of the main street, the cries and shouts, cheers and screams, of women and men, soldiers and townsmen, met the ear. The Kinsale men, taken by surprise at first, as the militia swept on, and as they commenced throwing stones at their windows, soon rallied and armed themselves with anything they could lay hold of. I heard a scream near me as I rushed down the lane, making my way to the barracks to ask the commanding officer to turn out a picket to bring in his men-'Oh, he's kilt! he's kilt!' And when I reached the Long Quay, I saw three

who had now rallied in force, and bleeding copiously.

artillerymen lying full length, prostrated by their opponents,

The militiamen were now driven back, and as I rushed up to the barracks, whither my brother minister had preceded by another route, hearing the tumult as he stood in the Vicarage garden, I found the barrack square a scene of the wildest confusion. The square was crowded with hundreds of the Royal Ulsters, who had just heard of the tumult in the town, and as blood-stained comrades came rushing up from below, crying to them to come out and help them, the men became fearfully excited. I sought out the commanding officer, and entreated him at once to put a guard over the men's rifles, lest they might seize them, and then it would be all at an end with poor old Kinsale. He replied that it was a good suggestion, and gave orders to that effect; but meantime the men had anticipated him, and to my great dread I saw an artilleryman running downstairs with a rifle, and proceeding to load outside the door. Upon my asking him to give me up the rifle, he at once complied with my request; but now the rest of the men had seized their rifles, and were commencing to load upon the barrack square. The officers commanded the men to give up their firelocks, but they refused in many instances. My brother minister and I met with a better reception. Going among them, we entreated them to resign their rifles, and at last we had the satisfaction of seeing them cast down on the square. Things were in such confusion that the weapons were not gathered up in time, and the men, as their comrades came in and passed across to hospital bleeding and wounded, became almost frantic with excitement. The commanding officer, meantime, had the gate closed, after first sending out a strong picket to endeavour to bring off his men from the town; and a picked party of men guarded it to keep their comrades from rushing out to aid those contending in the town.

The excitement now increased as the Royal Ulsters caught sight of a battery of Royal Artillery—the troopers thereof, not, of course, the guns—sweeping up on foot at a rapid pace with drawn sabres from Charles Fort, in order to clear the town, while after them marched a couple of companies of the line. The men in barracks, who had wrongly imagined that the affray had been commenced by the Kinsale people, now tried to climb the walls of the barrack square, to rush out to meet the Royal Artillery, whose interference they deeply resented. Again they laid hold of their rifles, which had been left lying

on the parade-ground where they had resigned them some half-hour previously. They tried to scale the walls, while my brother minister and I entreated, besought, and in some cases even pulled the men back from climbing the wall. One man, his face streaming with blood, whom I had seen in the town at the beginning of the riot, and who was half intoxicated, charged a captain of the regiment, who had ordered him to the guardroom, with his levelled rifle and bayonet. As the gunner swept on, fortunately I pushed him aside by a vigorous effort, and he then rushed upon me instead, but recognising my face, turned aside, much to my satisfaction.

Meantime, the picked men at the gate, among whom I saw William Semple, stood loyally at their post, and repulsed with levelled rifles every effort of their comrades to pass out. Perceiving that the wounded men, who had been badly hurt in the riot in the town, as they passed into the hospital and then emerged from it with their bandaged heads and blood-stained faces, caused great excitement among the men, I suggested to a sergeant to keep them inside hospital, or to bring them to their quarters another way, which he accordingly did. My brother pastor was indefatigable in calming and soothing the minds of the men, who, it must be recollected, were merely militiamen very recently enlisted, and scarcely possessed of much idea of discipline. The troops in the town, under the guidance of my worthy father-in-law, John S. Bird, J.P., had gradually cleared the streets of the Royal Ulsters; but the De Courcies' countrymen remained posted in great strength under the convent, continuing there all the night; and about midnight, the General, with two troops of dragoons, galloped down from Cork. The 'assembly' was sounded, and the Royal Ulsters marched off to Cork, leaving Kinsale behind

It was singular that the Roman Catholic soldiers in the regiment helped their comrades in the riot, and were as much incensed with the Kinsale men as any soldier of the corps.

Much was it to be lamented that the misconduct of some drunken, rioting soldiers should thus have caused a strong feeling of exasperation in the town. One unfortunate soldier, who had taken no part in the riot, but was returning from a walk, was chased by a party of Kinsaleites, and flew for life into the furze covers and woods of the 'Farm' on the riverside. He was captured and cruelly beaten. Several of the men, indeed, were severely injured. Four soldiers of the regiment

were left behind in hospital, suffering from smallpox. This was unknown to the people of the town; for in their excited state, and there being only a sergeants' guard of the line on the barracks, there was a great danger that these men might suffer for their comrades' folly. Sick as they were, these poor fellows crawled out for their rifles; and when I went up to the hospital, I found the poor men with their rifles by their bedside, expecting every moment to hear the mob coming up to attack them. When they had reached convalescence, the worthy Vicar procured a car and sent them off to Cork, much to their delight. And thus ended the Town and Soldiers' Riot of Kinsale, which will be long remembered in the annals of the old, quaint watering-place. While the De Courcies' men remained in Kinsale, it was not very pleasant for those whom they thought were of Ulster sympathies. They stated that, only they had seen the two clergymen-the Vicar and his curate—hazard their own lives to try to quell the riot and to save Kinsale, they would have wrecked the houses of the Protestants in revenge for the soldiers' behaviour. When men on both sides are exasperated, one cannot wonder at hot things being said and wrong acts committed. How great must be the responsibility of those who, on either side, would inflame evil passions or excite the violence of party spirit! Men can surely retain principles firmly—even more firmly—by having love in their hearts to one another, than, by way of testing the strength of their principles, first experimenting on one another's heads with their blackthorns.

For many years I had lost sight of William Semple; and it was only a few days ago that one of the captains of the Royal Ulsters called upon me, and, after many mutual inquiries after old friends, we spoke of William Semple. 'He joined my Bible class,' said the Captain, 'which I held for the men; and it was one night that, ere we were marched away from Kinsale, he told me that he had peace. He left the regiment and got a very good post in London, and some time after, poor fellow, he died; but he sent me—you know I was then lieutenant of his company—a message that came home to my heart. It was, that he thanked God that he had ever come to Kinsale, and had become a member of my Bible class; that he was dying in perfect peace with his Father in heaven, and in full expectation of heavenly rest through the Blood of the Lamb.'

It may be that someone may read this chapter who has not peace with God, who perhaps, may have been once His

servant, but who is so no longer. I would say to you, dear reader, Do not lay down this book until you have in heart given yourself again to God. He hath said to you, by the mouth of the prophet Hosea, 'Take with you words, and turn to the Lord; say unto Him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, for in Thee the fatherless findeth mercy. I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely, for Mine anger is turned away from him.'\* And again, the Prophet Micah saith: 'Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy. He will turn again. He will have compassion upon us. He will subdue our iniquities, and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.'†

\* Hosea xiv. 2-8.

† Micah vii. 18, 19.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## THE STORY OF MRS. VANNIX.

I HAD concluded our simple Scriptural worship in the little schoolroom. The worshippers had withdrawn, with the exception of the old clerk, John Woods, and his wife Martha Woods, who was speaking to a respectable-looking young woman who still lingered inside the little porch. Presently she came up to me, and brought with her the stranger, who, she said, was Mrs. Vannix, wife of a 'strong'\* farmer who lived in the hills some three miles away. Mrs. Vannix dropped a courtesy, and asked me if my reverence would be so kind as to come and see her mother, who was ill, and had been so for some days past. I inquired if she considered her in any danger, and, as she seemed to deem it probable that she could not last very long, I told her that I would go at once, and gave her a seat in the car which was waiting outside. My duties at Riverstick-there being no residence where I could reside in—were performed by my driving over from my father's residence, Horsehead House, some seven or eight miles, and back again. congregation consisted of some sixty persons, chiefly families of respectable farmers, scattered over a wide hilly area of country. Divine service was performed in the schoolroom, and during the week the children used to gather together for instruction in the building, presided over by old John Woods, who for many a year had been identified with Riverstick. respectable Roman Catholic farmer, a man of liberal views, who lived opposite the schoolhouse, kindly allowed the horse and car to be put up on every occasion in his out-offices, and, as the driver used to observe, 'There was no fear of a feed of oats being wanting.'

There was something very singular in my companion's

<sup>\*</sup> I.e., 'large' or 'respectable,' having a good farm.

aspect; a pale face, with regular features, was rendered remarkable by eyes which shone with a strange lustrous light. They were piercing, and of a deep violet colour, set far back beneath a high and broad brow. She seemed very silent, apparently absorbed in her own thoughts, which evidently were far from pleasant. We were ascending the hills, and were fast losing the regular highway, until at last the driver stopped the horse, and said, through the open window, 'The boreen is too bad for travelling; the springs would never stand it.' succession of fearful joltings had prepared me to easily acquiesce in his statement; so we descended and walked up a desolate boreen, or hill lane, the golden furze-flowers lining the sides, and the lark singing high in air above us as we advanced. Presently a gate appeared, and then a pair of very truculent mastiffs, who eyed me ominously, but slunk away a few paces at my companion's rebuke. 'Not that way, your reverence; that's the kitchen-door,' said my companion, as a sharp little terrier leaped forth with a shrill bark of joy and surprise, and a flock of turkeys followed after. 'Here is the front-door; and here, your reverence, is Vannix himself.' The farmer, a finelooking, honest-faced young man, heartily welcomed me, and placed an armchair for me near the fire, while his wife passed into the sick-room.

I found old Mrs. Vannix seated, propped up by pillows, in her bed. The ravages of disease had wasted a face remarkable for an air of stern determination, which unmistakably spoke from her black, piercing, glittering eyes. She beckoned to me to be seated, and as I took the chair, I saw a young woman of a singularly strange aspect, who hid herself behind the curtains, and once or twice uttered a stifled sob. After I had read a portion of the Word of God, the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, as I repeated the closing words, 'We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God, for He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. We, then, as workers together with Him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain; for He saith, I have heard thee in an accepted time, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee: behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' I dwelt on these glorious words which show forth our loving Father's yearning love for us; God absolutely beseeching us to be reconciled to Him. Jesus

crucified on Calvary, and yet His Father beseeching us, whose sins fastened Him to the cross to receive salvation. How wondrous! The sinless Jesus being made our sin, and we in Him, by a sweet substitution, being made absolutely the righteousness of God, and pictured a poor forlorn sinner thus believing on Jesus, thus obtaining pardon through his sins being washed away in His precious blood, and Christ's righteousness becoming his. After I had prayed and had risen again to my feet, the old lady, who had uttered but a single word or two all the time, stating that it hurt her to speak, stretched forth her hand and held mine in a firm grasp for a moment or two. Looking up in my face with a ghastly expression, she whispered in a hoarse voice, 'My money, my money, my lost money!' Sob after sob proceeded from the form standing in the shadow of the curtain, while a second man beside Vannix, who now stood at the foot of the bed, and whose face wore a strange expression that told that Reason seemed as though she had left her throne, now laughed a curious mocking laugh, and bursting into tears, young Mrs. Vannix cried, 'Oh, mother darling, don't mind your lost money now, but think of your immortal soul!' The man whom I have mentioned as being in the room now went into the parlour, and Vannix whispered to me that he was his brother-in-law, son to the old lady, who was his aunt as well as his mother in-law; that if he said anything or did anything strange, for me not to mind it-for that he had only come out of the county lunatic asylum a couple of days before, and that, although getting better, his head was not well yet, poor fellow. Also that his sister-in-law was in the very same way, although she, too, was much better than she had been, having been very bad in her mind. Still, the old lady kept turning her eyes on me, and still she sadly uttered the words, 'Oh, my lost money!' 'You see, sir,' said Vannix, as he gazed sadly at her, 'she was wife of one of the best-off men in the whole county of Limerick, and she, on his death, lost all her money, ay, and I am sorry to say, her daughter's and her son's too, by persuading them to join her in some rash speculation—some of those cheating bubble companies that are as plentiful as blackberries nowadays. Her brother is a very wealthy man—you know Mr. B——?' mentioning a well-known citizen's name—' but he won't give her a farthing now. But I see the rain coming over the hills, and I am afraid you'll have a long wet drive home, your reverence.'

My next visit to Mrs. Vannix was marked by the same dull

impassiveness on her part to her eternal state. She would give a cold assent to my observations, but evidently her mind was engrossed with the one predominant master-thought. money, my lost money!' she would hoarsely whisper, as I stood by her bedside. The day, which had been a very fine sunny one, suddenly seemed overcast, a moaning wind wailed onward from the hills, and as peal after peal of thunder was heard, flashes of bright, vivid lightning played through the room. Poor Vannix and his sister seemed fearfully agitated. His eyes gleamed with a wild excitement; and as the very dogs crouched before the fire in the parlour, the shrill voice of the old woman was heard amid the loud roar of the thunder and the rattling of the hail-drops against the windows, crying out, 'Oh, my money! my lost money!' I could not help a shudder. Here was an immortal soul trembling over the very verge of the everlasting abyss of woe, and yet no cry of peni tence or earnest prayer for pardon, had crossed her lips. Still the storm rose in fearful grandeur, and still the cry was heard, 'Oh, my money! my lost money!' Vannix himself now came in, much to my relief, and the invalid gradually sank into a disturbed slumber. That night Mrs. Vannix died. They told me that about twelve o'clock a great change for the worse seemed to come, and she asked to be propped up in bed. It was a densely dark night, no star to be seen in the midnight sky, and they stood around her bed, for evidently the sands of life were sinking very low. Her son-in-law prayed with her, but she did not seem to heed him. Her daughter uttered broken, sob-interrupted petitions for mercy for the dying one. She herself had not uttered a word. 'Lord Jesus, have mercy upon her poor soul,' cried Vannix. 'Oh, Lord Jesus, wash away all her sins in Thy precious blood, and make her whiter than snow.' She seemed not to hear, but suddenly she cried out, 'Oh, my money! my lost money! my lost——' She ceased, and fell back dead; and at the moment the house seemed to tremble as though it were shaken by an earthquake. 'Oh, sir,' said Vannix, 'it was terrible!'

The funeral was one of the saddest that I have ever seen. Crowds of peasantry and farmers, on horseback and foot, assembled round the house. When I entered the parlour the coffin was lying on two chairs, and Mrs. Vannix, with her pale, stern face, met my view as she lay in it. The wild strains of the death-keen were heard sinking and rising alternately from the cloaked mourners, who sat outside the door, ever and

anon exchanging an ejaculation with one another. Vannix and his equally afflicted sister seemed in the depths of despair. Mrs. Vannix in vain tried to keep her back, when suddenly she darted from her grasp, and threw herself upon the dead form lying in the coffin. She kissed her cold brow; kissed her pale lips; her tears poured down like rain upon the white cheeks-'Oh, mother, darling mother, don't you know me? Won't you say only one word to me?' At last I drew her away from the coffin, and she fell fainting on my shoulder. The black plumes waved sadly in the morning air as we advanced on our long way to the ruined old church and yewsurrounded churchyard by the still waters of the Lee-, while, as we entered on the highroad, the wailing sounds of the keeners' lamentation echoed back from the furze-covered hills, as we laid, several hours after, the dead in the old family burying-place of Kil-darrig churchyard. I thought: 'Oh how terrible a commentary have I not met with here! In the solemn words of Holy Scripture, "The love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows; but thou, O man of God, flee these things and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness; fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called."'\* Sad at heart, I turned away from the old church, with its pointed archway rising over the rippling waters of the Lee, as the startled blackbird poured forth its song, and the mourners slowly departed on their homeward journey, while the sinking sun illumined the distant hills.

\* 1 Tim. vi. 10-12.

# CHAPTER XLV.

### THE SEINE MAN'S STORY.

I REMEMBER a worthy English clergyman, who had come as a deputation for some society to my church, telling with great gusto how he had been recently in Killarney, and how that, when he saw the crowd coming out of the Roman Catholic cathedral, he at once asked his host, an earnest Irish Rector, "Could you not give me a chair, that I might address these people in the open air?" At first, he said, he made me no reply; but as I repeated my question, looking at me very gravely, he asked, "Did you ever hear of the fate of St. Stephen? I am afraid you would soon experience it."

At the time that the hundred missionaries came across from England some years ago, in order to make a simultaneous effort by preaching in the open air, when two of these earnest men came to the town of S—— in Connaught, the Vicar, who understood the people and their ways, when the Englishmen announced their intention of preaching in the open air on the next Sunday, told them the danger they would incur; but when they said that they would go on, 'Well, then, gentlemen,' he said, 'I will come along with you; but when you see the crowds pouring out of the chapel-gate and coming towards you, just give me five minutes before you begin, that I may clear the top of the hill and have a fair start for my life, for there won't be much left of any of us in half an hour, I promise you.'

In fact, preaching in the open air in the south, west, and north-west of Ireland, as well as in the Midland counties, would be a service of the utmost peril, in all probability attended by severe injury, if not by even death itself. Still, it would be a glorious matter if it could be accomplished; but, alas! I have little hope of it being effected. We suffer in

Ireland sadly from the want of English power to carry out English law; in fact, from the utter powerlessness of the law to protect life, and limb, and liberty. I have found open-air preaching practicable chiefly when addressing the people at funerals, when, generally speaking, the well-disposed portion venture within earshot, and I have seen hundreds thus listening to the glad tidings of the great love of Jesus to the poor unhappy sinner.

I remember thus preaching at a very large funeral in the old churchyard of K—; while speaking, I was continually interrupted by a wild, gaunt, wolfish-looking man of great physical strength, and some six feet in stature. He was popularly looked upon as the leader of the Fenians of the district, had served in the Southern army, and at the end of the war had returned to his native town, to pass his time in alternate fits of industry and drunkenness, when he would retire, maddened by drink and in a state of half delirium, to the fields and woods, and lie night after night without a roof over his head. As he, half intoxicated, called out some startling words attracting attention, as he half reclined on a flat tomb-stone, some of the members of my own congregation went round for the Royal Irish Constabulary, and, finding one, as soon as the man perceived gaunt, wolfish, Ulick Ryan, he looked blank enough, but proceeded alongside him, Ryan still continuing his comments on the address. Presently an acting sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary reinforced the first arrival, and then another hastened up; and they were proceeding to effect his removal, when I begged them to desist, and said that I would undertake that Mr. Ryan conducted himself more discreetly for the rest of the service. Ulick looked surprised, the mob looked pleased, and I continued preaching, while Mr. Burke, drawing up his tall frame to its utmost height, slowly walked away into the country, with a parting growl or two. It is hard to realize the terrorism which prevailed in the south of Ireland during the more violent manifestations of Fenianism. As if by magic, crowds of desperate-looking, unwashed, unshaven men would fill the streets of Cork, and when an imposing demonstration of military forces would sweep past-artillery with their bright brass field-pieces, light-horse with flashing sabres unsheathed, and the long scarlet columns of the line—many a deep imprecation and infuriate yell would greet their approach. It was evident that flying columns were not at all popular with the populace. Pickets of the cavalry

constabulary of the Royal Irish would trot briskly along the thoroughfares, and through those dark, squalid lanes which abound in Cork and Dublin. Night after night collisions would take place between the constabulary and the disaffected element. The constabulary were fired at while patrolling, and frequently had to charge the crowds, who would receive them with stones and bludgeons, and sometimes with revolver shots. Truly, the Royal Irish had a terrible campaign of it.

In the smaller towns reports of insurgents drilling within a mile of their houses were heard night after night. deserted breweries, and gardens of ruined houses that were not overlooked, were made use of for such drillings, even in the towns themselves. The traveller by night would see large bodies of drilled and disciplined men performing military evolutions in the fields, and would think himself fortunate if allowed to pass unchallenged by Fenian vedettes. The southern Protestants had a terrible time of it; they were mostly unarmed, and even the isolated farmers dreaded the possession of arms, for they knew that the very possession of a gun or revolver would attract a domiciliary visit from the disaffected in search of firearms, and that, being hopeless of assistance from their neighbours, they could not successfully resist their opponents. The lonely Protestant settler, without a co-religionist within miles of him, surrounded by a population who hate his religion and detest his loyalty, has indeed a fiery ordeal to go through. Until the sacrilegious Irish Church Act, he had always the presence of his minister and his family to cheer him and support him; he had always the little church to resort to on the Sabbath-day-there was the little band of loyalists to be met with there; but now, in many a parish the church of God is closed, nettles and brambles are growing on its doorsteps, the windows with the panes of glass smashed in by the boys as they return from the National School, the bell that once called the little flock together now rusting away in the old belfry tower, for months together no Divine service of the Church of his fathers to be had, his children unbaptized, his sick unheeded, the Romish priest prowling about triumphantly. Alas! for the sad day when the well-tried loyalty of Irish Protestants was thus repaid by the sacrilegious Act of Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church. A friend of mine, a dignitary, while passing through the west of Ireland recently, was invited by his host, the squire of the parish, to perform Divine service in the closed parish church. 'For many months,' said the squire, 'we have had no service at all in it.' Notice was sent, and the little congregation assembled; but around the church came a crowd of Roman Catholic peasants, and, while service was going on, they hurled volleys of stones against the windows. 'The church was shut up,' they shouted, 'and we are determined it shall never be opened again.'

Now, what must the natural consequence of this state of things be? The Irish Protestant farmer and peasant is naturally and essentially loyal, but he is a man who values religion—if he cannot have a pure religion, he will not allow his children to remain unbaptized; he will not remain himself without the great privilege of attending Divine worship, and being present at the table of the Lord. Before a generation has passed away, I greatly fear that he will be absorbed into the great mass of Romanism around him, and will then prove a disaffected Protestant deserter—the most dangerous of all the characters to be met with on the troubled page of Irish history. The Wolf Tones, Robert Emmet, and John Mitchell have yet many to follow in their track, I fear. And all this cruel wrong has been done in the vain hope of conciliating Romish Ireland, the disaffected portion of which will never be satisfied as long as a solitary English bayonet gleams between Cape Clear and the Giant's Causeway, and the bigoted partisans will never be content as long as an open Bible is to be found in any portion of the land, or Protestant pastor either.

It was during the very greatest acme of the Fenian excitement that I had occasion to travel some twenty miles, by a mountain road chiefly, to see a member of my family who was At this time everyone carefully looked to his doors and windows. All kinds of dreary visions floated before the Protestant householders' imagination, through the dark winter nights and short, dreary winter days. Staid, respectable citizens earnestly bolted and barred their doors, hung up wire nettings behind their lower shutters, in order to prevent the introduction of bottles filled with Greek Fire, a composition which the Fenian element seemed to be as expert in using as Albertus Magnus was in making, who has left us the secret; then, as water only increased its fierce flame, quantities of dry earth were placed near in order to extinguish it; burghers, all unused to fire-arms, possessed themselves of a license and of a revolver, which, to their imminent danger, and to that of others, they used to wear around their waists strapped and loaded.

The half-pay captain who lived in the vicinity was a perfect

oracle now; anxious meetings of loyalists would be occasionally held to hear his opinion as to what was to be done. 'You see, sir,' he would cry, 'we are in a very bad way—bad way, indeed -critically so! Troops, sir-did you say troops? Why, the troops will all be sent off to Cork to reinforce the general. Constabulary—ha!' and he would laugh; 'why, sir, the constabulary will all be marched in from the out-stations, and will be concentrated in their barracks; but they will have enough to do, if they are not cut off seriatim, to defend themselves in their own barracks without helping us. My advice, sir, is we must concentrate—yes, sir, concentrate is the word; bring our wives and children into the Assembly Rooms; throw out vedettes—those that have horses can act as éclaireurs to see where the enemy is; the church bell must be tolled, to give notice of danger' (blank face of horror of the bell-ringer at this announcement, who saw himself already, in anticipation, surrounded by the rusted pike-heads of the infuriated pikemen of the rebels). 'Don't you think that if we got on board the fishing "hookers," it would be a wiser plan?" observes a prudent householder. 'What, sir! is it to fly before the enemies of our Queen, our country, and our laws? Never, sir! concentrate! concentrate!' 'It strikes me,' observes a quietlooking man, 'that this plan of concentration is an admirable one, but that it is very likely to be in a great measure ineffectual, unless adopted the very moment the rising takes place, for we shall be infallibly cut off while proceeding to our rendezvous.' 'I hear,' says Major O'Callaghan, 'that they are going to send down my regiment here, the Royal Connaught Artillery.' 'The biggest rebels in all Ireland!' shouted a voice from the door. 'I know them well; there's not a man among them, except the officers and the staff-sergeants, but is an enlisted Fenian. Deliver us from the Connaught militia!' 'Quis custodict custodes ipsos?' observed the Rector of Kilshannabeg sotto voce, who had strayed into the meeting.

'Well, gentlemen, mark my words, concentrate! concentrate! or else we are lost as sure as my name is Parker O'Grady,' quoth the half-pay captain. 'Well, captain, at all events, you and the major there will head us when the hour comes,' observed the chemist and apothecary, with a sly twinkle in his eye. The captain airily observed, with a pleased expression in his voice, 'I think, sir, you can trust us to do our duty;' and the meeting dispersed with a parting charge from the captain's lips to concentrate!

I have mentioned my being obliged to leave home during this season of excitement. As the car rattled up the hill, and the quaint old houses disappeared, and the long uphill road lay before us, and then the long wooden bridge, as we descended towards the arm of the sea that washed its way inland, no sound save the melancholy pipe of the curlew on the shore, or heron's shriek as he flapped his heavy ash-gray wings overhead, to be heard, I felt my spirits sink low enough even before we had reached the foot of the long, dreary, furzecovered heights of Sliev Ruadh, or the Red Hill. crossed the Alps some three or four times, and gone across St. Gothard in a snowstorm, with snow some thirty feet in depth beneath us, and snowflakes, drifted by the wind into our faces, falling fast around us, but never did I experience greater cold than when passing over Sliev Ruadh, with a cold stormy wind beating the dense rain into one's face; and albeit no avalanche threatened ruin to the traveller, still the incessant torrent of rain was quite enough to make one very miserable. Upon the present occasion, however, although there was no rain, and the cold was not very severe, still the long uphill ascent, diversified by an occasional cabin, with its ducks pattering in the pool, or by the whiz of a snipe as he started from the flags of the brook, was tiresome enough. My driver appeared to be an intense believer in the existence of leprahauns, phookas, banshees, and other similar agreeable, uncanny apparitions. 'You see,' said he, through the open window, 'I was once a Seine man in one of those yawls; by the same token she went down on Bulman rock afterwards, and the captain, old Shaun ----, was able to see "them" when they appeared, for it is a gift, you know; one can't discern them, though they may be around you all the time. Well, sir, I was a young man then, and we had ten men in our boat; you know the way is, we land one man on the cliffs to watch the school of scad, or mackerel, or sprats, as it may be, ruffling the water as they speed along; and when he sees them he keeps watching and pointing, and we, who are resting on our oars, immediately dart out, leaving one end of the net with a man or two on the shore, and sweep round the fish, making a curve towards the shore again until we reach it, when we haul away and enclose them in the net. It is quite a different manner of fishing from the "hooker" fishing, and, as you know, the Seine men are a rough, wild lot many of them, especially those that come from Courcies' country; and, indeed, it is a hard life, sir, always

while the season lasts, hovering about, day and night, under the cliffs watching the fish, uncertain what moment they may sweep across the sea, and sometimes, after a long night's watching, not even getting a single mackerel, for the fish are very uncertain, sir. The hooker men, you know, rather look down on the Seine men, for the latter, during the winter, have their little piece of ground, and cultivate it; but a regular Kinsale fisherman would scorn to put a spade into the ground—he has no idea of it; nor would he condescend to fish from a small boat, unless he was old and unable to get a berth in one of the hookers.

'Well, sir, we were out one beautiful night; of all nights in the year it was All Hallow Eve, and the fish were well up in the harbour; you need not go far for them. Our boat was lying right under the shadow of Fort Charles; no sound awakened the stillness of the night save the tread of the sentinel on the Devil's Bastion over our head, or the occasional howl of a dog, or perhaps the leap of a big fish in the water; and the same water as we looked across to the old Block-house, with its large port-holes looming over the ripples, seemed as though it was all afire with phosphorescent light. Now, sir, vou must know I had been landed on the shore to look out for the fish, and the boat was lying as still as death with old Shaun smoking his black pipe in the stern-sheets, and the men sitting like statues along the thwarts. I did not know what was the matter, but I felt a cold icy shudder running through my veins-and I felt as though something was walking alongside me that I could not see—when all of a sudden I saw old Shaun rise up in the stern-sheets and beckon with his hands to me, and heard him cry in his stern way, "Give way, ma bouchals! give way!" And on they came darting towards the shore right for me. "Leap in, lad!" he cried, "leap in for your life!" and he waved his hand to me; I felt as though my very feet were glued to the strand. "Leap in! leap in!" he shouted; "for your life leap in!" At that moment a low mocking voice seemed to echo the words, and then I ran for bare life and in I leaped, while old Shaun shouted, "Back water strong all hands!" and off we darted from the shore, while a loud, fiendish, mocking laugh seemed to ring out right behind us, and as I looked to old Shaun, his face was as pale as ashes, and he kept staring right on the shore. "There they are again," he muttered. "What are again?" I asked; "and what is the meaning of all this?" for I was clean dumfoundered, you know.

"You have reason to be a thankful man this night," said the old captain at last. "You have reason to bless the Lord for saving you, for you had those around you on the strand whom I alone can see-for hosts of darkness were around you. I see them," he said dreamily. "Oh, what beautiful yet evil faces! What a rustling of silks and plumed hats on the men, and sashes and swords, and they dancing a minuet on the shore as though it were a drawing-room floor! and what strange wild music getting faster and faster every minute!" And old Shaun at last, as we swept on towards the Block-house, said: "We may as well go home, lads; we'll do nothing this night." And sure enough we all agreed that it was better to do so, and on we swept up the river. But was it not very strange, your honour?' And the old driver touched his gray horse with the tip of the lash. 'Whoop a coppaleen ban! 'tis a long pull up the hill this evening.'

# CHAPTER XLVI.

## LEFT BEHIND ON SLIEV RUADH.

THE evening was becoming colder and darker as we ascended the red hill, when my eye caught sight of a pretty little fern, which I descended from the car to make mine own. driver was dozing on the box, and, as I strayed behind, did not notice that I had left the vehicle. When I had safely extricated the fern from the golden furze around, I perceived that the white horse had rapidly increased his distance, and that the driver was mechanically applying the whip, while, as I increased my pace, which soon became a run, I found to my dismay that the distance was increasing between us. In vain I shouted out; my worthy friend on the box never turned his head, and if the horse comprehended the situation, he was doubtless well pleased at getting rid of my weight. At last, breathless, I halted to rest, seeing the car disappear round a corner of the road, and knowing that now there was no chance of its returning, unless the driver chanced to look inside before it reached Carrigaline, where I trusted that he might halt and perceive that I was absent.

A little bare-headed gossoon, who was playing near a lonely cabin-door, when I told him to speed after the car, darted up the road like a wild hare, while his mother cried after him, 'Currig, currig, avourneen!'\* Fleet as he was, I had but little hope that he would arrest the car's progress, so I walked on after him, no easy walk in a long frieze cota mohr, or large coat, which sadly impeded active movement.

The prospect before me was not very pleasing—a long walk before I could get any chance of another vehicle, supposing that the driver did not halt at Carrigaline, or was not inter-

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;Run, run, my darling !'

rupted by a patrol of the Royal Irish. Perhaps, too, I might have a chance of assisting, to use a Gallicism, at a Fenian parade in some of these lonely fields that stretched away in the evening light inside those furze-crowned hedges. No appearance of my little scout, who had flown after the disappearing car. This part of the country I knew had a very Fenian reputation, from its excessive loneliness, allowing ample room for night drillings. It will be a picturesque sight, at all events, I thought, to see a large body of men exercising in the open.

The evening grew lonelier as the sound of feet hastening along was heard, and my little friend returned breathless, to say he had run all the way, and no chance of overtaking the car; he departs rejoicing at a shilling being given him. The shriek of the heron sounds dismally from yon dark pool, in whose black flood he is standing solitary sentinel. And now, as I ascend the crest of Sliev Ruadh, the broad Atlantic heaves in view, and the light of the old Head of Kinsale—welcome sight to homeward-bound American steamers—while far away before me arise the gleaming lights of Queenstown, with many a mile

between Sliev Ruadh crest and them.

Not one single passer-by have I met; indeed, you might travel a score of miles in some parts of the south of Ireland now and not meet a half-dozen wayfarers. Ruined cabins every now and then, telling of where the poor peasants' homes once existed; but now the country people, having no work, have gone into the outskirts of the smaller towns, abandoning their happy country life, the gathering 'neath the old whitethorn or blooming hawthorn, and instead of the little cabin where, when they were ill, they knew that the kind, gentle, loving steps of the ladies at the Church of Ireland Vicarage or Rectory would soon be heard as they brought medicines or delicacies for the poor patient; now they have the publichouse of the towns to resort to, to learn treason in wholesale, to be drugged by the abominable composition sold to them as porter or whisky, and without any other prospect than the workhouse at the end of their days. No wonder that Fenianism should find ample store of supply for rebellion and insurrection. But now, when the very Vicarage itself is deserted, and the families of the quiet little glebes, which used to be the poor Roman Catholic peasant's great resource in sickness, are scattered, how baneful an influence is now exerted, when these little garrisons of truth and loyalty are extirpated by sacrilegious legislation from the land.

A rattling of wheels—a car coming rapidly towards me; it is the car. 'Why, then, where on earth did your reverence go to? I never missed you till I got into Carrigaline, and the sergeant of police asked me who was inside. In with your honour; it will be all hours before we reach the "big-house." Whoop! a coppaleen; get on, you darling! And so we rattled away, I not at all sorry to exchange the dreary prospect of five minutes before for the jolting car and high-trotting old gray horse.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

# THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

It fared better with me than it did once with the father of an old and valued friend of mine upon this same hill of Sliev The Doctor—he had held a commission as surgeon Ruadh. in a militia regiment, and was now practising in Kinsale with considerable success to a very large clientage of poor people, whose ailments he used generously to relieve, and often would ride out miles into the country to visit a sick peasant who could afford to give him no remuneration—was in consequence loved by the warm-hearted country people, who looked upon him as a real and tried friend. A capital horseman, his black mare used often to be seen in advance of the field, as the Squire of Oatlands' pack of hounds would, in full cry, cross the country towards the sea cliffs of the Atlantic, or turn inland towards the beautiful borders of the Carrigaline river, or the wooded mount of Curragh Binny. The Doctor, with powdered queue, Hessian boots, and brass-buttoned coat, large shirt ruffles, crossing ditch after ditch, was yet as grave and dignified in language as when he would walk up the quaint old gabelled streets, striking his gold-headed staff on the pavement, and picking his steps, as there existed then, as at present, no trottoir in Kinsale, and the passers-on would take the 'crown of the causeway,' with risk enough in the dark unlighted streets, save when a flaming lamp was borne as a companion, of dropping into many a worn-out cavity filled with rain and mire.

It was a dark evening. The Doctor had dropped in with the Oatlands' pack, and, as usual, had held his own, but unfortunately his steed had lost a shoe, and so he had dropped out, and was now coming leisurely along, leading the black mare towards the lonely old forge of Sliev Ruadh. It was a wild, desolate-looking place. A stream ran bubbling alongside,

the tall rushes, like sentinels, rising mournfully, the gray plover slowly flitting across the stony fields, where golden furze and ferns arose in rich luxuriance. As the doctor rode along he was struck by observing the number of hoof-marks in the soft soil near the door of the forge, and from the old shed near the forge a horse neighed as he rode up, and another, and then another answered. It was the troubled time of 1798. The country was on the eve of an insurrection. Watch-fires glowed by night on all the mountain crests from Wicklow to Wexford. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was in hiding in Dublin. Large bands of insurgents broke into Protestant houses by night, and terror reigned supreme through the land.

Shemus Burke, the blacksmith, was standing at his forge, his knotted, muscular arms and blackened face, from which shone eyes of a strange lurid brilliancy, with a large black beard and moustache, and coal-black hair flowing over his shoulders, gave him a singular and weird aspect. Tall and powerful in frame, a stoop deducted from his height, but increased the strange gravity of his appearance, while a red scar marked his right cheek, which looked to the Doctor's experienced eye marvellously like unto a sabre stroke. Burke was blowing up the fire with his bellows, and, as he saw the Doctor come up, an angry exclamation in Irish fell from his lips. 'You see, Burke, what brings me.' The smith responded not a word, but set to work to accomplish the needed task,

while the Doctor entered the forge.

'The evening is chilly enough,' he said, as he warmed his hands at the fire. 'I hope the wife is quite herself by this, Burke?' Burke stopped his work for a moment to respond in his deep-toned voice: 'She is finely, Doctor. She has gone out to a neighbour's, a mile off, to see a sick friend.' 'She ought to have been in, then,' said the Doctor. 'This is no time for one like her with a weak chest to be out. Poor thing! what a fever she had, to be sure!' and the Doctor poked up the 'I'll just go into the kitchen and get a glass of water,' said he, after a few minutes. The blacksmith started up, and made a hurried movement towards the closed door. mind, don't mind,' he said, and he laid his hand roughly on the Doctor's shoulder; 'I'll get you one myself.' The Doctor shook off his hand with an amazed look, and tried to open the door. It resisted his efforts. With a careless kick of his foot it flew open. The smith stood still for a moment. His hammer gleamed high in the air for an instant. 'I can't do it,' he

hoarsely muttered; 'he saved Maureen's life when she had the fever. If he must die, let another hand kill him, and not mine.' The Doctor entered the apartment, but saw no glass on the dresser. And striding across the earthern floor, he, as one familiar with the place, entered by the door which enclosed a smaller room, which he knew served often as a kind of refreshment-room for weary travellers who used to procure simple viands at the forge of Sliev Ruadh. 'Come back! come back!' shouted the smith. 'Come back, sir, for your life!' The Doctor heeded him not, but stood in a moment, struck with amazement, on the threshold. Inside, seated at a large table, lighted up by candles, some twenty men, all dressed in varying uniforms, were discussing dinner, while at the head of the table a fine-looking man in a green uniform tunic, large epaulettes, and sash, was contemplating the startled victim, as he held in his right hand a cocked pistol, which he had caught up from the table, and had leisurely directed at the Doctor's forehead. The latter was a brave man, but in that moment a feeling of despair crept over his heart. His whole life seemed to unroll itself before him, and in one moment that past life flashed upon his brain, and then he seemed to look forward, and to see himself standing before the opened books and the great Judge of living and of dead. myself lost,' he afterwards said; 'I felt that not only was my life a matter of another instant's duration, but that I was an unpardoned sinner, trembling over the precipice of eternal despair. And then,' he said, 'I prayed as I had never done before, not that life might be spared, but that my sins might be blotted out through a living Redeemer's precious atoning blood.'

This had all happened in a few moments. The guests had all risen to their feet; each hand grasped a pistol. A large powerful man, with a green sash across his uniform coat, over which appeared the collar of a priest, now shouted out, 'What brings this spy here, Shemus Burke? You deserve to die yourself for not minding your post better.' Meantime Shemus had advanced and whispered a few words to the ecclesiastic, who turned to another truculent-visaged, fierce-eyed, green-uniformed man, who sat opposite to him. 'See,' he said, 'is his name on the "Clearing-off" Roll?' 'No,' he surlily answered, after consulting a book which lay before him on the table.

Meantime, in a deep musical voice tinged with a foreign

accent, the gentleman, who still held his pistol directed at the Doctor's head, asked him to explain his intrusion. 'Suarez and Velasquez are of opinion that heretics should die at once,' cried a hoarse voice. 'Will you be quiet, Father Roche?' said he of the uniform, who now lowered his pistol as the Doctor said: 'Really, I never dreamt of intruding upon you at all. It was neither my fault, nor yet Shemus Burke's, but purely accidental.' 'That's all very fine talking,' interrupted a giant who sat at the near end of the table; 'but we have only your word for that, and if the Colonel will take my advice, he'd make sure of you—and if he does not, I will;' and he pushed back his chair, and with a ferocious smile drew a pistol from his belt.

'Did not the "blessed priest of Bannow" himself give me this scapular?' resumed the giant. 'Have not you one, too, Captain O'Leary? Won't it protect you in front and in rear, and make you invulnerable to heretic bullets, that they will skip off from your coat like water from a duck's back? And did he not tell us both how to prove our gratitude by levelling low every Sassenach and heretic we came across?\* And look here,' said he; 'what is the meaning of this at all, at all?' and he unfurled a black flag. 'Do you see these three letters in white, under this cross? and do you know the meaning of them?' said he passionately. It was evident that he had been drinking heavily; his bloodshot eyes glared round upon the Doctor and all the rest of the party in succession. 'What, I ask you, is the meaning of these three letters—" M. W. S."? Is it not, Father John, "Murdher without sin"? There you are, ma bouchal; remember your Pastorini—confusion to all heretics! Exterminate them all! What says Renuncini?—

\* The following oath was administered to Roman Catholics exclusively in different parts of the north, particularly in the counties of Antrim and Tyrone, in 1810. I have accurately copied it:

#### OATH

'Sanct. R. P. "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped" (S. F. C.—Isa. xxxv. 5)."

<sup>&#</sup>x27;I do swear, in the presence of the blessed Lady Mary, that I will maintain our holy religion, by destroying heretics, as far as my power and property will go (not one excepted); and also that I will assist my brethren in every undertaking against heretics, as commanded by our holy fathers. I do further swear that I am now become a true defender; and I do further swear that I will be ready in twelve hours' warning to put our glorious designs in execution against heretics of every sort. So help me God in this my Oath.

"Nulla fides hereticibus!" which means, "a blunderbuss for heretics." 'Darby Doolan, pass down that register here. I claim his gold watch; 'tis the rights of the clergy—the spolia

opima!' quoth the priest.

The leader now spoke out again: 'The first man who dares to interfere with my prisoner will find himself possessed of the contents of this pistol. This, I hear, is an honourable gentle-Will you, sir,' he added, 'give me your word of honour that you will not directly or indirectly reveal to anyone the scene which you have now witnessed, this promise to be kept binding for one week?' 'You may rely upon my word of honour, sir,' said the Doctor, 'to do as you have said.' 'Well, then, come up here, and make way there. Father John, give round the sirloin of beef and the loaf; and there's some right good claret in yonder bottle, if it's not all gone by this.' And so the Doctor sat down and took his dinner; and when it was ended, his host accompanied him to the door, and as the Doctor threw himself into the saddle, with a hearty clasp of the hand, whispered, 'Au revoir; we'll meet again ere long, sure. Adieu, mon cher.

They did meet again; for early next morning a flying squadron marched out from Kinsale, the rebels being reported to be in full force near Ballyfeard. A sanguinary engagement ensued, which ended in the flight of the insurgents; and the Doctor, who had accompanied the troops in a professional capacity, rode back into town that evening alongside the cart in which lay the dead form of the insurgent colonel, a ghastly wound through his temples, side by side with Father John and the giant, all three dead, having fought with a desperate resolution at the head of the insurgent forces, and a dauntless despair worthy of a better and holier cause.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE REV. PREBENDARY MIDDLETON, E.D.

Not very far from the town of Bandon, the loyal stronghold for many a year of Protestants in the South-between which and Kinsale runs the beautiful Bandon river, undulating between green woods, steep cliffs, waving grass banks, and sanded reaches, along which the salmon-fisher wanders rod in hand; 'neath the shade of aged castle dominating from the hill above, over the sparkling water beneath—there lived the worthy Prebendary, Stephen Middleton, B.D., whose parish, small and compact, afforded but a schoolhouse, in which Sabbath services were held, and scriptural education given on the week-days to the farmers' children who daily resorted thither. The Reverend Stephen was a tall, good-looking man, who possessed in its fullest extent the good old Irish quality of intense hospitality. His house, pleasantly situated a few miles from the town, had for years past often welcomed the tired clergy of the southern metropolis who were known to its kind-hearted possessor. If the Prebendary saw a man in the hot summer days looking, as many a weary curate does, done up and tired, he would say, 'Now, my dear fellow, pack up your carpet-bag and come back with me to-night, and you'll be twice the man after a few days' run through the green fields.' The study, a quiet, dear little room; the lilac and laburnum draping its windows; the neat flower-garden before; the good Prebendary seated at his table, covered with books, composing his sermons for the Sabbath; the courteous, kind hospitality of the ladies of the household; it would be difficult to find fairer or more graceful types of the female kind of the Irish country Rector's family. There, Saturday after Saturday, sat the dear old Prebendary, a wafer fastened on his forehead, which was the signal that no one was to venture to interrupt his studying, or to speak to him, while he was engaged in the work of composition. Nature had given him a magnificently powerful voice, one which would have filled every crevice in St. Paul's with ease, and one which a nervous terror of 'letting out' caused him to begin the service as gently as possible. 'Strange,' he would say; 'here am I in this tiny little schoolhouse, which a whisper would fill, while many poor fellows with weak lungs and weaker voices are working in large churches; working themselves, poor fellows, into their graves.'

It was ever a great pleasure to me to find myself on a few days' visit to the Prebendary. He had been my rural dean, and a most obliging one he ever proved. When answering the queries in the paper which he, in accordance with the duties of his office, used to send to me, that they might be laid before the Bishop, you need never be afraid that Stephen Middleton would call unkindly the ordinary's attention to little flaws in your filling up the report. No inquisitive glance would be cast by him around your glebe house, to ascertain whether the old wall wanted repairing, or whether a slate was off your roof. Genially and kindly he did his work; and upon a Dilapidation Commission he was invaluable, acting as a moderator between the outgoing man, who had to pay his successor for damages contracted by the fabric of the glebe during his late tenancy, and the incoming incumbent, who was to expend such sums on necessary repairs, and in turn at a future day would likewise have to pay for time's ravages to his successor. How many heavy hearts this dilapidation charge used to cause! Poor perpetual curates and rectors, starving on £,75 or £,90 a year, possessed of the shelter of an aged glebe house, for which, at the end of their tenancy of it, they, if promoted—or their widows and orphans, if deprived of it by death—should have to pay a large sum—large to those whose incomes were so small. How many a weary night the poor incumbent would toss and turn from side to side, wondering, if that cough of his became worse, if his lungs gave way entirely, if pale-faced Death stood at his door some night, how the poor wife and babes could manage when—even from their little scanty pittance that might be left, the last half-year's titherent charge that might be still before them—the funeral expenses and the dilapidation charges would have to be paid!

Alas! how many a sad night the poor fellow has heard in some such lonely, bleak glebe house the cruel, hard cough, that told that the dear young wife of his heart was in the grasp

of decline; and many a night has thought with horror, 'Oh, if the all-loving Father were to take her away from me, what could I do? how could I live without her?' Ah, there are those who have gone through that bitterest agony of all; who have seen the pale face become daily paler, the eye dimmer, the step, once so light, become feeble and weary—who have sadly listened, after the last fond, loving clasp of unutterable affection has been released, to find that the poor dying life was sweetly murmuring, 'Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'

And who has come back from that lonely grave with a heart like ice itself, while all the purpose and poetry of life seemed to have died away for ever, to know in God's own time that when Jesus fills the heart with Himself, He can compensate

for the loss of everything earthly?—

' For 'tis an old belief,
That on a distant shore
Departed friends shall meet,
And never sorrow more.

'That creed I fain will keep, That hope I'll ne'er forego; Eternal be the sleep, If not to waken so.'

There were cruel anomalies in the Church of Ireland, as there are at this day in the Church of England. It was hard for the man who felt in himself the consciousness of power and genius, to see his neighbour, who was far inferior in ability, living in a fine rectory, with £700 or £1,000 per annum, while he starved upon £80.

It was hard to give one's mind solely to the work of trying to save souls, when thoughts would ever and anon occur as to how the children's education was to be paid for, how the few acres of glebe land might be made to support the cow, horse, and the few thin sheep that formed the El Dorado of the little

parsonage.

Oh, what despair has not the cruel Irish Church Disestablishment Act sent into many such a home as this, by utterly depriving them of the sole star of hope, of extrication from their difficulties, by the prospect of, in years' time, being appointed to a better incumbency as expenses multiplied, and the cost of living grew dearer yearly!

'When I was ordained, a long time ago now,' said the

worthy Prebendary, 'it was a lonely country curacy, and I was to live in the Rectory. Well, I found the country greatly troubled at the time by the Whiteboys; the house was a perfect armoury; there were rockets, and muskets, and swords, and pistols. I just threw them all into an old store-room, and neither Ribbonman nor Whiteboy ever came near me.'

We were driving along a lonely road, some miles distant from the Prebendary's home, and had just paid a visit to some old friends of his. The gentleman of the house had quite lost the use of his limbs, but was a cheerful, happy-looking

man notwithstanding.

It is wonderful what strength a loving Father in heaven gives to those who are apparently most miserable, as regards outer circumstances. A lady, who for five-and-twenty years had been confined to her own bed, lying there all that time in pain, once told me that God had graciously enabled her, during all that time, not only not to murmur, but to be very, very happy in a sense of His daily abiding presence in her heart. Her poor, thin hands, when there was no other way, apparently, open to her of working for the Master, have many a time dropped little tiny boats, carrying a narrative tract on board as cargo, into the river, which flowed close under her window, hoping that seamen and boatmen might chance to pick up the little waif and read it. In truth, if one only desires really to do something for the dear Lord Jesus, it is wonderful how the way opens up. It is by despising or neglecting slight openings of every-day usefulness that so many omission sins, I fear, are registered against us. In the ministry, for instance, a pastor ought to have the spirit of a colporteur, the watchful anxiety of a tract distributor, as well as the more peculiar qualities required for his more usual work. We find St. Stephen not confining himself long to the peculiar work of the diaconate; and St. Philip, when the proto-martyr had won the glorious crown, although himself one of the seven deacons, yet preaching the everlasting Gospel as an evangelist. When a man really loves to gain immortal souls to God, the railway-carriage, the street, the steamboat, the strangers who pass by, and the six days of the week will be opportunities, as well as the Sabbath, of endeavouring to work for God. Huson Swete, at whose house we had been visiting, had experienced a tragical scene of horror years before. 'This is the place,' said the Prebendary, 'that poor Ferguson was murdered in.' Hills sloped down to the road on either side; it was, in truth, a

lonely spot. The Prebendary halted the horse, and pointed to the scene of the murder. 'I knew him well,' he continued. 'He knew that his life was in danger, and yet he kept on at duty fearlessly. One morning Mr. Swete, whom we have now been calling on, undertook to drive him in his gig into the town; and as, at that time, he was not so entirely powerless as he now is, he used to take much pleasure in driving himself about, although unable to walk. Well, they had driven on for some miles together, when suddenly the hills seemed to be alive with countrymen in their frieze coats, and armed with sticks, who were evidently following the course of the gig. Ferguson looked back and saw them running after the gig. Swete put the mare to speed, but she was old, and unaccustomed to fast trotting, and the peasantry were evidently gaining upon them, as they came on at a slinging trot, uttering loud, ferocious cries in Irish, and holding on after the doomed minister, like so many bloodhounds after a deer. "Huson," said the poor fellow at last, "I'll get down and make a run for it across the hills; it's my only chance, to get to the farmhouse up there, before they take me;" and the gig was stopped, and with a last good-bye to poor S—, Ferguson rushed for his life on towards the white walls of the Protestant farmhouse. nestling under the shade of the hill. He held on like a man. He was running for dear life. He knew that they would not meddle with the poor invalid; that all they wanted was to murder him, and on, like a pack of hounds in full cry, swept the murderers after him. He was gallantly holding his own; with heaving lungs and panting heart, the poor minister sped along; but just as he entertained a hope of safety, a body of drovers coming from the town appeared facing him, and the pursuers shrieked out to them in Irish, the moment their dusty figures topped the furze-covered hill, "Strike the minister! strike the minister!" The cry rang forward in the still, blue morning air. And now the wretches, hearing the words, dashed in between the despairing man and the house of refuge. Just there—you can see it in that ditch—they struck him to the earth; and as he tried, bleeding and bruised, to rise again and fly, they dashed out his very brains with fragments of rock and stones, and left him lying dead in the ditch, while poor Huson, in horror and despair, unable to stir a foot to help him, sat in the gig below. The Gospel in Ireland has had many a martyr.'

A cloud drifted between us and the sun. Alas! when

we think of the men who endured such things, and think how they have been rewarded, by taking away from the Church of Ireland that which was her own, held in trust for God's service, and those who did such cruel wrong, alleging that she was not a missionary Church, let them think of the murdered minister, lying dead beneath the fiendish faces and hideous yells of the mountain murderers, and say what progress, humanly speaking, could be possible when such scenes as this occur in Ireland.

# CHAPTER XLIX.

#### PRIESTS IN PROVENCE.

It was at Marseilles, during the Crimean War. I had arrived by train, and was looking wistfully for a porter to carry my impedimenta. A regular 'mistral' was blowing round the station, surging in at every window, looming in at every open door, whistling through the windows of the first-class coupé, and giving a general feeling of misery to the traveller, who felt its penetrating power creeping inside his rugs and warm clothing

The porter seized my trunk, and as hastily dropped it, when standing at the door, the mistral hurled around his head. At last I found myself located in mine hostelry; it seemed large, gloomy, depressing. The cholera had been but a short time flown from Marseilles, and had left many a memorial of its

ghastly powers.

A regiment of the line was drawn up, the little tambours rolling out their rapid thunder. The men, little, active, lithe, sunburnt fellows, bowed down by the weight of knapsack and fusil ammunition, bread and kapote strapped up behind, with extra pair of boots plainly visible. A cheery voice struck my ear as I gazed upon them. 'Arrah, now, what poor little craythurs ye are, to be sure; and yet what hayroes ye are! Shure, fighting is bread and mate to ye. Why, thin, I think ye'd stare if ye saw County Inspector O'Mulligan riding on his chestnut mare with his sword drawn; shure they all said at Kish-na-Balligan that he was the very image of Bonyparte crossing the Alps, and he leading on the Irish Constabulary to glory, to separate the four-year-olds and the three-year-olds, who were "wheeling" for aich other through the town, and had just caught sight of one another at last. Ah, thin, that was a beautiful charge O'Mulligan made between them. I suppose

there would not have been a stone left of Balligan house same day, for the two factions were fighting it out in the demesne, when the one druv the other into the big gateway. The fouryear-olds were very strong that day; they had a whole barony following them, but the three year-olds were waker.' 'Yes,' said another voice; 'and do you remember, Pether, when the "magpies" and the "ravens" met aich other at the fair of Poultadhuff, and in one moment there was not a tent to be seen but was flying in the air, like as though a whirlwind had swept them up? Do ye remember Head-Constable Casey same day, and the Sub-Inspector Foster, how they stood between them like a wall with sixty men? Shure, when the Riot Act was read and the police fired, I was standing on the wall looking on, and a stray shot went past my ear, that I dropped with the fright of it right among the "ravens," and they thought it was Casey himself charging them. And how they ran! Ay, and the "magpies" after them, and the police charging them both.'

Two ecclesiastics were standing near me; they were Irish priests, although they did not wear the costume. One, a young man, was dressed in a new suit of black; a pair of bright green gloves adorned his hands, and a blackthorn depended from his right hand. An air of good-humour sparkled in his face, and as he turned to his companion, who was burly, and evidently taken from a lower stratum of society—the first might be a shopkeeper or country farmer's son, the second, whom he called Father Luke, was evidently extracted from the peasantry—there was an air of good-humoured superiority about him as he again repeated: 'Oh, if ye only saw the Irish Constabulary drawn up, maybe 'tis little ye'd be thinking of yourselves;' while the soldiers, all unconscious of his deteriorating comparison, laughed again and chatted, leaning on their firelocks.

Drawing close to the priests, I entered into conversation with them; the taller of the two, I found, was the Rev. Peter M'Evoy, the other the Rev. Luke O'Callaghan. That day I found that they were sitting by my side at the table d'hôte, and they informed me that they were en route for Rome, had missed the steamboat, and were waiting for the next packet to Civita Vecchia. 'She is to sail to-morrow, and I took a look at her,' said the Rev. Peter M'Evoy; 'she is a poor-looking craft for such a voyage at this time of year, and sorry I am to say there is not even a single English engineer on board. Sure, I hope we won't follow the examples of the Primate and the Bishops the

other day, who were all nearly lost on board of one of them.' 'Ah,' said the Rev. Luke O'Callaghan, 'these French people have no civilization at all among them. Why, when I was taking a fiacre to the Lyons railway in Paris, I told the driver to go quick, and he laughed and lit his cigar and smoked, and got up as leisurely to the box as though it was to a funeral he was "Vite! vite!" I shouted, putting my head out at the window. "Quick! quick! ma bouchal, or I shall be late." With that he answered, "Oui, m'sieu," and gently flicked a fly off the near horse's neck with his whip; and there I was, with my watch in my hand, for I knew I'd be late, and so on slower and slower he went, until at last he stopped at a fountain, and there and then took off the horses' blinkers and head-gear that they might take a good drink. Well, I just opened the door, took up my bag, and made a run across the old place for the railway-station, and arrived breathless, to find the train gone a quarter of an hour before. Oh, they have no civilization at all among them.'

The day after, I started early for Toulon by the diligence, and the Rev. Peter M'Evoy came down to see me off. 'Now,' said he, 'I suppose if you and I were at home in ould Ireland, 'tis challenging aich other to a conthroversy we would be; but here, amid these poor French craythurs, 'tis different we are,' and he took my hand, and, heretic as I was, Rev. Peter M'Evoy shook it warmly, and said, 'God bless you!' He then came round to the other side of the coupé. Why, then, 'tis myself and Father Luke would like to be going in a coach like that to Rome, and not in a steamer like that that is waiting for us, and not even one single English engineer on board.' I saw the Rev. Peter standing, tall, erect, waving his hand as we rumbled out of the courtyard, the whip of the glazed-hatted coachman winding round and round with many a pistol-shot reverberation as he touched the long team of black horses, and the bells jingling merrily as the vellow coach rattled through the dusty environs of Marseilles.

We had a longer journey than was usual—the roads were very heavy; the diligence sadly belied its name, for, like the German schnell poste, it was lumbering and jolting. The scenery alone was grand—low rivers creeping over fields, and immense cliffs towering on each side of the road. At last, wearied out, the Croix d'or, in the grand old Place of Toulon, received me; and, 'neath the shade of stately trees, a fountain, composed of moss-covered rocks, with aquatic plants inter-

spersed, played away merrily, while antique Tritons, curiously

wrought, peeped forth from amid the leaves.

A shoal of feluccas lying in the smaller harbour, as I stood upon a sandhill, met my eye, and the blue Mediterranean, trending far away with many a white sail—a small rocky islet fringed with white sea-foam—as the evening sea breeze fanned out the felucca's tall triangular canvas, as she swept on her homeward track, and a line-of-battle ship, and a stately frigate, with tricolour floating out, sailed on. As I turned, the roll of a drum and the quick tramp of marching men met my ear. On came a regiment, the eagle borne in the midst. A peal of trumpets, and there beneath me two regiments are encamped. They were bound for the Crimea, and, in the little tente d'abri. some four feet high and five broad, composed of six pieces of canvas, a low stick in front supporting the pyramidal roof, the men were lying, or crawling in and out, gaily laughing and chatting away. There was, at the time of the Crimean War, a remarkable man acting as instructor to the French army. insisted upon each soldier learning by heart part of the Gospel of St. John. When summoned into the presence of the Emperor Napoleon III., to account for his method of instruction, he thus spoke: 'I find in no other book such true pathos and simplicity as in St. John's Gospel; if you deprive me of it, you will take away my right arm of instruction, and I shall certainly resign my post.' 'By all means,' the late Emperor is reported to have answered, 'teach the portion of it which you have been accustomed to do.' I remember at the time having heard of the glorious death of a young French sous-lieutenant in one of the French regiments of the line, perhaps one of those very same young men who had thus been taught. The battle was over, and the relief-pickets were wandering along the moonlighted plain to carry away the wounded. A young French officer was lying, with the gold stripe of his rank on the arm outstretched, which with one finger pointed to a little book which the dead man had been reading. That finger was glued with his own blood to one passage; it was in the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel, and the twenty-fifth verse: 'Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?' How blessed a death was that—the dying lad amid the carnival of death, the piteous cries, the dead faces, resting on Jesus, and finding Him all his salvation and desire! The trumpets rang out, a peal of the drums, roll upon roll, as the tambours advance to the head of the line of tents. Out spring the men; in one moment each seizes a section of the canvas; it is neatly folded over his canteen and brown haversack, the supporting staff separated into two pieces; each hand grasps one of the six rifles stacked before the tent. Tambours to the front; out roll the drums. The word of command is given—forward! into Toulon.

How different is the type of Irish Roman Catholic priests now, the ultramontane, drilled in Maynooth, and fashioned by the Cardinal, who virtually governs Ireland when the Liberal-Radical party are in power, at St. Stephen's, to that old type of Roman Catholic priests, a few of whom yet survive in Ireland. They were gentlemen by birth and manner; educated abroad, they had many of them adopted the doctrines of St. Augustine regarding free grace, and sympathized with the Jansenist Catholic Church of Holland, which arose out of the presecution of the five Bishops, and which, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Utrecht, has for centuries been a beacon light amid the darkness of the Church of Rome. They were better than their creed, and mingled with the surrounding gentry, not as political firebrands, but as cultivated, well-educated men.

And there was, too, the indigenous Milesian priest, who troubled himself little about controversy, but much about his dues, who brandished his horsewhip at the fairs, and gave many a striking illustration to his flock of their duties when neglected. Such an ecclesiastic was the Rev. Blake Molloy, P.P., of Gurtagrennane. His people thought it insupportable that their new chapel should be without the attraction of an altar-painting, and they, by great exertions, made up a few hundred pounds, and begged the father to go to Rome and bring them one home. Accordingly, nothing loath, the priest found himself one day walking through the *ruelles* of the eternal city, examining the artists' studios for a painting of St. Cecilia. At last a large full-length painting caught his eye, and in he entered and demanded the price. The artist told him, 'Ma signore e una Minerva, non e una Santa Cecilia.' 'Never mind, ma bouchal,' said the ecclesiastic; 'there's not a man, woman, or child in Gurtagrennane will ever know the difference; pack it up and send it off this very evening.' 'Subito! Subito!' And to this day the painting of Minerva

stands over the altar of the chapel, and receives the homage of

the worshippers therein.\*

Within the last few years what wondrous strides have been made in Ireland by the Church of Rome! The magnificent chapels and cathedrals that have been erected, the monasteries, convents, schools—the last receiving Government grants, while the Protestant Scriptural schools receive not a single farthing. The well-dressed ecclesiastics, well mounted and well cared for, receiving most liberal stipends from the offerings of their flocks, they are verily progressing to the time when they will demand that the Church of Rome shall be established by law in Ireland, and when they will endeavour to wrest from the hands of the Scriptural Church of Ireland the ancient cathedral of its Scriptural founder—St. Patrick.

\* I know of a certain P.P., still energetic and violent against Protestants and such-like heretics, whose custom it is in the hot summer days, when his curate is preaching, to go outside the chapel door, and with flourished horsewhip to beat back all the flock whom the heat of the chapel may induce to go outside the door.

## CHAPTER L.

#### THE NIGHT MAIL.

YEARS passed away, and still I never had heard whether the Rev. Peter M'Evoy had made safe voyage to Rome, deprived as he was of the advantage of an English engineer.

One night—a wild stormy night—wrapped up in a huge frieze cota-mohr, or great-coat, I was coming up to Dublin by the night mail, and in a first-class coupé was trying to sleep, when the door opened at the Limerick junction, and a tall, good-humoured-looking young Roman Catholic priest leaped into the carriage, and hoped 'he did not disturb me.' The train rolled on, and my companion began anxiously searching his pockets. 'Och, bother! I'm afraid I've smashed it,' and out came a little broken black pipe, which he contemplated with a glance of mournful pathos, I rejoicing at the prospect that the carriage would not be filled with tobacco-smoke—for that journey at least-saw him then, with an air of intense satisfaction, drawing forth a black bottle from his side-pocket. 'Well, any way, you are not lost,' he muttered; and then, bending over to me, he presented the bottle. 'The night is cold,' he said explainingly. 'Thank you,' said I; 'I don't 'Oh,' said he, 'if you don't, I do,' and he drink such things. took some of the contents, saying, as though apologetically, "Tis mighty cold entirely." I began to speculate, as we had some hours' journey together before us, what might be the best way of entering into a profitable conversation with the young priest, for I knew that if he suspected I was a clergyman, he would at once relapse into silence. I began by inquiring after the Rev. Peter M'Evoy, who I found was living in a good post in one of the Roman Catholic parishes as administrator. just left Maynooth myself,' continued my neighbour; 'my own diocese was overstocked, and the Bishop insisted on my going

to the cold north. They say that the Protestants up there are very strong in controversy, but 'tis myself will be a match for them that way, anyhow. We are well ground in the controversy now at Maynooth, and I would not fear to meet even Luther himself. Did ye ever hear tell—arrah, I suppose ye did; sure all the worruld heard of Rev. James Callen, D.D., whose fame is so great in science, one of our professors. Well, sir, one day the Duke of — and his daughters came to see the college. and Professor Callen was asked to show them some of the wonders of electricity. The experiment was the decapitation of a turkey, and then the applying the wires, and the Duke looked on and saw the dead turkey beginning to strut about when the electricity was applied; but one of the Duke's daughters was looking at something else the whole time, and when the applause had ceased, and the Duke said to her, "Did ye see that, my dear?" "What was it?" said she; "make him repeat the experiment, please." "Repeat the experiment!" said the ould Professor. "Why, thin, how aisy you say it; and do ye think 'tis quite so aisy to pay four shillings for a turkey to have its head chopped off? Repeat the experiment indeed!" and with great indignation he turned away, and the Duke had to say something or other to apologize for her ladyship's inadvertent observation, but there were no more experiments tried that day in his laboratory.'

'They say,' said I abruptly, 'that St. Patrick was a Protestant.' 'I'd like to hear them prove it,' said the priest. 'Did you ever hear of the Confession of St. Patrick?' said I. 'To be sure I did, and what then?' 'Well, that seems to be pretty plain that his belief was rather different to that of the present Church of Rome.' I resumed: 'And we all know that his father, Calphurnius, was a deacon, which shows, in his time, the clergy were allowed to be married.' 'Excuse me,' said the priest, 'nothing of the sort; this only shows that he was what the Protestants call a pervert, and had a wife before.' I am afraid St. Patrick won't bear you out, for his grandfather, called Potitus, was a priest, as St. Patrick tells us in his "Confession." He mentions also himself that he had imbued his mind with the psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, and in singing them he had lifted up his mind, burning with Divine fire,

to God and heavenly matters.'

'But,' I resumed, 'we have St. Paul's commendation of the study of the Word of God: "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of

whom thou hast learned them, and that from a child thou hast learned to know the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." '\* 'Certainly,' said the young priest; 'that is plain enough, anyway.' 'He goes on to say: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works. I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at

His appearing and His kingdom, preach the Word."'

The train rolled into Sallins station, and the young priest leaped out. 'I can't go a step further with you,' said he, and off he went to a second-class carriage. 'If you can't go with me, said I, hastening after him, 'I can go with you. We'll have a run into Dublin now-no more stations;' and we then began speaking of the way of a sinner's justification by faith alone in the atoning blood and perfect righteousness of the Redeemer. 'If you will turn to your own sacred Bible of the Vulgate edition, you will find a remarkable declaration in the last chapter of the Apocalypse or Revelation of St. John, in the fourteenth verse: "Beati qui lavant stolas suas in sanguine Agni: ut sit potestas eorum in arbor vitæ et per portas intrent in civitatem "-" Blessed are they who wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." And again: "The Spirit and the Bride say Come, and he who heareth let him say Come, and he who thirsteth let him come, and he who wishes let him accept the water of life, gratis, freely, for nothing"—"Et spiritus et sponsa dicunt: Veni, Et qui audit, dicat: Veni, Et qui sitit veniat et qui vult, accipiat aquam vitæ, gratis." Remember also what St. Paul says in the fifth chapter of Romans, first verse: "Justificati ergo ex fide, pacem habeamus ad Deum per Dominum nostrum Iesum Christum" -"Being justified therefore by faith, let us have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access through faith into this grace wherein we stand, and glory in the hope of the glory of the sons of God." And in the ninth verse St. Paul goes on to say, after asking, "For why did Christ die for the ungodly? Christ died for us: much more, therefore, being now justified by His blood, shall we be saved from wrath through Him." 'That's in my version, \* 2 Tim, iii, 14-16.

true enough,' said the priest. 'Then,' I added, 'ought you not to teach what the living God Himself declareth in His own Holy Word? Remember what Jesus saith: "Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house there are many mansions; if not I would have told you that I go to prepare a place for you. Jesus saith, I am the way and the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."\* And St John, in the first chapter and seventh verse, says: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Do you not remember the alarmed gaoler in the dungeon of Philippi, holding the light in his trembling hand at the lonely midnight hour? "Master," he cries, "what must I do that I may be saved? But they said, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."† How blessed is the glorious Gospel that tells even the chiefest of sinners "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.";

The train rolled into Kingsbridge terminus, and the young priest took my hand and said fareweil. He disappeared into the darkness of the night, while a cold shivering wind rushed up the river as I drove out upon a side-car along the lamplit quay. Oh! I thought, if only the priests of the Church of Rome in Ireland knew and preached God's way of salvation through faith alone in Jesus, how happy a land might not

Ireland yet become!

One of the very best ways for the evangelization of Ireland would be a well-worked colportage society for sending intelligent Christian men, strong in frame and earnest in working, among the farmers and peasantry. Having had temporary direction of such a work for a short period, I was surprised at the number of copies sold of Douay Testaments by the colporteur. Even in a most bigoted Roman Catholic district the people purchased very many volumes, and many interesting conversations took place upon religious topics. The colporteur told me that, one day passing along the highroad, he saw the parish priest superintending his labourers as they were setting potatoes in one of his fields. Going up to them, and taking off his hat, 'Well,' said his reverence, 'what have you there, my man?' 'I have the Word of God, sir,' answered the colporteur; 'the Word of God which teaches us, lost as we are, the only way of salvation.' 'And what is that?' 'Tis what

the Lord Jesus says when He said, "I am the way: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." 'Tis what St. Paul and Silas said when they exclaimed: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."' 'They never said anything of the sort!' angrily cried the priest. 'Pardon me, sir!' exclaimed the colporteur; 'here is the very chapter and verse here—you can read in your own New Testament;' and he held forth the Roman Catholic New Testament. 'Come, be off out of this at once!' cried the priest; 'I want none of your "souper" talk here.' 'For all that, sir, it is the Word of God, and remember our blessed Lord Jesus Himself says: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."' 'If you are not off out of this,' cried the angry ecclesiastic, 'in five seconds' twill be worse for you, sir—mark that!' and he advanced angrily towards the colporteur, who tranquilly closed his leather bag and resumed his journey.

Now, if the agents employed were to have a stock of interesting religious works, pens, paper, etc., besides the Word of God in Irish and English, both Authorized Version and Douay, I do believe that, with the Divine blessing, incalculable good might be effected. Wherever a single copy of the Holy Scriptures found its way, a silent leavening work would result, for when God's truth enters Romanism cannot long remain.

## CHAPTER LI.

#### THE SILENT LAKE.

THE number is daily becoming fewer of those who remember a singular personage who had a great reputation as an antiquarian in the city of Cork some years ago. A thin, wrinkled man, with a long beard—Mr. Abel—had made antiquities the study of his life. Many a forged relic had been brought to him by the peasantry, who were familiar with his hobby; and iron hands or curious forms cast in the foundry had been hidden in fields, where poor Abel was afterwards conducted to superintend the discovery of some most ancient relics, which, purchased by him, became soon afterwards the pride of his Upon one occasion a peasant called early at his house, and asked whether the masther was at home. seeing the antiquarian, he cautiously closed the door, as if fearful of being overheard, and sinking his voice to a whisper, 'Bdhe husthe avourneen' (Arrah, your honour's glory), but I have a wondherful piece of news entirely to tell ye.' 'What is it, my good man? replied Abel eagerly. 'Some antiquarian discovery perhaps.' 'Och, troth, your honour; but 'tis a mighty quare discovery, sure enough. Maybe your honour never heard tell of the silent lake; an' shure 'tis Paddy Mulligan discovered it only yesterday, and hot foot I came off to tell your honour of it, for shure all Europe says you are a mighty learned philosopher entirely.' 'Silent lake-silent lake! What do you mean, my man?' cried the antiquarian. your honour, let me call a "jingle" at the dhure, and we'll go off both together fair and aisy, and as we go along I'll explain it all to your honour. Now, it was when running afther a big hare yesterday, I lost sight of her, and following on for a few miles, "A bfaca tu an geamfiadh a caileen?"\* said I to a little "She is up there by girl I met in the hills. "Yes," said she. \* 'Did you see the hare, little girl?'

the lake;" and she showed me the way, while Shaun Carty, who was with me, and the dogs, the crathurs, followed on. And when we came to the lake, he took one side and I the other; and shure enough he halted on the opposite side, and opened his mouth and waved his hand, and "Go de fein?" (What is it?) I shouted, and not a word, good, bad, or indifferent, out of him. "Go de ta naith?" (What do you want?) I called out. No, not one word; and then I went round to him. "Why, thin," says he, "'tis quare trathment of your own sister's son to keep him shouting out like a boy in a turnip-field with a flock of crows lighting down around to pick up the seed, and never a word of an answer did ye make me." "Why, man," sez I, "I shouted out to you till I thought I'd broke a bloodvessel;" and shure enough, sir, 'twas thin I made the discovery which I now come to tell you of.'

The car at last halted, and the peasant led the antiquary along a narrow furze-covered boreen,\* into a field in which was a sheet of water some three hundred feet long and about a hundred feet in breadth. Carefully placing him at one side, and crossing over to the other side himself, he commenced gesticulating wildly, as though he was shouting at the top of his voice, although all the time he did not utter a single sound. After some minutes, crossing over to the antiquary, he asked him to shout out in return, and he would go back again and listen if he could hear a word. The antiquarian immediately began shouting out, while the peasant put his hand to his ear as a trumpet, and his face expressed the most lively inability of his ears to catch a single sound. 'Ah, your honour,' is no use; you might kill yourself shouting, and you would never be heard.' Poor Abel at once took out a couple of sovereigns and handed them to him, telling him on no account to divulge the secret of the silent lake to anyone, and that he would soon see him again. That night was a restless one to him; dreams of the glory awaiting such a scientific discovery in acoustics as he had now made floated before him. Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, all in turn he beheld sending him encomiums of his rare scientific inventions. How all Europe would ring with the tidings of the silent lake! how famous his name would be! Next evening he sought out a friend of his who also had antiquarian and scientific proclivities, imparted to him the wondrous secret, and invited him to drive off at once on a side-car to witness for himself the phenomenon. Accordingly

they drove off at once and reached the lake. Abel stood on one side, his friend, all attention, on the other. With the voice of a stentor the antiquarian called out, 'My friend, my friend, I say I'll dine with you to-morrow at six o'clock.' 'Oh. Abel, Abel! how dare you make such a fool of me! What do you mean by such conduct?' rang back the answer on his astonished ear, while, rushing off like an arrow from the bow, his angry friend leaped on the car, drove back into Cork, and left the bewildered antiquary to walk sadly homewards, a sadder yet wiser man, from the margin of the silent lake. communication ever reached Berlin from his pen relative to his grand discovery; but for many a month after the philosopher never could bear to look at a sheet of water without shuddering at the remembrance of the infamous deception which the peasant practised on him. That latter rascal was never heard of after in that part of the country; but, indeed, poor philosopher Abel's discovery was not much out of unison with many a grand discovery of the science and wisdom of our day.

## CHAPTER LII.

#### THE HOME MISSIONARY,

I CANNOT fancy a more singular series of events than might be related were a little company of Irish Church clergy, who have seen service of from forty to twenty years' duration, to recount their experiences. And one thing I am perfectly certain, they would all agree in that, as a general rule, they have always been treated by their Roman Catholic parishioners with respect, and very often with much kindness.

Look at about two thousand Protestant clergymen before the suicidal Act of Disestablishment, living many of them in solitary glebe houses, a few isolated farmers of their own communion forming the staple of their flock. See when agrarian murder and outrage stalk like ghastly spectres from hearth to hearth,

'Hovering like raven o'er infected house, The harbinger of woe.'

See the curate or rector fearlessly discharging the daily duties of his post, his gentle wife holding a daily levee of the sick, giving them medicines and nourishment suited for the invalids of the lonely, smoky cabin, visiting with a woman's heart the fever bed, and soothing the poor troubled heart of the dying peasant, terrified at the hideous phantasms of a burning purgatorial fire, with the sweet invitation of the Man of Sorrows, while it may be in the same parish the poor squire, having dispossessed some tenant who saw no necessity of paying rent, never leaves his hall door without a brace of policemen, rifle in hand, seated on his side-cart to accompany him in his drives.

'Sir,' said a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic to a friend of mine in the Irish Church ministry, 'may I ask you, Were you ever insulted in the South of Ireland as long as you have been living there?' 'I never was,' replied he emphatically. 'And now, as you are a priest living in the black Protestant North, will you answer me in turn, Were you ever insulted there?' 'I

answer you,' he said, 'I never was.'

But if a man, feeling the value of immortal souls, is constrained by a sense of duty, not alone to adopt an indirect course of endeavouring to introduce the Bible or Douay Testament into the houses of the Roman Catholic peasantry and people, but also feels that he is called upon to engage in controversy—at least, is constrained to set forth the truth publicly before the Roman Catholic parishioners—he will at first have very great opposition to undergo. Danger and violence must be faced; and when the priest has denounced him from the altar, his friends need not be surprised if the contents of a blunderbuss be fired after him from the furze ditch some dark night or be sent into the glebe house study.

A remarkable instance was related to me of the wondrous dealing of Providence as connected with a rescue from assassination. The principal in the affair, I am happy to say, is alive and well, and long may the gallant clergyman continue so.

The Rev. Philip Dunn is an earnest, zealous minister of the Word; a splendidly-built man, of great stature, and immense strength. In the earlier days of his ministry he used to travel about a good deal in connection with the old Home Mission, which then was privileged to effect a great deal of good in those churches into which its agents were admitted. This Home Mission Society has recently been revived, and never in all the days of troubled Irish Church history was there such a pressing demand for its services as now, administered as it is by its so able and well-known secretary, the Rev. William Ormsby, the The clergymen in connection with late Rector of Arklow. this society all labour gratuitously, and much good has been effected by it. It is manifest that, in the sadly altered circumstances of the Church, when so many churches are closed, it must be a blessed thing to have them opened again, even for a service or two. How glorious it would be if those in England who are possessed of wealth would raise a fund to reopen every church in Ireland which has been closed, and restore the ministry of the Gospel to the poor Irish Protestant farmer and peasant!

The Rev. Philip had been stopping at the house of Mr. D—, a wealthy layman and good man. The place where the Mission service was held was some distance off, and they had walked together to the service, and after a powerful appeal

by the missionary upon the subject of 'Providence,' which was heard by a large congregation, they had set off together to return home. That very night three men had stationed themselves in ambush by the roadside to murder the entertainer of the Home Missionary.

The appearance of the Home Missionary made no change in their murderous purpose, and as the two unsuspecting travellers passed by their lair, they leaped out upon them, but found that they had made a mistake in the man they had to deal with. In a moment the tall, powerful missionary had knocked down the first assailant, and then another blow from his gigantic arm laid a second combatant low, while he next minute grappled with the third assassin, and by main force wrested the gun from him, whose contents had been destined for his host. Surely a more evident manifestation could not well be imagined of the wondrous Providence whose marvellous dealings had proved the subject of his sermon.

Missionary life in Ireland has been wonderfully indebted to the earnest zeal of the Primitive Methodists. The self-denying ministers of that Conference have, by their labours and preachings, carried the Gospel light into many a secluded mountain cabin and farmer's house, isolated amid the golden furze and

heather of the mountain crags.

These ministers—men of an earnest piety, able preachers, mighty in the Scriptures, and possessed of an indomitable zeal, facing cold, and fatigue, and danger—have travelled the loneliest parts of Ireland, Bible in hand, proclaiming a Saviour's love to sinners.

It was delightful to see the Primitive Methodist minister coming up from his little chapel when his service had been concluded, and with his congregation worshipping in St. Multose at Kinsale, or St. Mary's, Youghal, or in the Parish Church, wherever he might be stationed. The Evangelical parish clergyman knew that in the Primitive Methodist minister he had a trusty ally, who considered himself and his flock as being still stanch members of the Church of Ireland, at whose communion table they would, both minister and congregation, receive from the clergyman the symbols of the Saviour's dying love. It is much to be regretted that, whatever be the cause, or whose fault it may be, since the Disestablishment the majority of the Primitive Methodists have left the Church, and that their ministers now administer the Sacraments themselves. Had more zeal been shown by the one Church in endeavouring

to retain, and less precipitation shown by Conference in acting

independently, this result would not have occurred.

Many of the ablest young ministers of the Primitive Methodists have been ordained for the ministry of the Church of Ireland, and many of the veteran ministers still remain with their flocks in her communion, in which they live, in which they hope to die. Some of my most valued friends have been Primitive Methodist ministers, and I can gratefully testify to the noble stand which they made on behalf of our suffering Irish Church when the day of her trouble came.

## CHAPTER LIII.

#### THE DYING FRENCH SOLDIER.

It is war-time; two great nations are in arms. I have with the greatest difficulty worked my way up through France, and, passing through Belgium, at last, after much delay, and not a little danger, find myself standing on the platform of the great railway-station at Cologne, on my way northwards towards the theatre of war. Crowds of marching Moblots, singing enthusiastically the 'Marseillaise,' and waving great tricolour flags, as they hurry on to the railway-stations, or bands of Franc-tireurs. or free-shooters, in their theatrical costumes, rifle on shoulder, and plumed hats, have danced and sung along in gay revelry, as though death were not waiting them on the battle-field. crowds of infuriated ouvriers, workmen with pale face and burning eye, mingled with wailing women, citizens reading last telegrams from the seat of war, and regarding any stranger with suspicion; in truth, one's life was worth not a moment's purchase. Were any of those intensely-excited men or boys to raise the cry of 'Espion!' (spy), a blood-stained mass would alone remain to tell of what was once life.

And now great crowds in Germany meet the eye, as they march in chorus-singing bands, ringing forth the 'Watch on the Rhine,' or viewing with quiet wonder the battalions of prisoners who descend wearily from the prison trains.

Ah, me, how sad a spectacle is war! I gaze through the windows of the great hall, and there behold a crowd of wounded French soldiers. Some are lying down, some standing, while the surgeons, attended by dressers, are examining their wounds. A long, sad line of French soldiers' gray overcoats and scarlet trousers stained with black powder-stains, or dyed a deeper colour by the trickling blood, are ranged along the tables, where, in happier times of peace, I have often stood to have

one's luggage 'passed.' Wistfully these poor, pale faces look up into the surgeon's eyes, to see what his verdict may be, as he proceeds to examine into the wounds which these blood-

stained rollers and bandages conceal.

Close by my post at the window a young French soldier is lying on a litter; he is badly wounded, cannot even move his hands; but, bending over him, a tall, kind-looking Prussian Landwehr soldier is feeding him as gently and as lovingly with spoonfuls of soup as though it was a mother tending a sick child. Only a pane of glass between us, and yet how great a barrier! How I longed to be permitted to enter in there, as he raised his sad eyes to mine, and looked so wistfully at the blue sky, and to whisper a few words of Him who saith, 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'

There he lay, a tear trickling down that face, over which a cloud of deep dejection brooded, far from his own dear fatherland, far from home and loved ones, about to meet an exile's death in an alien land. Oh, how blessed would the privilege be, if one could only whisper in that poor, tired ear, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool.' How precious to point that dying eye to a Father's house above, where the

many mansions are, and to tell him of the dear Emanuel's

love, who saith, 'I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.'

Some days have passed away. I am standing amid the wounded French prisoners in the hospital of Ludwigsberg; solemn sounds at nightfall echo upon the ear, when these poor sufferers, some dying, others in fiercest pain, others in wild delirium, begin to rave of the battle they have been so lately wounded in; and wild cheers and shouts and war-cries resound through these wards, tenanted by those gray-capoted, blue-uniformed French soldiers. Oh, war, how hideous art thou in thy dread, ghastly realities! How sorrowful a miserere would arise from these seven thousand wounded, who, day after day, on an average, I have seen—on each succeeding day a fresh seven thousand or eight thousand—borne onwards from the battle-fields.

Here on this bed a fine young French soldier is lying mortally wounded. His eyes are closed; an expression of deep pain flits across his pale face. Presently he begins to speak in French. The German dressers gather round him, and one said to me, 'He wishes for something; ask him what it is.' I bent over the dying man, and spoke to him in his own language. The dying eyes reopened, and he looked up with a pleased look into my face. The damp dews of death were on his forehead. 'Can I do, my friend—can I do anything to help?' A sad, oh, how sad a glance stole across his features! 'No, no, sir, I thank you; but you cannot help me, I fear;' and then he wearily turned round towards me, and half whispered: 'I have a mother—oh, sir, I have my poor mother waiting far away at home for me, and I shall never see her more!' Big tears rolled down his poor, pale face. 'Oh,' he said, 'I would give all the world to see her but for five minutes to say adieu!'

The Germans had now drawn close around the dying bed, and expressions of deep sympathy sat upon each kind, honest face there. I don't believe they understood a word of what the dying soldier tried to say, but they guessed at the language of the heart. 'Cher ami' (dear friend), I said, as I bent closer to the dying soldier, 'you will never see your poor mother again in this life; but, dear soldier, there is One who loves you with a deeper love than even her love—One who died for you on the Cross of Calvary; One whose precious blood will cleanse you whiter than snow, if you will but trust Him, and ask Him with all your heart.' There was silence for a few moments, and then the poor dying soldier fied his lustrous eyes on mine, and whispered sweetly, 'Yes, I do trust Him; I will ask Jesus to wash away my sins;' and then, with the agony of fiercest pain, he groaned aloud, and lay back utterly exhausted.

I laid my hand on his, and prayed that our loving Lord God would bless him and receive him as His pardoned child, through faith in the dear Lord Jesus.

Years before I had been enabled—having German and Spanish and Italian versions of the precious hymn 'Rock of Ages'—to be the means of circulating, with the addition of a French translation, this glorious Gospel-hymn in many lands. Having known the great delight with which the Sardinian cavalry used to welcome it during war-time, when they were en route, I drew out the little hymn, and laid it in his hand. Oh, how the poor, waning vision dwelt with joy upon its sweet words of hope and faith! I was obliged to leave the dying soldier, but my sister, who often visited the hospital, would,

while life remained, visit and sit by him; and one little bloodstained hymn was read over and over by these poor dying eyes. One poor voice would whisper lovingly the French version of—

> 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood From Thy riven side which flowed Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

'Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Weary, look to Thee for rest. Vile, I to the Fountain fly— Wash me, Jesus, or I die.'

Yes, with eyes filming in death, he would read it over and over, and clasp it to his heart.

One parting hour she read him the blessed words of the

fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel:

'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.'

Never did the words fall with sweeter power. Never did the hymn more beautifully console a dying sufferer. These poor dying hands in death still held it. I trust, when dead, they laid it with the brave young soldier in that coffin, placed in that German soil, where, side by side, many a soldier of France

is lying, far from his dear fatherland.

## CHAPTER LIV.

# THE CREW OF THE 'FLORENCE BARTON.'

My brother minister and I, one winter evening, at Kinsale, were startled by the intelligence that a barque-rigged craft, laden with palm-oil, from the African coast, had been brought into our harbour by the crew of the revenue cutter, who had found her drifting helplessly towards the coast.

Upon hailing her, a black face appeared over the bulwarks, and a voice replied that they were all dead or dying on board. Some of the crew of the cutter bravely volunteered to bring the barque into port, and she now lay at the mouth of the harbour, rising and sinking in the long swell that rolled in from the Atlantic.

Our Wednesday evening service had been concluded. The worshippers had left the stately old church of St. Multose, and we walked down to the pleasant little village of Cove, in order to procure a boat to put us on board the ill-fated craft.

After some delay, partly arising, I imagine, from reluctance on the part of the boatmen to approach the ship, we succeeded in getting a four-oared whale-boat. Pushing off, we pulled toward the mouth of the harbour.

The darkness of the winter's night fast shrouded the lessening shore as we rapidly glided on our way, and a dense black, funereal bank of clouds hung away to seaward, between which and our boat's head the taut spars and tracery of the African barque gleamed indistinctly on our view.

'That is the cutter on our starboard bow,' said one of the

men as we swept by.

We were now nearing the object of our journey. A light spray, driven in our faces by the wind, told us that the breeze was freshening. All before us was thick, murky gloom. A light suddenly gleamed out from the forecastle. We rowed

alongside the ship, and in a few moments found ourselves on deck.

A coastguard came forward to receive us. 'I am truly glad to see you, gentlemen,' he said; 'the crew are in an awful state below. Here is the revenue doctor.'

A young man in a sort of undress costume came forward and welcomed us courteously, telling us that he would show us

the cases most urgently requiring our attention.

'Take care of that coil of cable, gentlemen,' said he; and on we passed by the long-boat, between the masts; and, under the guidance of the doctor, my fellow-labourer went aft, and I went forward to the forecastle.

'This case is one of the worst. I'll just strike a light. Mind

your head there. Ah! here we are.'

All around was dense darkness. The coastguard held the light. Presently its rays fell upon the black faces of three men who sat upon the floor. The white hammocks hung over their heads. The Krumen gazed curiously upwards, and then towards the side bunk.

The moans of the sick and the dying in the berths all round mingled with the melancholy wailing of the wind through the shrouds. The rolling of the ship rendered it somewhat unsteady

footing as I bent over the sufferer beside me.

The light flickered, then fell steadily upon the pale, emaciated, ghastly features of a young lad. Scurvy had played fearful havoc with that face. The fever had clenched him in its firm grip. The cap upon the head and the pea-jacket told the tale that he had struggled to the last, and then turned in—never more to rise from that narrow, stifling bunk.

A horrible odour filled the forecastle. The fever-stench mingled with the scurvy atmosphere. Altogether, I could scarce hold on by the poor boy's side. The dying face was

painfully and slowly turned towards me.

'Boy,' I said—'my boy, you are dying.'

The eye languidly shut, then reopened. 'I know it,' he gently said. Pointing into the gloom, 'I have a mother,' he muttered; 'she taught me to pray. I have been at Sabbath-

school; yonder in my box is my Bible.'

There was a something in the way wherein the words were uttered, and in the loving gleam that stole across the pale, sick-worn features as he looked toward the Bible, that told me the boy had long since rested upon his Lord and Saviour. I bent down and whispered:

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'

The words had barely passed my lips, when he took them up, and feebly said:

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood From Thy riven side which flow'd Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.'

I had heard the words sung by rough Piedmontese sailors; I had given them in sweet Italian cadence to swarthy Sardinian troopers to read while war-bound; I had oft felt their power mid little congregations worshipping in far distant lands; but never had the words so thrilled through my heart as when repeated by those dying lips in that dark, pestilential forecastle.

'I wish,' he said—'I wish I could be moved out of this berth. For the last seven days I have been lying in the wet; but,' he continued, 'it's no matter. I feel my soul is safe.'

Bending over him, I prayed earnestly; and then the poor thin lips moved, and the dim eye brightened, as he united in the prayer that his blessed Saviour would sustain and comfort him in his dying hour.

It would be well, I thought, that many a careless man should stand by that dying boy's side that solemn night, and see how the blessed Lord can whisper peace and hope and joy, even in the dark passage through the valley of death's shadow.

The boy now quietly laid himself back in the narrow berth, as though overcome by the exertion of speaking, and as though the light pained his wearied eyelids. My companion's voice reached my ear, as he now entered the forecastle, and spoke to the dying men on the opposite side.

Passing aft, I entered the captain's cabin. Opening a side-door, the coastguard pointed to what at first seemed to me a heap of blankets, but which, as the light fell upon it, assumed the form of a dark moustached and bearded man, lying in a berth. He was quite insensible, breathing loudly, the face flushed and swollen.

'He is a German, sir,' said the seaman; 'he is dying now.'

I bent over the dying form; I placed my mouth close to his ear; I tried to raise him; I spoke in his own tongue.

'It is no use now; the die is cast, sir.'

We passed on into the steward's pantry, lighted by a swinging

lamp. Lying in his berth, the sides of his cabin filled with the various utensils of his calling, there we found the poor fellow.

'Oh, sir!' he cried, as his eye glanced upon me—'oh, sir! can I be saved? Oh, this voyage! this fearful voyage! Day after day lying here; night after night tossing about with this fever; no medicine, no care—all dead or dying! Oh, my sins! my sins! how they stood round about me, night after night, like so many fiends coming to accuse me! I have been in many a craft, sir; I have sailed under a God-fearing master, who mustered us daily for prayer; but I have forgotten my God, and now——'

He paused, and looked so aghast and terror stricken.

'There is full and free pardon even for you, my friend,' I said. 'Look to Jesus. He came to seek and save that which was lost.'

'Ah! sir, but I have been too wicked.'

'Man!' cried the old coastguard at my side, 'don't sin the more by refusing to believe what your God has said of His desire to pardon you. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

'The Bible! the Bible! Oh, how I have longed for one all

this weary voyage through! Have you a Bible, sir?'

I gave him the only Bible which I had about me, and then,

uniting in prayer with him, I left him.

The time was now wearing on. From man to man we both had gone. The wind was freshening, and the barque rolled before it. One more glance at the dying lad; one more word of comfort. When morning came, and they went to move him, the lad fell back dead. Dead? Yes; that is a glorious declaration in the Book of Revelation: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'

The German died the night of our visit to the barque.

It was a solemn scene when, by torchlight, they were buried in the old churchyard upon the hill. A solemn voyage from

Africa to that old weather-beaten church!

The barque had lain in the river, getting in a cargo of palmoil. Whilst there fever made its appearance among the men. Their quinine bottle—their great resort in fever—was exhausted. The captain sickened and died. The hands dropped off one by one. Day after day, 'neath that burning sun, body after body was consigned to the deep.

Then another master was sent out from England, and the

barque weighed anchor homeward.

Alas! the fever burst forth again with renewed virulence.

'Oh, sir,' said the steward, 'how fearful a voyage it was! Man after man dying by our side, and we tossing about, unable to handle a sail! And then the green shore hove in sight, and we lay helpless there, hoping for relief, yet fearful that the wind might change once more, and drive us seaward back again. As for me, sir,' he continued, 'by God's help, I will be a better man for the future. This voyage has given me a solemn warning that I never can forget. "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner, for Christ's sake."

We now hailed our boat, which, with a prudent regard for its crew's safety, had put off from the barque's side. One of the cutter's men took a passage to his craft with us, and then we ran in across the dark waters homeward. The crew were landed the next morning. The boy had gone to the better

land—that holy city

'Where the salutation
Of blood-washed harpers rings its raptured song;
Where the Lord Christ, the God of our salvation,
Dwells there for ever, His blest flock among.'

Yes; he had made a glorious change—sickness changed into

immortal health; pain and sorrow into eternal joy.

After lying at Kinsale for some time, the *Florence Barton* was towed across to Liverpool; and then, after the lapse of a few days, there came a letter—a sad, touching, yet a glorious

letter-from the poor lad's mother.

'His father and I,' she said, 'had but one child. We went to the *Florence Barton* to seek him. A sailor said he was dead; and when we learned how sweetly he fell asleep in Jesus, with the big tears rolling down our faces, we knelt down by the little cot in which he used to slumber when a child, and blessed the Lord Jesus that we had our child safe at home in heaven.'

Once again I heard of that ill-fated craft. Returning from the African coast, fever again burst forth with fearful virulence on board. Short-handed, half the crew in their bunks, she was caught off the Western Irish coast in a gale, and dashed to pieces on the hungry rocks of Inch Island, washed by the Atlantic surges. Ten days in a sinking state she had struggled across the ocean, the miserable hands working the pumps night and day to keep her afloat. Then she struck the rocks. The masts were cut away, the boat launched; it upset, and the receding waves carried the struggling seamen from the strand. Three of the crew were drowned in their very berths, as they lay unable to move hand or foot in the dread fever grasp.

# CHAPTER LV.

# THE CRUISE OF THE 'WILD DUCK.'

Much attention has been latterly directed to the subject of the Irish Fisheries, and to the lamentable decrease both in the number of the boats and also of the fishermen themselves. The World's End is the well-known quarter of the Kinsale fishermen and their families. The village of Scilly, across the lower end of the harbour, is also peopled by them. latter were originally Englishmen, who, in Elizabeth's time, settled here after the glorious defeat of the Spanish Armada. They were chiefly Cornishmen; and even yet the Cornish custom of the little walled-up garden patch, bearing a hawthorntree before the door, may be seen here. In olden days the Spaniards committed great devastations along this coast. A great battle was fought in Kinsale harbour, in which the Irish and English attacked the French and Spanish galleys that had been driven into Kinsale waters. Five ships were taken from them, and twenty-one English sail recovered; while 400 of the enemy, and Gonsales de Vorsa, were slain—so says Hollings-This was in the year 1380.

The World's End was inhabited by Protestant fishermen, whose foreign names, Arnop, Gimlette, told of Huguenot blood. Very many of these abandoned the pure Scripture faith for which their forefathers contended unto death, and became Romanized. Still, many remain firm in the Reformed religion; and the happiest memories of my Kinsale ministerial life have been connected with the meetings for prayer and reading of the Holy Scriptures which for years I held in the old Scriptural schoolhouse of the World's End, when these dear, hardy, bronzed fishermen, after tossing about all the week in their hookers on the Atlantic, accompanied by their wives and children, would assemble to worship our loving Father in the

schoolroom; and subsequently, when I had succeeded in erecting the Fishermen's Hall, would flock down there, joining with the crowds of Cornish and Manx fishermen who for some three months annually rendezvous at Kinsale.

The Protestant Kinsale fishermen are a deeply interesting class. I would fain see them all gathered into separate hookers; and if any benevolent Englishman of wealth would visit Kinsale, would purchase half a dozen fishing boats, and man them with the Protestant men, it would materially serve to keep these dear fellows—some of them descendants of Huguenots—from the temptations which assail them on the side of the Church of Rome.

A Protestant fisherman, when dying, has told me of what he has had to suffer among his Roman Catholic neighbours at sea and ashore. Mixed marriages have been the ruin of the Protestant men. One can scarcely conceive what the poor Protestant has to endure who remains faithful to God's word, surrounded by a vast Roman Catholic population. The Ochlocracy, or mob law, setting in dead against him; the Roman Catholic wife, if he is ill, trying to introduce the priest, and to shut out the minister; the Bible sometimes thrown into the fire; Romanistic pictures and crucifixes set up around the walls of his little dwelling; his children made Roman Catholics. Unless the man be very firm, he can scarcely weather the ceaseless storm.

The Kinsale men have certain singular superstitions of their own. Scilly dam is swarming with the wrecks of old hookers, which they would upon no account use as firewood, as they would consider it very unlucky to do so.

I have found that, upon the whole, the Kinsale fishermen, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, are a sober class. I wish I could say as much for some of their wives. The men begin to fish about St. Patrick's Day, when the mackerel are off the coast, and when some four or five hundred Cornish, Manx, English, Scotch and French boats run in for the fishing. Our Kinsale men are under a sad disadvantage in commencing their fishing. Generally speaking, every farthing they have is spent by Christmas, and they cannot obtain credit. The workhouse is then the only resource for the poor Kinsale Roman Catholic fisherman and his family. They have disposed of their little furniture, their clothing, their large sea-boots—everything is in pawn; and when they come out in March they have first of all to get their nets to rights and their boats,

and then their future wages and earnings are mortgaged to bring out of the pawn-office their few little articles of property. So that the season passes on, and, unless it be a good one, they have but a little in hand to meet the long winter before them.

Unlike the Manxmen, they are ignorant of anything connected with horticulture or small farming operations. The World's End Kinsale fisherman cannot afford to get a patch of garden land to grow potatoes in. Even if he did, he cannot manage to dig properly; nor does he wish, I believe, to be seen digging—he rather looks down upon it, as a man of the sea. Again, the Manx fishermen have a trade to back them up when they are ashore; the poor Kinsale fisherman has none. If he cannot go to sea, he passes his time on Compass Hill looking out seawards, or tries to get a day's fishing for 'round fish,' or tries to forget the inevitable workhouse that ever sadly looms before him.

Similar to the dread phantom terror of the 'Hospital' that the charming Gascon Provençal poet Jasmine, in his exquisite Mous Soubenis ('My Souvenirs'), has painted as being the lot

of all his family:

'Oun bas payri? Moun fil, à l'espital:
Acos aqui que lous Jansemins môron...
M'embrasso, et part en clucan sous els blus;
Et lou sieguén lounten debat lous aoures:
Cinq jours apèy, moun gran-pay n'èro plus,
Et Jou, chagrin, hélas! aquel dilus,
Pel prumè cot saguèri qu'èren paoures!'

'Dear grandfather, where dost thou sadly go? The Hospital, where all the Jasmin race Have sunk to rest—such is their fitting place. Weeping, he clasped me in his fond embrace. Along the trees they glided from my view—In vain, in vain my burning tears pursue! Five days had passed, each hung his drooping head, And muttered low, ''Dear Grandfather is dead!'' Then first I knew, that dreary Monday night, The terrors which the poor man's heart affright.'\*

It must also be remembered that the poor fisherman, when he leaves the workhouse, is liable to repay the cost of his maintenance there. Now, if these poor fishermen could obtain about March a loan sufficient to redeem their little furniture,

<sup>\*</sup> The reader will find in my 'La Debonâdo,' published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., translations of Jacques Jasmin's charming great poems 'Françonette,' 'Mes Souvenirs,' and the 'Blind Maiden of Castel Cuille.'

etc.; if Government could interpose and grant them a loan, repayable by easy instalments, they would start unburdened in the fishing race with the Cornish and Manx men.

A Kinsale fisherman will not, unless necessity compel him, go fishing in a small boat, when he belongs to a hooker. A few old broken-down men manage, it is true, to go out in some worn-out old rowing boat to fish during winter, but the men have an inveterate prejudice against so doing; it is beneath them, they fancy.

If the Kinsale hookers were fitted each with a Norwegian oven, in which soup might be kept warm for very many hours, it would be a most useful appendage. The Kinsale men live chiefly upon tea and bread while at sea. Let anyone contrast the comfortable Manx and Cornish fisherman on a Saturday night, walking through the winding, narrow Spanishlooking streets of Kinsale, with their deep round baskets filled with bread, meat, vegetables, and then glance at the comfortless bread and tea of the Kinsale hooker's little forecastle, and they will perceive how marked a difference exists in the comfort of the Irish and stranger fisherman.

I would suggest also the establishment at Kinsale, Howth, Kingstown, of libraries for fishermen, where the men, both Irish, Cornish, Manx, and at Kinsale the French seamen, could take out the books with them on the Monday when running out to sea, and bring them back on Friday or Saturday, when returning for the Sabbath day's rest.\*

\* To show the intrepidity of a Kinsale fisherman, I give, from a somewhat rare book-Tuckey's 'Cork Remembrancer'-the following interesting account of a wrecked sailor lad: 'About twelve o'clock this day a vessel, called the Sylvan, was wrecked upon the Sovereign Islands. These two rocks are distant from the shore about an English mile; they rise suddenly as it were from the ocean, but are surrounded at the base by projecting cliffs. The distance of the two rocks from each other is just so much as to have admitted the vessel to get in between them, where she was completely wedged, and in which situation, her bottom being on the rocks, she was soon beaten to pieces. We have given this description of the islands in order to render the account which follows more intelligible. Towards the close of this day, when a fog which had arisen was in some measure dissipated, and when the sea had somewhat abated, the mast of a vessel, with something of the appearance of a man clinging to the rigging, could be descried from the shore at Oyster Haven. Night, however, and the tempestuous sea which still prevailed, rendered it impossible to make any effort to afford assistance, and those who witnessed his perilous situation had little doubt but that a few hours would terminate his life. The night closed: it was one of great horror; there was a high wind and heavy rain, it was for the most part dark, save when now and again a gleam of moonshine made the scene In the year 1803, in the winter, a singular incident occurred. One dark night two gentlemen, cloaked with the heavy horseman's cloak of the day, stepped into a small boat, which bore

more visibly terrific. The morning broke without any abatement having taken place in the violence of the elements; but the boatmen from Oyster Haven, who had witnessed the scene of the preceding night, were early in motion, and rowed in a tremendously heavy sea towards the islands. As they proceeded they encountered several pieces of wreck, and upon nearing the islands perceived something like a human being moving backwards and forwards, and upon approaching as close as the heavy surge would admit them, could distinctly see that it was a boy. To relieve him at the moment was impossible; the destruction of the boat and crew would have been the certain consequences of any attempt of the kind, for the sea still continued dreadfully agitated, and the wind extremely high. These circumstances being communicated to Mr. Cramer, who resided near Oyster Haven, he immediately had them made known to Mr. Newman, the sovereign\* of Kinsale, who, at about ten o'clock on the morning of the twelfth, proceeded to the spot, and promised the crew of a Kinsale boat a reward of ten guineas if they succeeded in relieving the unfortunate boy on the island. gallant fellows, having been provided with some warm wine in bladders, and other means of refreshment, proceeded to sea, which was as tempestuous as ever, and the wind still as high. The cliffs on the coast were at this time crowded with country people from the interior, and during the occasional evaporation of the low fogs the boy on the island could be seen running to and fro. The boat from Kinsale now appeared in view making for the island, which two others from Oyster Haven had been previously endeavouring to approach, but ineffectually. For several hours their exertions were fruitless, the mountain billows which dashed upon the rocks creating a surge which threatened destruction to any boat which approached it. Yet one effort was made which deserves particular notice : The king's boat stationed at Oyster Haven, with Mr. Maunsell, a gentleman of the revenue from Kinsale, Mr. Holmes, and the crew, proceeded towards the island with a small punt in tow. On coming as close within its range as the surf allowed them, the former gentleman and two of the crew took to the punt, and were almost immediately lifted upon the very rocks of the island at the spot where the miserable inhabitant was watching them with the most intense anxiety. The wave which thus threw them in receded, and left the punt for a few minutes on the rock, during which time they threw out a rope, which the boy caught, and almost at the same moment another wave bore off the punt filled with water, and nearly overwhelmed; they were then with difficulty taken on board the pinnace, from whence signs were made to the boy to tie the rope round his body and trust himself to the waves. Afraid, however, or ignorant of the meaning of their gestures, he wound the rope round his hand, but in a moment hastened to take it off, threw it away, and again mounted the cliffs. Night was now fast closing in, and the sea and wind continued unabated. The boats were reluctantly obliged to retire and leave the unfortunate boy for the second night upon this desolate rock without food or shelter, and with all the fearful anticipation that before morning cold and hunger would terminate his existence. As they retreated he was seen collecting, in a kind of cavern, a quantity of weeds with the in-

<sup>\*</sup> The 'Sovereign' of Kinsale was the old title of the Mayor of Kinsale.

them off rapidly to the side of a Kinsale hooker lying out in the stream. Four men composed the crew, and they at once set fore-staysail and mainsail, hove up anchor, and drifted

tention of making a bed, and picking from the earth some wild vegetables with which the rock abounds, and which he was observed to eat, when a fog suddenly concealed him from further observation. Reluctant to suffer such an interval as between night and morning to pass without making a new effort in behalf of the boy, at eleven o'clock at night the crew of Mr. Gibbons's whale-boat manned her, and attempted to get out, but could not succeed. In the morning, long before day, she again started with Lieutenants Bevan and Nason, of the Royal Navy, and John Isaac Heard, Esq., and rowed towards the island, but with no hope of reaching it, as the sea and wind were still higher than on either of the two preceding mornings, and the scene altogether more terrific. The worst apprehensions were entertained for the boy, who had been then two days and two nights on the rock, without any other food than the wild vegetables which it yielded. Those fears were in some degree relieved when he was again seen from the boat moving about; but hope derived no support from the aspect of the morning, which promised a bad and stormy day. After renewed, but fruitless, efforts to gain any point of the island, the whale-boat was obliged to return to Kinsale, which it reached about twelve o'clock, after having been several times in danger of being swamped. Here a most interesting scene took place. The crew of an American vessel, the Dayad, which was undergoing some repairs in the dockyard of Messrs. Gibbons and Co., volunteered to go out in the whale-boat and make an effort to rescue the boy. Their services were gratefully accepted, and they swore they never would return if they did not succeed. They then proceeded to make an experiment by firing a musket-ball with a rope attached to it, which was found to convey it with ease as far as they considered would be necessary; and thus provided, they proceeded to sea. In the meantime the boats from Oyster Haven had got into activity, and they could be seen for three hours in succession contending with, but scarcely living in, the breakers at the base of the rock. As the situation of the boy became more hopeless, their exertions increased, and their desperate daring was more visible. It was impossible that he could have survived another night, and the knowledge of this circumstance seemed to infuse new resolution in the hearts of the men. Two boats were seen for a long time supporting each other in their perilous undertaking, yet they were frequently concealed for minutes together in the dip of the sea or in the surge of the breakers. The day was then far advanced, and to those who were on the coast provided with glasses, and who could see what was going forward, there appeared as little hope of rescuing the boy as on the preceding day, and his fate seemed inevitable. They did not know, however, the resolution which the crews seemed to have formed-either to succeed or perish; and the interest of the scene was raised to intense and feverish excitement when one of the men, a brave and dauntless fellow named Jack Carty the owner of one of the Oyster Haven boats, was observed to be tying a rope round his body, and in a few minutes to throw himself with the most fearless devotion into a surge in which his boat could not live. We need not describe the sensation which prevailed. All attention was now turned towards this heroic fellow, and the suspense was indescribable, until he was seen clinging to, and occasionally climbing, the cliffs, where an immense

noiselessly down towards Charles Fort. The strangers stood near the old weather-beaten fisherman who steered the little craft. The old Kinsale hooker was a wondrous sea boat; without a deck aft, with only a little forecastle deck forward, it would boldly face the mighty waves of the great Atlantic, and many a homeward-bound American liner would see, miles off, the 'old head' of Kinsale, the glimmering light, the bluff bows, the red sail, and the bronzed faces of the crew as they

sea had left him. He succeeded in mounting beyond the reach of the spray, and was soon most actively employed in assisting the poor boy, who was in a completely exhausted state of mind and body, and who could with difficulty descend to where his preserver beckoned him. At length he reached him, and Jack Carty proceeded to invest his body with the rope, which he had taken from his own, and then performed the duty of ushering him to the spot where he had himself been thrown, where he consigned him to the waves. Doubt and anxiety were again painfully excited while the men in the boat were drawing him through the breakers and seas through which he should pass before his safety could be said to be insured, but both were dissipated when he was seen taken in over the gunwale, which was announced by three cheers from the men in the boats. During these few moments of agitation, the intrepid Jack Carty, who remained on the island, was forgotten; but the boy's safety being known, all eyes were turned to the former, who could be distinctly seen sitting down, with the utmost composure, on a point of rock waiting for his own chance of being released. This happily was not long accomplishing; a rope was flung on the cliffs, and Jack, more adroit than his predecessor on the island, soon seized and tied it round his waist and shoulders. Notwithstanding the perils of the scene, it was almost whimsical to see this fine fellow collecting the boy's and his own clothes, which he deliberately tied up in a bundle and put under his arm, and then descending to the most favourable spot, watched his opportunity and threw himself into the sea, from which in the course of about five minutes he was released by his companions, who gave loud cheers, which were returned from those parts of the land where they could be heard. It was then half-past two o'clock. The whale-boat with the American crew arrived almost at the moment Carty had got into his boat; but they were in sight some time before, and were seen rowing in the most undaunted manner in the heavy sea, and almost in the surge, choosing the most accessible point of the island. Upon learning the safety of the boy, they gave three cheers and returned to Kinsale, scarcely less entitled to public gratitude than if they had been the instruments of his preservation. Other boats also arrived at the moment, ignorant of what had occurred, but all determined to make a simultaneous effort. Lieutenant Desprang, of the Royal Navy, and Lieutenant Blackyer, of the --regiment, had proceeded in one boat with geese and turkeys, to which were attached such pieces of bread as they could be supposed to carry, and which were to be fled in the direction of the island when the boat got sufficiently near for that purpose. These preparations were happily rendered unnecessary; but those who provided them and undertook their superintendence were entitled to the greatest praise.'

lay hove-to, waiting to pilot him into Queenstown, or Cove, as it was then called.

The sentinel on the 'Devil's Bastion' paced his round, and perceived not the little fishing craft bearing away between Fort Charles and the frowning Block House, whose deep indented embrasures tower over the other side of the harbour waters.

The lighthouse lamp in the fort cast a faint gleam across the waters, and still the two strangers leaned against the side looking seawards, until at last, as the bright light of the Old Head met their view, a deep sigh of relief was given, and they seemed to muse deeply as they looked towards the looming cliffs, along whose covered sides they were now dashing gaily, the wind filling the close-reefed mainsail and pocket-handkerchief foresail. 'Safe at last! at last!' A large number of trunks and boxes had been stowed away beneath coils of rope and old sails. 'This is a quare job entirely,' said one of the men forward to his comrade on the weather-bow. what's in thim boxes aft there.' 'Bdhe husth, Shaun,' whispered the fisherman; 'I wish we were well over it, and back again. Shure, ould Murty knows France well, when he was mate of the lugger, and many a cargo he ran into Ringabella Bay, "tobacco, nankeens, and cognac," enough to make one's fortune thrice over, he brought in many a time; but since he got the blow of the handspike on his head, he's not the same man. I hope we may not fall in with the Wasp; she is cruising off the galley-head, I heard say, and ould Dick Butler would be right glad, I think, to have a talk with thim two strangers yonder, and to have the overhauling of thim chists. Tisn't tay is in them yiz may be sure.' The wind had now begun to freshen, and the roll of the open sea tossed the little craft, as though she were a cork, from side to side; the white foam-caps were roaring against her bow, as she madly tore along towards the race of the Old Head. 'That spar would want to be made of good stuff to stand this night's strain,' said the older of the two gentlemen to old Murty. 'True; for, your honour, it has seen harder nights, but none in a better cause; and the old fisherman leaned to windward, as the waters boiled along the lee bulwarks.

The year 1803 was an eventful one in the annals of Ireland; the horrors of '98 had been followed by the rising in Dublin of the insurgents on the night of the 23rd July. In Marshalsea Lane, off Thomas Street, in the metropolis, a party of the

9th Regiment, under Lieutenant Courtman, had seized a depôt, containing 30,000 ball cartridge, 7,000 pikes, several scaling ladders, grappling irons, sky rockets, boards nine feet long, with large nails driven in diamond form through them to annoy the cavalry; and in another depôt many pieces of timber hollowed out inside and filled with gunpowder and nails, which were intended to be exploded against the troops, also green uniforms, richly trimmed with gold lace, and faced with white; and stands and colours of green, edged with gold lace and fringe, besides proclamations damp from the press of the provincial government, calling upon the people to rise. night Robert Emmett, dressed in green uniform, with a tricornered hat and white feather, had, sword in hand, led on the sanguinary pikemen through Thomas Street, cheering their nerves by the loud assertion that that night he would make the castle of Dublin to tremble. That night Lord Kilwarden, piked to death, fell murdered on the pavement, dragged from his carriage; and Colonel Brown, a dragoon, riding past, and a clergyman with two watchmen, were murdered by the pikemen, who pressed on in their mad purpose. In vain Emmett would have restrained the wolves who followed him; they had tasted blood, and were beyond his control, until two companies of foot marched up to meet them, and a few volleys put to flight these wretched miscreants. Misguided Emmett suffered the penalty of his rash attempt, while the other conspirators attempted to escape to France.

The morning dawned at last. No land in sight; all boiling, white-crested sea around, as old Murty, who had never left the tiller for a moment, scanned the horizon. A single sail was in sight, and putting the Dollond day-and-night-glass to his eye, he viewed her attentively for a few moments. 'That is Dick Butler,' he said, with a bitter smile, 'and the Wasp will soon try to stick her sting into us.' At once he ordered the reefs to be shaken out, and with renewed impetus the hooker cleft the green waves that swirled against her bows. It was evident that the cutter had not as yet sighted the Wild Duck; her topmast was housed, her mainsail balance reefed, and she lay some six knots on the hooker's lee bow, her glancing copper gleaming as she rose and sunk in the long, rolling Atlantic 'Ould Dick is asleep,' said one of the fishermen. The strangers turned their gaze with an aspect of deep anxiety upon the cutter, whose pennant streamed out above the white canvas. Suddenly a light cloud of smoke burst from her bow,

and her ensign ran up to the peak, and fluttered out wildly from the halliards. 'Ay, there goes the long nine-pounder,' muttered Murty, and he edged the Wild Duck a point away. 'You'll have to be a little closer than you are before I heave-to for you, Dick Butler, aroon;' and the hooker now literally tore along through the waves, whose blinding clouds of spray were whirled aft, the straining mast and shrouds telling of the tension that they bore.

## CHAPTER LVI.

#### THE ESCAPE.

THE day wore on drearily enough for the fishermen, who saw every hour the cutter slowly but surely lessening her distance from the Wild Duck, and now, as the deep, black clouds drifted across the angry sky, and the wind moaned through the shrouds as though they were an Eolian harp discoursing melancholy music, their hearts seemed to fail, as they could plainly discern some two knots off the powerful cutter heeling over to the blast, and the bending spars madly straining, as the green surge foamed along her deck, and a head occasionally was seen attentively regarding them from under the leech of the fore-'If we could only weather out the day for an hour longer we would be in darkness, and ould Dick Butler would not board us,' quoth Murty. 'Tis a wonder he does not send a shot into us, said a young fisherman. Sorrah wondher at all, ma bouchaleen; quite aisy to see that he knows he's overhauling us hand over hand, and he thinks 'tis well to let well Mayrone! 'tis myself would like to be sitting in the ould house at the ferry again. 'Tis not much of the golden guineas they promised us,' pointing to the two strangers, who were leaning against the bulwarks beneath, 'we'll ever handle. Old Murty will jam the tiller into the side, I'm thinking. Wirrah! there's a squall!'

The shades of evening were now glooming over the ocean, and still the *Wasp* bowled along after her prey. A gun had been fired again by the cutter, and again disregarded by the hooker. 'Ould Dick is not as bad as they say, or he'd try to have the mast out of us by this,' said the young fisherman. His words were ominous, for next moment a nine-pounder shot tore right through the red mainsail of the little craft, and ere ten minutes had elapsed, a second and a third had followed.

'The mainsail won't hold much longer,' said Murty, with an angry look at the cutter; 'a blast like this will soon rip up its cloths when once it gets a loophole.' The strangers meantime were busily engaged in depositing some large stones from the hooker's ballast in each of the trunks, preparatory to their being hove overboard as soon as the cutter neared them. 'They'll want a good drag to get them up again, Mr. Arthur,' said Murty, with a grim smile. The individual addressed meantime threw back his cloak, and looked to the priming of his horseman's pistols in his belt. "Twould be no manner of use, your honour,' said Murty. 'There's thirty men aboord the Wasp this evening, and we are only half a dozen.

The wind seemed freshening still, and ere Murty had concluded, a tremendous squall struck the Wild Duck. She lay down beneath it, quivering in every timber and plank, and then, after shipping a sea which half filled her with water, rose staggering, with rent mainsail fluttering like thunder on the ear. The cutter fared worse as she met the squall, and sank beneath it, to the intense delight of the fishermen. As they watched her, after rising from the squall, suddenly they saw the head of the mast give way, and topmast, head of lower-mast, and mainsail, and head-sails, all come down a wild mass of canvas, spars, and cordage, blown away to leeward, while the hoarse voice of old Dick Butler was heard through his speakingtrumpet, as he shouted, 'Men, clear away the wreck!' 'Your honour won't see the inside of Dublin Castle this time,' said Murty, as he gazed towards the cutter, as she fell away to leeward astern. 'Twill be some time ere they'll be able to set canvas on her, and you'll sleep more aisy to-night than I thought you would an hour ago. Meantime, we may as well get in a couple of reefs in the mainsail, for it is blowing fresher than ever.'

It was a bright sunny morning when the Wild Duck ran into a little creek a few miles from Morlaix. The tricolour was floating from the staff on a tower, whose embrasures showed the muzzles of some long sixteen-pounders pointed ominously at them, and as they ran and dropped anchor, a boat filled with soldiers pushed off to them, and the sous lieutenant, leaping on board, accosted the two strangers, asked them their names, destination, and requested their passports. The older of the two, throwing off the cloak that hid the green uniform and gold lace epaulets, and scarf of a general in the army of the Irish Republic, replied, 'Mon nom, Monsieur le Lieutenant,

est Arthur O'Connor. Mon compagnon est nommé Monsieur Thomas Emmett, le frere de le malheureux General Emmett.' 'Eh bien, messieurs,' exclaimed the French officer; 'you must come with me; I must detain you,' and the two fugitives were landed and marched to the tower, guarded by the party of soldiers; and two of the latter were placed on board to keep the Wild Duck.

'Why, thin,' said the fishermen, 'this is quare tratement from thim Frinch Republicans. Why, if they had been Sassenachs themselves, they could not trate us much worse.' The day now wore on; the quick eyes of old Murty, turned on the shore, detected a party of troops leaving the tower, and taking the road to Morlaix, and among them he saw his two guests, who waved their handkerchiefs as they passed along the cliff road in token of farewell.

The wind was now setting in off shore; a solitary sentinel paced the tower; the two French soldiers were carelessly leaning over the bulwarks in conversation with a couple of fisher maidens, who had been rowing round the little craft, admiring her unwonted build. Murty stepped forward. 'Now, lads,' he said, 'we only have one chance for it; if ye don't like to spend some months in a French prison, and to have the Wild Duck shooting French mackerel-nets off her quarter, mind what I tell ye, and be ready to raise the mains'le and foresail when I give the signal. Pat Callaghan, do you do what you see me do, and follow me.' Old Murty quietly walked to the French soldier nearest him, who carelessly held his musket as he chatted with the young ladies below. moment, Murty's sinewy grasp was around him, and next moment Callaghan had pinned his comrade. 'Stand clear with the boat beneath! Now, leap, mon garçon!' shouted the old smuggler, and the Frenchman half leaped, half was pushed, overboard, while his comrade soon followed his example. The young girls in the boat at once pulled to their assistance, and in a moment the mainsail rose fluttering, the headsail was set, the moorings cast off, and with the land wind filling her canvas, the Wild Duck bore away from the shore. When the first shot from the tower fell a long way astern of the Wild Duck, as she held triumphantly on her way, the crew exulted, and sounded their fog-horn in derisive triumph. At last, after a wonderfully quick passage, Murty brought the hooker off Bulman\* rock, and as he rounded in the harbour, having decided

<sup>\*</sup> Bulman is a very dangerous rock at the entrance to Kinsale Harbour, marked by a floating buoy, which is useless in hazy weather. It would

upon his course, he ran alongside the man-of-war corvette lying off the town, and delivered up to him the boxes, which were sent off to Cork under an escort, and received by General Grant, then Commander of the Southern District. They contained papers, charts, documents relative to the insurrectionary committees, and proved of much use in strengthening the hands of the Irish Executive.

Many a day after the crew told their story of how they had escaped from a French prison. The reward which they received from their passengers was evidently a large one, for they did not seem to be particularly anxious about going fishing again for some time, and many a laugh they had against the *Wasp's* crew, when they told the story of the long chase, and their escape.

sadly need a bell buoy over it to warn the fishermen and other seamen of the danger.

## CHAPTER LVII.

## THE CURATE'S WIFE.

THERE are few travellers in Switzerland who will forget the first time that they have heard the great organ of Freiburg.

The murky gloom of the old Cathedral of St. Nicholas, made more visible by a few feeble lights in the gallery; the remarkably sculptured reliefs over the portal of the Last Judgmentthe joys of heaven, the miseries of hell; the grand old carven stalls, and the glorious music reverberating through the sacred aisle—all conspire to excite the imagination and to impress the And then when, amid the thunder of half-discordant harmonies, picturing a storm upon the high Alps, the moaning of the wind gradually rising from the faint shuddering whisper to the pine-wrecking blast, then comes some lull, and then an indescribably sweet strain floats upon the ear, and the voices of angels seem to be heard as the last wild snow blast extinguishes life in the cold heart chilled beneath of the lost traveller, and the sister spirit mounts away to eternal rest. How as all these discordant strains only conspire to make more noble the sweet harmonies interspersed between, so all our troubles, sorrows, trials are but the tones discordant that will exalt the higher the celestial spirit song of praise in Zion's blessed shore, when the poor tired traveller enters the gates of pearl, done for ever with death and sin and weeping.

The Rev. Robert Waldron was a man of singular gifts, an able scholar, and powerful in bodily frame. His curacy, almost a sole charge, a wild, lonely parish, afforded him plenty of time for study, and much opportunity for pedestrian exercise, visiting the farmers, of whose families his congregation chiefly consisted.

It is not by any means pleasant in country Irish parishes, while engaged in parochializing, to know that you will have inevitably to run the gauntlet of some half-dozen dogs in each

farmer's farmyard listlessly lying in the sun heat, when some mischievous terrier catches sight of you and gives tongue; then at once all the pack surround you, rushing in with wild skirmishing at your legs, and despising the brandished blackthorn, which only renders them more ferocious. A list of dogs' names also is apt to get confused in your mind. 'Neptune' only gets the fiercer at being hastily called 'Pluto,' and surly 'Bob' is not rendered more affable by being saluted 'Jack.' Then when, after what seems an age of waiting, the servant-girl makes her appearance, fortunate are you if her arrival lend not increased vigour to your canine adversaries, as at first mistaking her for a formidable reinforcement for their side.

Even should you have succeeded under her pilotage in running the outer blockade, a deep bass bark, and a shuffling rush and snapping of white teeth from the canine form vanishing from the spark-lighted hearth with a cry of 'Get out, Caysar!' shows you that all danger is not quite at an end; which pleasing fact is still more evident from several attempts of the aggrieved Cæsar to re-install himself, not without vindictive

growls, in his old location.

Sometimes I would sit with Waldron in his little study; he was an earnest reader, and kept himself well abreast of the questions of the day. I have often thought, while walking along the wild hill boreens or hedge-enclosed roads, the golden furze blooming in rich luxuriance around, the wild thorn bursting into flower, the lark singing from his aerial flight, and the rippling, crystal stream meandering amid the tall green rushes, how similar to these streams, which glide unheeded by, has been the course and life of many a devoted Irish Church pastor. If it has not been used to turn the mill-wheel of the great stone structure, it has been spent in carrying life and refreshing through the obscure valleys or heather-clad hills, where scarce an eye but that of the great King has marked its noiseless course.

Waldron had married a year or so before I first met him. His young wife, gentle and lovable, seemed to enter into his work as a pastor's wife should, and to endeavour to bear as much of the ministerial burden as she could. Many a poor suffering peasant received medicines and nourishing soups and jellies for his sick household from her hand. A fair specimen, in truth, was Emily Waldron of the Irish pastor's wife—that loving, devoted race of gentlewomen who, in the quiet glebe

houses, have mitigated the woes and cheered the sorrows of thousands upon thousands of their Roman Catholic neighbours. Alas! how many a closed vicarage, its garden a mass of weeds, its walls fast tending to decay, tells the story of the cruel wrong of Ireland's suffering Church.

Years passed away, and when Waldron and I met again, we had each experienced a similar bitter loss, and known a like deep sorrow. We were walking together above the winding river's cliffs. Lake-like it wound its way beneath the wooded hills, a white sail occasionally shadowed in its blue stream. The strong man was greatly changed, the deep graven furrows of care and sorrow were printed on his brow, and a sad gleam shot from his melancholy eyes; as he walked along, the tall man was bowed by sorrow, and here and there the dark hair

was sprinkled by premature gray.

'You knew her,' he said at last; 'you knew, too, how happy we were together; perhaps you did not know this, that my darling Emily, when I married her, was an unbeliever. She had been carefully taught by her mother to disbelieve even the existence of a God, and, in that house, from sister and mother no word of prayer had ever ascended upwards. You may ask the question, Did I not know that the family entertained such free-thinking opinions? I answer you, I did not; and it was not until after our marriage that I perceived how sadly Emily's mind had been led astray. I remember one lovely summer evening repeating that passage of Rousseau's to her, "Keep your soul in such a state as always to wish there was a God, and you will never doubt but there is one." These words of such a sceptic seemed to impress her much, as also his words, "Adore the Eternal, and all the phantoms of atheism will vanish." In truth, St. Augustine said the same truth before, when he cried: "Nemo Deum negat, nisi cui expedit Deum non esse."\* She seemed thoughtful, and, a short time after I asked her to accompany me in a pastoral visit which I was about to pay to a dying young person, a member of my own Sunday Bible-class. The sufferer was reading the Word of God, her own Sunday-school Bible. As we entered her room, an unearthly brilliancy sparkled in her eyes, a bright, hectic flush mantled on her worn cheeks.

'I have often thought that the best cure for scepticism is to begin to do something for God, and that to visit the bedside of

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;No one denies that there is a God, unless he whose advantage it is that God should not exist.'

the dying, to mark how the wasted cheek flushes at the mention of the name of Jesus, to observe how, amid pain and weariness, that bright star ever gleams with radiant lustre across the stormy surges of the stream of death, to mark how truly it is:

> "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear."

That such a spectacle as this makes indeed a profound impression upon the doubter's heart. You remember that wondrous passage, the seventeenth verse of the seventh of St. John, "If anyone wish  $(\theta \neq \lambda, \eta)$  to do His will, he shall know concerning the doctrine whether it is of God." When, to an honest desire of doing the will of God, Jesus gives a true knowledge as regards the teaching—in fact, when the believer is promised a certain kind of infallibility as regards doctrine—what a power there is in this  $\theta \neq \lambda, \eta$ !

'Emily sat down by the bedside of the dying girl. It was evident that the hour of dissolution was not far distant. I opened my Bible, and read a few verses, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, for the former things are passed away. And He said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things: and I will be his God, and he shall be My son; but the fearful and unbelieving "—a suppressed sob burst from Emily, her pale face showed a deep emotion as I ended with the solemn words, "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." "Inherit all things, such is your blessed portion," I said to the poor dying one. Oh, how great a contrast to those who shall have their part in everlasting woe! And then I poured forth my very soul in prayer. I prayed for Emily as I had never prayed before that night. As we were returning from the dying girl's home, I said to her, "Emily, have you ever thought of the difference of the believer's and the sceptic's deathbed?

Look at Boulanger, who declared that he always preserved in his heart a great respect for religion, that, in writing against it, he had always smothered the voice of his conscience. Look at him shutting his doors against his infidel friends, and when dying calling for the last Sacrament of the Church of Rome. Look at Maupertius, who had reduced all the proofs of the existence of God, in his daring presumption, to an Algebraic formula, dying in the arms of two Capuchin monks. Look at Epicurus, father of the atheistic philosophy, of whom Cicero says, 'Never did I see a man in such fear of two things which he said that no man ought to be afraid of—death and the gods.' Look at Buckingham confessing that his doubts never left him, but that he carried them with him to the grave:

"" Dubius sed non improbus vixi, Incertus morior. '†

Sainthibal, himself a noted unbeliever, speaking of the deathbed scenes of his comrade infidels, exclaims:

"" They are no credit to us on their deathbeds;

They degrade themselves—they flinch—they die like other men.'

Look at Voltaire, confessing to the Abbé Gautier, declaring that he means to die a Christian and a Catholic, crying out at last, as he bites his own flesh with angry teeth, amid his blasphemies, 'I am lost; I am abandoned by God and man!' 'A frightful spectacle,' says his physician, Dr. Tronchin, 'and one which would have undeceived all his disciples had it been

possible for them to have been present at it."

'You may imagine the joy of my heart when one day Emily came to my side, and putting her arms around me, said, "Darling Rob, will you pray with me now, and for me?" She began to study the life and character of the Lord Jesus, as revealed in the Gospels, and gradually that Divine Saviour therein revealed rose in all His glorious beauty before her mind. "I have heard you speak of the first time that you saw the fresco-painting of the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, while the Austrians were still rulers in Italy. I remember you mentioned that a scaffolding had been erected before the wondrous painting, and that a German chemist was employed in endeavouring to renew the faded colours of the frescoes. You spoke of the marvellous, strange beauty of the

<sup>\*</sup> Cicero, lib. i., 'De Natura Deorum.'
† 'Doubting, yet not wickedly I lived,
And doubtful now I die.'

Redeemer's face, the only part which had been finished when you saw it; and then standing in the refectory of the ancient monastery, while the white tunics and clanking sabres of the Austrian cavalry met the eye in the courtyard of this aged pile, that they had turned into a cavalry barracks, you mentioned how wondrous an impression that face had made upon your mind." Somewhat thus upon dear Emily's mind appeared gradually evolving the exquisite loveliness of the Saviour, His heart of loving tenderness, His endless compassion, His deep yearnings for the poor wandering soul. It was delightful to me to see, day by day, my dear Emily advance from the shifting quicksands of unbelief into the firm rockland of belief. Meantime her health, that had never been very strong, began to suffer. Her mother asked her to spend a few weeks at their house for change of air, and at last she went, feeling herself much weaker. When I went over to their house, after a few days' necessary absence in the parish, I felt shocked at the great change that I perceived in Emily. The doctor said that it was a rapid decline, and he gave me no hope of her recovery. He was a good old man, and the morning that he asked me to speak to him in the drawingroom for a few minutes, I cannot forget the manner in which he looked out at the window, as though regarding the flowers beneath, and then turned abruptly to me.

"Waldron," he said, "your dear wife's time here is, I fear,

very short now. All things are possible to God."

'I sat down. A deathlike icy sickness grasped my heart. I burst into tears, and the old man stole silently away. When I entered her room she looked up wistfully into my face. "Rob," she said, "tell me what the doctor said of me. Tell it all," she said, very earnestly. I put my arms around the poor fragile form. "My darling," I whispered, and I began to weep. "Yes, Rob, I see it now. He says that I must die. Darling Robin," she said, and she put up her poor, thin, worn hand, and wiped away my blinding tears. "Don't cry for me. Thank God, it is all right with my soul. Jesus has washed away all my sins in His own precious blood."

'I do not like mentioning it, but when her mother and sisters saw that my darling had given her heart to the Lord Jesus, they completely gave her up. Not as much as a single chair was allowed to be in the room, that I might sit upon it. They never entered her room to ask after her. I remember asking an infidel hospital sergeant once, "Now tell me,

sergeant, if infidels ever gain power, would they persecute us who believe?" and he said, "Frankly, I tell you, we would." I cannot describe to you her mother's and sister's rage when Emily confessed that she now reposed in Jesus. I shall never forget the awful look upon her mother's face as she swept out

of the room, and never entered it again.

'One night—it was the last—the fire was burning low on the hearth, and I knew that my darling was dying. I was resting on the bed, sitting with my arm around her, when I heard her faintly whisper, "Robin, raise me up." I lifted her up, and the dim light of the candle fell upon her poor pale face. "Robin," she whispered, "Jesus has come for me now." And then an indescribable gleam of love shot into her poor waning eyes, and she threw her wasted arms around my neck. my darling," she said, "thanks be unto God that ever I met you—thanks be unto God that He has blessed you to save my soul by showing me Jesus. I am pardoned, darling. 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I see Jesus," she said; "He calls me. Goodbye, my own darling." She kissed my lips with such a yearning love, and then her head fell back. I laid her down. sweet smile was on her lips. I stooped down, and heard her faintly whisper, "Jesus." And then I knew that my darling was dead.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

#### AN EXCITING VISIT.

It was a busy day in the annals of our town. A contested election was in progress; the Conservative candidate was likely to be displaced by a Radical, and, as the dragoons galloped up and down the narrow winding streets, large mobs of country people, fishermen, labourers, and inmates of the lanes, and excited females, shouting for 'the Green,' rushed on after them, cheering for their own popular candidate and hissing at the other. An old fisherman—a Protestant—came in the morning to my house, and asked me to visit his son, also a Protestant, who had come in that very morning from sea suffering under a painful, and, as the doctor thought, mortal attack of illness. The sick man was married to a Roman Catholic, and, as I went down the street, I heard that my welcome to his house would not be a very pleasant one.

We went along, the old man and myself, to the entrance of the fishing quarter of the town—a singular-looking cliff, lined with ancient glassless houses and ruins of houses which exactly looked as if they had been bombarded by some hostile army, though, truth to say, these sunken-in roofs and fractured windows and chink-seamed walls, in which it seemed a problem how human beings could habitate, were the result of Time's bombardments—that mighty foe against whose adverse shocks the might and grandeur of palace or of hall can no more withstand than can all the glory of the world itself. Still, in these half-ruined edifices there was a sort of Dutch painting inspiration—in the festooned, barked nets, and oars mingled with boat-hooks, deep-sea lines with myriad hooks, and rude-painted daubs of coloured prints (for by natural taste the Irish are an artistic people), and in the weather-beaten faces of aged fishermen, retired from the more active life of hooker-fishing to, it may be, the ease of boat-fishing, as they

group around the glowing embers of the fire upon the hearth, while their female kind bustle about salting fresh fish or shrieking after the wild little children, who, in the water beneath, endeavour to push off stranded boats from shore, and take miniature cruises on their own account. A fishing quarter is much the same in all countries—Les Dames de la Halle of Paris and the fisherwives of Kinsale are of one race. Wild altercations, when hostile ladies met each other, alternately swelling and sinking in vehemence as they kept up the discussion and still employed themselves—one perhaps in netmaking, the other in fish-salting. It was not at any time pleasant to traverse the dilapidated region, and at this juncture, when local excitement reigned supreme and groups of irate fishermen angrily scanned the minister as he walked along towards the sick man's home, it was far from being a service of

delight to go through their collected groups.

I knocked at the door of the poor patient; the window overhead was thrown open, and a female voice was heard. Still I knocked on. The door was closed, and closed it seemed as though it would remain. Meantime the fisherwomen collected together scanned my movements, and made no very flattering allusions as to my future destiny. At last a heavy footstep was heard slowly coming downstairs, and the poor fellow himself, looking the picture of death, drew back the bolt and asked me in. I went into a little room on the ground floor, and then I began to pray with him; but we had scarcely been a couple of minutes engaged in prayer when a wild rush of women was made down from above, and we were both dragged into the outer yard, where decaying fish sent forth a very unsavoury odour, and then I tried to pray with him again. Next time we were dragged back outside the door, and there an angry crowd of fisherwomen gathered round us, encouraging by their cries the women inside, and then the poor fellow himself was dragged up the ladder from me. As I followed him up, I saw an arm waving a wooden stool, which was coming down on my head, and would then and there have ended my mortal coil, but that another hand grasped the infuriated wielder's arm and held it back. As I now saw that it was hopeless to attempt to pray with the poor fellow, I went down the town, and, in presence of the stipendiary magistrate, who was a Roman Catholic gentleman, made a deposition; and a body of police, under the command of Sub-Inspector O'Reilly, a Roman Catholic gentleman of old family, and the head constable, Mr. Edgeworth, also a Roman Catholic, and a very

active, efficient officer, marched up the street, the stipendiary magistrate, Mr. Fitzgerald, being in command of all. The large body of Royal Irish marched up the street with their rifles. I meantime went on in advance, and another picquet of Royal Irish meeting them, were ordered by Captain O'Reilly to fall in with them.

It has sometimes been objected to the Church of Irelandand many mistaken English and Scottish gentlemen who aided that most fearful of mistaken Irish policies, the sacrilegious disendowment and disestablishment of the Irish Church, a sad error, whose fatal issues have already borne bitter fruit, and must bear more bitter still-it has been objected that the Church of Ireland has failed as a missionary Church among the Roman Catholic population. Now, I think that such a plain, true account of the difficulties and dangers which beset a Protestant clergyman's path in visiting a dying member of his own church—every word of which I can vouch for the truth of -as those which I record in this chapter, which really happened to myself, and are not in the slightest degree over-coloured, must prove to any thinking mind that, so far from the Irish Church having failed in her mission, it is almost a wonder that, in the South and West of Ireland (where poor Protestants, in their dying moments, are exposed to such persecution, and Protestant clergymen experience not only difficulty, but sometimes positive danger, in visiting them), there are any poor Protestants at all left in her communion. Mixed marriages have been the bane of Protestantism in the south. I have known a Protestant fisherman, married to a Roman Catholic wife, in his own house see her burn his Bible and Prayer-Book in the fire, and I have known this man come back again, after having apostatized for a time, through fear of persecution, to the scriptural faith of the Church of Ireland. The Church of Rome dreads the exposure of such a dreadful tyranny as hers is in Ireland, which is daily put in practice by her faithful votaries against Protestants. May that day be far distant when we shall be delivered in Ireland as helpless slaves to the Ultramontane tyranny of Home Rule!

The Royal Irish halted a short distance from the house in two lines, and stood leaning upon their rifles. The men who had been drafted in from the country stations looked weary. They had been without food from an early hour, kept on duty all day, and annoyed by the mob, which surged through the old streets and occasionally indulged in stone-throwing, to the detriment of the windows. The stipendiary, accompanied by

the sub-inspector, took up a position a little to one side, and all the inmates of the 'World's End,' as the fishing quarter is called, turned out to witness our proceedings. A large crowd of fisherwomen and girls gathered near me, as I stood at the door, accompanied by the head-constable, and knocked. window was opened, and a woman, the sister-in-law of the sick man, put out her head and asked what we wanted; and the wife inside began clapping her hands and shrieking, while the people around became greatly excited. Finding that there was no hope of our being admitted at the front-door, the headconstable very cleverly went round, and, scaling the rocks and climbing over a wall, dropped nimbly into the back-yard, and then admitted me by the front-door. 'Now,' he said, 'I can do no more for you.' We then found that the bedroom door was firmly fastened, and no admittance could be had until the dying man arose again and feebly admitted me, drawing back the bolt. Inside, his wife was pacing up and down in a state of frantic excitement, and, in an adjoining room, several women and a powerful, truculent-looking fisherman were gathered together. Advancing towards me, with his face infuriated with rage, he shouted out, 'You would not dare to do this if her brother were near you this moment!' I calmly waited, hoping that the angry woman, who tried to drag me away from her husband, would desist; and at last I took out the Bible and read a few verses, and then prayed with the poor fellow. She meantime left the room, and then I had at last an opportunity to speak to the poor sick man in peace. Strange to say, he recovered from his illness.

There is a terrible ordeal for poor Protestants when dying to Surrounded by Roman Catholics, who desire earnestly to introduce the priest to their bedside, their dying moments are embittered by the dread of being anointed against their will, and of having their last moments of life disturbed by those whose doctrines are deadly errors in their sight. But the other day, when a poor, dying, lonely Protestant woman lay upon the bed of death, a priest was brought in to her by her Roman Catholic neighbours, the poor old believer raised herself in her bed and said, 'I do not need your ministrations—the Lord Jesus Christ has done it all for me, and He wants no earthly priest to finish His work.'

I would say to those who have taunted the Church of Ireland with want of success as a missionary Church, there has been a silent leavening work among the Romanist population, as well

as one the results of which are known.

Let us follow the Irish peasant across the Atlantic, and let us quote from a communication forwarded by the Bishop of Toronto to the Roman Catholic Bishops in Ireland, and which appeared in the *Cork Southern Reporter* of May 18, 1864:

From our own experience, during a missionary career of eighteen years, in various portions of the States, from Texas to Maine, and of late years through many parts of Canada, we consider that the illustrious Bishop of Charleston, the most Rev. Dr. England, did not much exaggerate in his letter to the directors of the Propagation of the Faith in France in 1838, when he said the loss of Catholics to the Church in America could be estimated by MILLIONS. He estimated the loss of souls in his own diocese up to 1838 to be 50,000.

'In our travels through Texas, we came upon a village which we judged from the names—O'Doherty, M'Carthy, O'Brien, Doolan, etc.—that appeared on the signboards, to be an exclusively Irish and Catholic settlement. IVe found only one man, a storekeeper, who acknowledged himself a Catholic.

'To our question, Why are not all those having Irish names Catholics? the answer was, Their parents were Catholics; but no priests being in the country, the children joined other religions. . . . The youth, moreover, are not so submissive to the counsels of the clergy in politics as in Ireland. . . . Alas! if all the Irish, with their descendants, had preserved the faith, the number of Catholics in America would be DOUBLE what it is at present, at the lowest possible calculation.'

Here we have, then, the indisputable testimony of a Romanist bishop to the after results which are produced in America, when the people experience what he terms the loss of a healthy public opinion, viz., when the poor Roman Catholic Irishman can come to church instead of chapel, without the moral certainty of having his brains dashed out on the roadside, when leaving it, by his indignant Romanist fellow-parishioners, hounded on by altar denunciations.

Here we have an undeniable proof that the *leavening work* of the Reformed Church of Ireland, her circulation of the Bible among her Roman Catholic parishioners, her testimony to God's truth, her unvarying kindness to those 'that are without,' has already borne a glorious harvest. How wondrously strange, is it not? if the Irish Roman Catholics hate the Reformed Church of Ireland so much, that the very first step almost which half of them take, when landed in America, is to turn Protestants at once!

## CHAPTER LIX.

### THE NIGHT OF THE FIFTH OF MARCH.

AT breakfast, on the sixth, I took up the Cork Constitution, and found that the Fenians had at last broken out into insurrection. The culminating point had been reached, and on the night of March 5 a body of some three hundred men had marched out of Cork, along the banks of the Lee, and had directed their course towards Mallow, some twenty-five miles distant. A herdsman of a kinsman of mine, through whose property they passed en route, described them as being chiefly young men - drapers' assistants, and operatives in mills, factories, etc.—armed with revolvers, swords, some with rifles, and led on by a determined man of gentlemanly appearance, who had a leather bag strapped round his chest. They had all a wearied, dejected air, and were straggling along, evidently tired out. They conducted themselves with great propriety along the line of march, until they arrived at the police-barracks of Ballyknockan, some few miles from Mallow. This was occupied by Sergeant Browne and four men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and defended by them until the barracks was set on fire, and the little garrison had to surrender, the constabulary barracks, by a strange oversight, being quite unprepared for a lengthened defence, as the majority of them had no means of defending their door by a flank fire, and were often commanded by edifices around them, or, with the exception of bars on the lower windows, were not calculated to resist any serious attack of besiegers.

Meantime, the general of the Cork district had hastened down to Mallow with a flying column. The gentlemen all around, mounted on their hunters, placed themselves at his disposal, and rendered valuable service by galloping to the country constabulary stations, and warning them of the intended outbreak; for the very night upon which this mad insurrection was to occur was known to Government; and so, after an insane attempt, the unfortunate insurgents retreated back in wild confusion to Cork city, the roads being strewn with revolvers and other articles cast away by the insurgents in their haste to re-enter the city, and once more appear in the drapery establishments and factories of the city. Many of these misguided young men were known to the authorities, but they were not subsequently brought to justice. In truth, in Ireland it would seem as though a soupcon of high treason were a high recommendation for the prizes of office. I have heard of one gentleman who had his green uniform coat as colonel of an insurgent corps hanging up in his own bedroom, waiting for the moment to arrive in which he should take the field, arrayed in it, before the Fenian troubles had begun, and who was immediately after made a D.L., and died full of honours.

It may be asked, naturally, whether the Fenian spirit is dead yet in Ireland. Anyone who knows the country will answer, No. The testimony of a certain Roman Catholic dignitary is very startling, in a speech delivered at Newcastle West. He is reported in a Roman Catholic journal to have delivered these words—far too sweeping:

'Why, if they were condemned for disloyalty, hardly a Catholic in Ireland, unless an expectant of the Government or

an official, would be admitted to the sacrament!'

Alas! the best safeguard against insurrection—the Word of God—was taken away from the Irish people, from the schools in which instruction was given; and national schools, very many of whose masters have been proved to have been deeply engaged in the Fenian conspiracy, were forced upon the land. Hundreds of thousands of Roman Catholics, before their introduction, were reading the Word of God in the Kildare Place schools. They were trained to fear God and honour the King; and now, for some forty years of the National School system, in which the Word of God is practically excluded, and the Roman Catholic children handed over completely to their priesthood, the baneful fruits of rebellion, insurrection, and Ribbonism, have flourished more and more in Ireland, many of these national schools being but hot-houses of propagation of treason, and animosity against English rule. And, as a culminating blow, the loyal Church of Ireland has been sacrilegiously despoiled of her own property, has been disestablished from being the Church of the land, and those earnest, true, loyal ministers, who, each in his own little sphere, were a beacon for loyalty to concentrate around, and a refuge for the poor troubled Roman Catholic in sickness and sorrow, have been scattered to the winds of heaven. Through the length and breadth of the land, in many a district, the poor Protestant peasant or farmer sees the loved Church of his fathers closed up, and the nettles growing upon the doorstep. We must remember that Fenianism itself is not alone an effort to make Ireland free, to shake off the dominion of England, and to start an Irish republic, but it is an effort also to shake off the intolerable tyranny of the Church of Rome, and to burst those shackles of Ultramontanism to which, alas! England's Liberal Government consigned the poor Irish Roman Catholic.

We cannot help feeling that a great mass of Irish Roman Catholics of the lower and middle classes truly are deeply disaffected, and also that the holiest and noblest feelings of

Irish Protestants have been cruelly outraged.

Anyone who has witnessed the appalling quickness with which, in Cork or Dublin, the streets will be filled with a mass of fierce, scowling, ill-clad men from the Liberties, or from the poor, miserable lanes of the city—anyone who has seen the iron wires stretched across the streets to hurl down cavalry, or heard the hideous yells with which these desperadoes would waken up the midnight echoes of the silent thoroughfaresanyone who can remember the celerity with which they would disappear, and the fact that tens of thousands of pikes, and rifles, and revolvers are hidden away in miserable garrets, in damp cellars, in bogs in the country, in farmhouses, in peasants' cabins, and that the peasantry are well trained to the use of arms and to drill-anyone who has witnessed the disloyal processions, the waving of banners, the consciousness of strength which a great multitude displays, who realizes the intense American atmosphere which floats around Ireland, and the number of well-trained American-Irish soldiers who would start up in a week through Ireland, veterans of the wars of Southern and Northern States-and who will remember what numbers of disbanded Irish Roman Catholic militiamen are scattered through the land, can well realize the fact that the spirit of insurrection has ample material upon which to work its own hideous designs.

It was the want of English power in Ireland, and not the excess of it, that has ruined the country. It was the despising

brave old Oliver Cromwell's emphatic words that has been our desolation:

'I meddle not with any man's conscience; but if by liberty of conscience you mean our paying you to teach the doctrines of the Papacy, I tell you that where the Parliament of England has power, that shall not be done!'

We in our parish felt very uncomfortable when the news of the insurrection reached us. A magistrate galloped into town to acquaint the commanding officer that the rebels had appeared in force on the brow of Killady Hill, some eight miles away from the town; and out marched the troops in pursuit of the Fenian brigade. When they arrived at the foot of the hill, not a trace was visible of the insurgents, nor through the wild bogland around was any armed Fenian to be seen. Meantime, in other parts of Ireland, attempts at a rising had been made. Police barracks had been attacked, coastguard stations assailed successfully, and arms carried off. On Tallagh Hill, near Dublin, a grand massing of thousands of Fenians was arranged; and then, from the shade of the Dublin mountains, the insurgent army was to march upon Dublin, and storm the Sub-inspector Burke, with his brave little band of fourteen Royal Irish Constabulary, had challenged at Tallagh Constabulary Barracks two advancing Fenian brigades—the first dispersing at the sight of the resolute line of men-at-arms drawn across the dusty road with rifles presented; the second, after firing a volley in the darkness upon the constabulary, when they received their return fire, flying in all directions, leaving rifles and ammunition scattered on the road, and some of their number being wounded, and one or two unfortunate men shot dead.

The Royal Irish Constabulary had, under Divine Providence, saved Ireland from the horrors of another 1641 or 1798. The position, meantime, of the scattered little flocks of Protestants was extremely precarious throughout the disturbed counties. The Protestant farmers—many of them, at least—did not dare to possess arms, lest the fact of their possession should invite an attack to obtain them; and such an attack they felt, in many instances, they were too weak in numbers to resist successfully. In truth, the Protestants were in an extremely disagreeable position. They were, in many instances, not allowed to retain arms by Government; or even if they might possess a revolver at home, they were not allowed except by license to carry it about with them for their own protection;

and when they looked to the Royal Irish Constabulary station for protection, the men were concentrated in the smaller towns. or shut up in barracks, expecting an attack. And so the Irish Protestant of the lower classes was in a most awkward dilemma —unable to protect himself by not being allowed arms, and not protected in the country districts. The gentry abandoned their houses in many instances, and flocked into the town with their families, where they were glad even to get room upon the floor to lie in the night. Others of them trusted to their houses, and day after day waited for the Fenians with ironplated shutters, or bags full of earth behind the wooden shutters, or sometimes even massive folios and huge quartos stowed away as a bulwark to intercept the enemy's fire. Had Government been wise, they would have formed Yeomanry corps of the Irish gentry and loyalists; these, mounted on their own chargers, would have scoured the country, knowing every short road and mountain path in the baronies, and would have made short work of the drilling parties that night after night used to meet in the fields by the roadside. A mounted Constabulary force for Ireland would also be necessary. There is a small force of this nature scattered, as orderlies to the officers, through the chief stations; but those who remember the heroic charge made by mounted sub-constable Duggan when, bearing dispatches, he, sword in hand, made his way through more than a hundred insurgent Fenians armed with pikes and guns, and who was shot from the rear as he penetrated through the hostile ranks, gallantly bearing his dispatches; and then, still under fire, faint from loss of blood, was pursued into the cabin which nobly welcomed him, and his dispatches taken there by the rebels when unable to resist them, their leader kindly endeavouring to alleviate the pain of his wound-those who remember this incident of valour will readily understand that a large mounted force, although expensive, would be an invaluable adjunct to the infantry Royal Irish Constabulary.

## CHAPTER LX.

#### HISTORICAL.

To the diligent student of Irish history it is very evident that the Church of Ireland, since the Reformation, held her ministers as pioneers in the land—forlorn hopes, venturing where even the British men-at-arms did not dare to penetrate. The Irish Church minister in the days of Elizabeth and Charles I. lived amid the saffron-tunicked Irishry; and in his square-built, small-slated glebe-house, with its round towers to right and left of the entrance-door, many an anxious day was spent by him.

In Bishop Bedell's days we find that good soldier of the Cross fully persuaded that the reading of the Holy Scriptures was the only way to let in the knowledge of true religion among the Irish people, as it had first introduced the Reformation into other parts of Europe; and he used to tell how, when he was in Venice listening one day to Fulgentio preaching upon Pilate's question, 'What is truth?' he told them at last, after many searches, he had found it out, and held out a New Testament, and said, 'Now I have it in my hand'; but then he put it into his pocket, and said coldly, 'but the book is prohibited.' Bedell himself at the age of sixty began to study the Irish language, and engaged an aged convert named King, an eloquent and accomplished scholar and poet, to translate the Bible into Irish.

Bedell, writing to Laud, gives a sad picture of the state of Ireland at his time, in 1630. 'The cathedral of Ardagh, said to be built by Saint Patrick, and the Bishop's house, is down to the ground. The church is without chalice, font, bell, or steeple. The people, save a few British planters here and there (which are not a tenth part of the remnant), are obstinate recusants. A Romish clergy, more numerous by far than we

are, and in full exercise of all jurisdiction ecclesiastical by their Vicar-General and officials, who are so confident as to excommunicate those that come to our courts even in matrimonial causes, which affront has been offered to myself by the Romish Primate's Vicar-General, for which I have begun a

process against him. 'Every parish hath its priest, and some two or three apiece; and so their chapels also. In some places Mass is said in the churches. Friars there are in divers places, who go about, though not in their habit, and by their importunate begging impoverish the people, as from that cause, so from their paying double tithes to their own clergy and ours. For our own, there are seven or eight ministers in each diocese of good sufficiency, and (which is no small cause of the continuance of the people in Romanism still) English, which have not the tongue of the people, nor can perform any Divine office nor converse with them, and which hold, many of them, two, three, or four vicarages apiece. Even the clerkships themselves are in like manner conferred upon the English, and sometimes two or three or more upon one man, and ordinarily bought and sold, or let to farm. "His Majesty is now with the greatest part of this country, as to their hearts and consciences, King, but at the Pope's discretion."'

This miserable state of the clergy was gradually reformed by Bedell: pluralities were abolished, and the use of the Irish language adopted as the means best calculated to get at the Irish heart. Alas! in 1641 the dreadful insurrection occurred, in which more than 200,000 Protestants perished or were murdered, as one of the Romish writers boasts in a discourse printed some years afterwards, and from which the Protestant interest in Ireland never recovered. And yet, amid the horrors of these awful scenes of carnage, such was the respect of the Ilish for the Bishop, that he was the only Englishman in the whole county Cavan that was suffered to dwell unmolested in his own house. This dreadful massacre, instigated and applauded by Pope Urban VIII. and the Irish Romanist bishops and priests, who had been trained in Spanish universities, and imbibed an additional love there for persecution of heretics, burst forth like a whirlwind at a time when the Romanists had the full and unmolested exercise of their own religion in Ireland.

The whole story of Bishop Bedell's life is very interesting. Taken by the rebels prisoner to the old castle of Lochwater,

a square tower rising absolutely from out of the waters of the lake, about a musket-shot from the shore; originally there had been a little island around it, but the water had so gained upon it that now there was not a foot of land to be seen around the walls. Richard Castledine, one of his fellow-prisoners, a man of wealth now, although formerly a carpenter, remembering his old trade, when he found that the castle was ruinous and open to the severe winter winds and weather, got some boards and tools and made it waterproof—a great comfort for the poor prisoners, some of whom were nearly destitute of raiment. The Irish warders treated Bedell kindly. 'Our only quarrel with you is,' they said, 'that you are an Englishman.'

And now Sir James Craig and Sir Francis Hamilton, at the head of some armed Scots, succeeded in effecting an exchange of prisoners, and Bedell was given up to them, and in the house of Rev. Denis Shereden he found shelter. The Irish host accompanied Bedell's body when the Bishop departed this life, worn out by his infirmities. Their men-at-arms fired a volley of musketry over his grave, and a cry arose from

them:

'Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum.'

For often had they said, that as they esteemed him the best of the English bishops, so he should be the last that should be left among them.

Thus passed away the man who had done more for the conversion of the native Irish than any other before or after his time. A man of prayer, who prayed with his family three times a day, and who in his will directed that this bare inscription should be graven on his tombstone, as it lies in old Kilmore churchyard:

'Depositum Gulielmi, Quondam Episcopi Kilmorensis.'\*

The word *depositum* means something given to another in trust; so he considered his dead body as a trust left in the earth till the time that it shall give up its dead.

For a saddening picture of the miseries which the Protestants in Ireland suffered in the reign of King James the Second, it is only requisite to turn to Archbishop King's work on the state of the Protestants. Absolutely forbidden in Dublin to go to church, or to assemble in any place for Divine service, in June, 1690, Colonel Luttrell, governor of Dublin, issued

<sup>\*</sup> The deposit, or pledge, of William, formerly Bishop of Kilmore.

his order forbidding more than five Protestants to meet together on pain of death; all their churches were then shut up, and all Protestant religious assemblies throughout Ireland forbidden upon pain of death. 'And,' says the Archbishop, 'we were assured that if King James had returned victorious from the Boyne, our churches would never have been reopened more for us Protestants. The Protestant Bishop of Waterford, an old man, was desperately wounded in his bed when his house was broken into.

Several of the Protestant clergy were waylaid, beaten, and abused—some beaten so badly that they died of their wounds; others were shot at, and some had their houses set on fire. The others in the country parts were at length cast into prison, where they remained for fourteen months till King William delivered them. In Dublin the French soldiers of James used to call them, 'Diables des ministres heretiques! un Protestant, un diable.'

It will, therefore, to the thoughtful mind, plainly appear that Protestantism in Ireland has had a hard battle to fight, even if we omit the horrors of 1798, in which so many thousands

of them perished.

The reward given to Irish Church Protestants has not been very encouraging, when the Church of Ireland that so nobly played her part has been despoiled of her own property, and turned adrift to fight against the vastly increased priesthood and wealthy hierarchy of the Church of Rome in Ireland—to contend for the faith, with her schools that receive not one shilling from Government, because they will not give up the Bible as a book of daily instruction for all pupils, against the enormous wealth of Rome in Ireland and her convent schools, which receive from the English Government a very large annual grant, from which the Bible is sedulously excluded, and the pupils left in ignorance of the only way of salvation through the atoning blood and everlasting merit of Jesus.

The great remedy for Ireland as a Protestant country is union among all her Protestant Churches. The great noble Presbyterian Church that, too, kept alive religion in Ulster, that maintained her witness for the truth side by side with our own Church for centuries, where some have fought and died for the faith side by side with our own, and the Wesleyan, inferior in numbers though not in zeal, whose evangelists and preachers roused the sleeping towns and villages of Ireland—let but these three, joined in one great alliance of love and

zeal and faith, maintain a brotherly union among ministers and laity, and the victories of old will yet be followed by farther victories again.

Another great source of weakness in Ireland ever has been the want of English power and right in the land. A hundred men-at-arms were the only English soldiers in Ireland at one

period.

When M. De la Boullaye le Gouz travelled in Ireland in A.D. 1644, after being chased by a Parliamentary ship-of-war of forty guns, and being much frightened thereby, for, as he naïvely says, 'It was rumoured that the Parliamentarians threw into the sea all the Irish and those of their party, owing to the massacre the Irish had made in their country of the English Protestants, by a zeal for religion, and of which the list registered is, according to the calculation of the Protestants. 145.000 persons, we escaped from them,' he says, 'under cover of the night;' and then telling of his visit to Dublin and St. Patrick's Cathedral: 'In the choir are displayed the arms of the old English knights and their devices. On leaving the church, there marched before the Viceroy a company of footmen beating the drum, and with matchlocks ready for action. Then followed a company of halberdiers, his bodyguard, and sixty gentlemen on foot, with four noblemen well mounted, and the Viceroy in the midst upon a white Barbary I followed the train in order to enter more freely into the castle; but at the door they ordered me to lay down my sword, which I would not do, saying, that being born of a condition to carry it before the King, I would rather not see the castle than part with my arms. A gentleman in the suite of the Viceroy, seeing that I was a Frenchman, took me by the hand, saying that "Strangers shall be more favoured on this occasion than residents," and he brought me in. Being within, I found this castle indifferently strong, without any out-works, and pretty well furnished with guns of cast metal.' Having obtained a passport from the Viceroy, James Butler, Marquis of Ormond, he arrived on the fourth day at Kilkenny, the Catholic capital, the seat of the Confederation of Ireland. 'There are here monasteries of Jacobins, of Recolets, and a college of Jesuits, who are in great honour among the people. At the gates of the city they seized upon me and led me to the mayor, who, judging by my physiognomy that I was English, told me that I was a spy; that my figure, my speech, and my carriage were those of a native of England. I maintained that he was mistaken, and, as politely as I could, contradicted him, telling him that I was of the French nation, and a good Catholic; that the passports I had from the King of England were proof of what I advanced, that he might read them, and inform himself of my profession. The mayor, however, was incredulous. "See," he cried, "if this name be not English, and if I have not judged rightly that this fellow is a spy! Let the soldiers come and take him to prison." At last a native of Caen in Normandy satisfied his mind, and,' says he, 'owing to the Catholic Council which was held in this town, the hotels were so full, that if I had not met with a Norman, called Beauregard, I should have been forced to lie in the street.' Soon afterwards we find him, while travelling, so drenched with extraordinary rain as to be obliged to seek shelter in the castle of Viscount Ikerrin, who was general of the cavalry of the Irish Catholics. 'At supper a friar from Spain brought the conversation from Spanish diet to Spanish religion, and bearing a mortal dislike to the French, he could not refrain from giving vent to his antipathy in my presence, stating that as we had no Inquisition in France, we were but a set of reprobates, and partial to heretics, whom, instead of tolerating as we do, we ought rather to exterminate, as the progress of the Catholic faith could not co-exist with this pestilent sect (the Calvinists) whose very name ought to be abhorred by the people; that Spain had the advantage of having never been infected with heresy, and hence their monarch was called the Catholic King, and hence, also, the great preponderance of that power in war.' The Frenchman soon discomfitted the Spanish friar by reminding him that the Moors and Infidels of Grenada were hardly to be discriminated from the Catholics.

At the gates of Youghal he is surrounded by twenty English soldiers, who led him to the captain of the town, and again his passports are in request, and a Mr. Galway identified him, so

he was allowed to depart.

'The Irish, whom the English call savages, wear a little blue bonnet, a long-bodied doublet with four skirts, and white frieze trousers, pointed shoes or brogues; as a cloak, they have five or six yards of frieze drawn round the body, the neck, the head, and they never quit this mantle either in sleeping, working, or eating.' Strange picture of Ireland two centuries and a quarter ago!

## CHAPTER LXI.

#### IRELAND IN MORE RECENT DAYS.

How much trouble might have been saved to Ireland if the Royal Irish Constabulary had been instituted two centuries ago! If such a body as that force had existed in Ireland we would not have had the Attorney-General in the Irish House of Commons rising up in his place on Saturday, March 8, 1800, to announce to the House that no longer time past than the last night the house of the Rev. Dean Carleton, within five miles of Dublin, was attacked by a body of about twenty rebels, fully armed and accoutred, for the purpose of plunder; that although fired upon from the house, they were too conscious of their own strength to be thus intimidated; that they broke open the house, and very deliberately loaded a number of cars with the whole furniture, which they escorted into Dublin under a regular baggage guard. It was not exactly known, he continued, where they had deposited the goods, or they would be followed.

In the year 1807 matters do not appear to have much improved, for the Cork and Dublin mail-coach was on the night of February 16, 1807, stopped at the Red Gap, in the County Kildare, by a dozen armed banditti. The guard fired a case of pistols at them, and three times endeavoured to discharge his blunderbuss, which thrice hung fire. The mail would have been robbed had not an officer of the Royal Navy, Lieutenant Alexander, who was the only inside passenger, with a spirit worthy of his namesake, leaped from the coach, gave battle to the banditti, and brought off the coach in triumph. The courage of Lieutenant Alexander did not prevent, on the night of April 8, the same year, another attack being made upon the same Royal Mail, which by this time had two guards; a volley was fired at the coach as it neared Red Gap, one of the guards was severely wounded, the other returned the fire, and the

ceachman pressing the horses into a gallop in the darkness of the night, brought off the mail from its unseen antagonists. The mail-coach seems to have been very unfortunate, for at eleven o'clock on the night of November 4, 1814, as it was proceeding up a slight hill, some three miles from Cashel, a large tree was seen placed right across the road, resting upon two carts. The moment the barricade was perceived two shots were fired; the coachman received one in his breast and an officer of the 38th Regiment, who sat behind him, was shot in the head. The road was very narrow, but notwithstanding, the wounded coachman held his horses well in hand, and dexterously wheeled them round and galloped back to New Inn, the last stage he had passed through. One of the guards had dismounted and ran back to the barricade, blunderbuss in hand, but could find no trace of the banditti. An express was sent to Cashel for an escort to guard the coach upon its way.

This same unfortunate Royal Mail had to fight its way at two o'clock in the morning through a barricade of trees and carts, placed between Caher and Cashel, seven shots having been fired on its passengers from the hedges, and the coachman, though wounded by two slugs in the head, brought his

coach into Cashel.

The year 1809 was memorable for the cruel murder, on March 26, of the Rev. Fitzgerald Tisdall, an Irish Church clergyman, on the road between Bantry and Kenmare, at the Priest's Leap.

In the year 1795, on April 22, a sad transaction occurred which will show the terrible state of things in Ireland and the cruelties perpetrated on both the side of law and disorder. 'At daybreak Messieurs Simpson and Burk, two officers, accompanied by nine policemen, went to seize a private still at Kithkarigan, within a few miles of Drumsna, belonging to Mr. Muldoon there. Upon their coming near the house, a large dog ran out and attacked them, which was shot by one of the party, upon which Mr. Muldoon came out, took umbrage at killing the dog, and had some scuffle with the party, on which one of them fired at Mr. Muldoon and killed him on the spot; after which they went into the house, seized the still, and spilled the pot-ale, etc. While this was going on, a servant of Muldoon alarmed the neighbourhood and an adjacent village, a number of whom in a short time collected in a body, armed with guns, forks, and other weapons, and surrounded the still-house, upon which the party quitted the house and were retreating, when they were fired at by the mob. The fire was returned by the police until their ammunition was expended, when they retired to a house for protection, which was immediately set on fire in different places from without, and as each of these unfortunate men attempted to get out, to escape the flames, they were every man killed, and such was their savage brutality that they mangled and mutilated the dead bodies in such a shocking manner that the friends and some of the wives of the deceased could not distinguish one from the other.' The above is the substance of an affidavit made by a servant of Muldoon before a magistrate.

'We since hear that a party of the army in that neighbourhood marched to the village from whence the banditti mostly collected that killed the policemen, and burned to the ground

every house in it.'

The defenders at the time were very troublesome, for I read

in the Hibernian Magazine of May, 1795:

'Letters were yesterday received in town from the County Sligo which mention that on Saturday last a body of defenders, amounting to between two and three thousand, had the temerity to attack a company of the Londonderry militia; the militia repelled the attack with great bravery, killed thirty of the insurgents, and wounded many more. The bodies of the killed were left on the field, so precipitate was the flight of the survivors.

'A company of the Tyrone militia, quartered near Tuam, has also had an opportunity of distinguishing their loyalty and courage against a large body of defenders in that part of the country; the militia fired 164 ball cartridges; eighteen of the rioters were killed and a great number wounded; twenty were taken and lodged in gaol.'

In April, 1798, the defenders seem to have been well mounted and equipped. We read of their attacking the house of an ancestor of the well-known Dr. Maurice Collis, the able

Rector of Queenstown:

'On last Sunday night, about twelve o'clock, the house of the Rev. Mr. Collis, at Castle Cooke, near Kilworth, was attacked (in the absence of the family) by a banditti of defenders, who broke in the door with sledges and forced several locks in the house, searching for arms, in which being disappointed, as none were left there, they would have burned the house but for the interposition of one more humane than the rest. They threatened the lives of two servants, who escaped out of a back window; and held blunderbusses to a boy who endeavoured to hide himself, till they swore him not to discover if he should know any of them, and to give intelligence of arms. The six men who entered the house were decently dressed, well armed, and spoke English well. They thence proceeded to the houses of two yeomen in that neighbourhood, which they broke open, from one of whom they took a pistol, sword, and belt.

'These were detachments from a body of from two to three hundred, who were drawn up on the road, well mounted and

armed.'

In 1804 the country seems to have been much disturbed, as will appear from the following extract from the *Hibernian* 

Magazine of March the same year:

'On Saturday evening, the 11th of February, in consequence of information received by the Rev. William Eastwood, a magistrate of Wexford and Rector of Killene, who has had a party of yeomen stationed at his house, that James Corcoran, the proclaimed traitor, John Fitzpatrick, and one Brennan. were harboured in a house at a short distance, Mr. Eastwood made choice of a sergeant and twelve men of the Killoughran yeomanry, commanded by Captain James, of Ballicristal, and giving them a plan of action, sent them off in three divisions, with instructions that they should meet at the same moment in the place of rendezvous. This order was observed with the utmost precision; the parties came up together, but not before a woman observed them, who, giving the alarm to the men, who were lying in a bed within the cabin, they instantly rushed out, and made towards the wood of Killoughran, not a quarter of a mile off, but here they were met by the one division, consisting of four, who immediately fired and wounded Corcoran and Fitzpatrick (who is called the Hessian), the former in the knee, who instantly fell, the latter in the arm, which was broken; the third, Brennan, was also wounded, but made his escape. Those two wicked wretches continued resolutely to charge and fire, determined to die rather than surrender. From the number of firearms they had-viz., two muskets, two blunderbusses, and pistols—they kept up a continued fire on the little body, who gallantly stood to their post and fought it out. At length Corcoran received a mortal wound, and the Hessian slunk into a barn, which they were obliged to fire before he would submit. Everyone must rejoice that the country has been so happily freed from these ruffians,

who have near six years deluged the various parts of this county, and the county of Carlow, which they infested, with blood, and committed every violence that can be imagined. The public are indebted for this to the cool and determined conduct of that very active magistrate, Mr. Eastwood, to whom much praise is due.'

In the year 1814 the warlike movements in Europe seemed to affect Banagher, for a letter in Ramsay's IVaterford Chronicle

of January 15 states:

This town yesterday exhibited a scene of the utmost alarm and confusion. The inhabitants of Lusmagh (a village about two miles distant) conceiving some cause of enmity against the people of this town, made choice of Twelfth-day for the execution of their horrid design. Accordingly, when the townspeople were engaged in the solemn duties of religion, their implacable neighbours entered in two divisions, at each end of the town, in formidable numbers, with a view of attacking them in front and rear, as they issued from their place of devotion. The attack was made with unexampled impetuosity, and the result such as may be expected from the unprepared state of the townsmen—they felt all the ferocity of revenge, without the means of defence, and were seen either falling or flying in every direction, followed by the triumphant shouts of their vaunting pursuers. At this critical period, Mr. Armstrong, a worthy magistrate of this county, exerted his usual zeal and activity to no purpose; and, being obliged to call upon the aid of a part of a detachment of the 12th Regiment of Foot, quartered here, still exerted his authority and persuasion for the restoration of order. The magistrate himself was threatened and forced to retire; the military, in order to intimidate, fired over the heads of these bold invaders, but the infatuated multitude answered with a shout; and now, flushed with victory, were rushing up to the muzzles of the firelocks, when the soldiers, for self-preservation, fired, not as before, but in so well-directed a manner, that, dreadful to relate, some fell victims to their folly, others were dangerously or severely wounded, and the whole vast concourse disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Three were killed on the spot, another died of his wounds this morning, and the killed and wounded, as far as has yet been ascertained, amount to no less than eighteen or nineteen. This awful catastrophe should serve as an instructive warning to stem the tide of resentment, and keep down the spirit of clanship, which has so often disgraced our fair and bounteous

isle, and proved calamitous to the parties themselves. I understand that this mournful affair originated in the rivalship of love—a wooer of Lusmagh, and another of Banagher, having at the same juncture paid their addresses to a fair Lusmonian. Another man has since died of his wounds; and a woman was accidentally shot.'

Elections in Ireland are different now to the days to which the following strange item belongs, which has been well called

# A MODEL ELECTIONEERING BILL,

and illustrates the shocking drinking habits of the day.

During the time of a contested election in Meath, some fifty years ago, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all that should vote for him, for which he received the following bill, which he got framed, and it still hangs in Somerville House, County Meath. The copy from which this is taken was found amongst the papers of the late Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Connell, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Meath:

' April 16th, 1826.

' My Bill

'To eating 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks at 3s. 3d. a head is to me  $\pounds 2$ , 12s.

'To eating 16 more below stairs and 2 priests after supper

is to me  $\pounds_2$ , 15s. 9d.

'To 6 beds in one room and 4 in another at 2 guineas every bed, and not more than four in any bed at any time cheap enough is to me £22, 15s.

'To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 13s. every one of them and for a man which was lost on the head

of watching them all night is to me  $\pm 5$ , 5s. od.

'For breakfast on tay in the morning for every one of them and as many more as they brought as near as I can guess is to

me  $\pounds_4$ , is. od.

'To raw whiskey and punch without talking of pipes tobacco as well as for porter and as well as for breaking other glasses and delf for the first day and night I am not very sure but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it and to be very exact it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess and not to be too particular is to me at least £79, 15s. 9d.

'For shaving and cropping off the heads of the 49 free-

holders for Sir Marks at 13d. for every head of them by my brother John is to me £2, 13s. 1d. For a nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night when he was not expected to live is to me ten hogs.

'I don't talk of the piper or for keeping him sober as long as

he was sober is to me  $\angle$  o.

'We may say £111 o o to your Honour Sir Marks Somerville.'

As a well-known Irish priest lately observed to his flock, 'Your votes now, boys, are only known to yourselves and your priest, since we got the ballot.'

The following gallant action speaks so much for the honour

of Ireland's sailors that I cannot help giving it:

On September 17, 1779, the Amazon privateer of Belfast, fitted out with fourteen six-pounder guns, at half-past eight A.M. chased the Snow, mounted with sixteen guns, with which she came up at half-past eight the same evening, and engaged her four glasses. At five next morning saw her again, and renewed the chase, but from frequent calms during the day did not gain upon her till six in the evening. At eight o'clock fell in with a ship standing to the westward, which fired a shot to leeward, hailed the Amazon in English, and ordered her to 'bring to,' or he would fire into her. This ship was of far superior force, and the Amazon now being between two enemies, crowded sail, passing the Snow, which appeared to be a Spanish galleon.

The ship came fast then upon the Amazon's starboard quarter, ordered her to send her boat on board, and stigmatized the captain as a shifting rascal, and threatening to sink her if her

boat was not at once sent.

To this the captain of the Amazon replied, through his speaking-trumpet, that he had the honour to belong to the

Crown of Britain, and if the other were an enemy, to begin as

soon as she pleased.

The ship immediately fired her larboard broadside, which was returned by the *Amazon's* starboard battery. The enemy then bore down with the intent of raking her, but the *Amazon*, wearing first, gave her two broadsides with her larboard guns, and a very close action ensued, which was kept up for three glasses, after which the enemy was obliged to sail off before the wind, tossing the wreck of her mizzen-mast, which was shot away by the board, after her. Two broadsides which the *Amazon* sent after her reached her, but the *Amazon* could not give chase, her sails and rigging being shot away, and no braces left to work the yards.

The crew of the Amazon could plainly perceive several of the enemy's ports driven into one, and shortly before daybreak she put up lights, though immediately afterwards there was not the least appearance of her visible, from which they inferred that she may not improbably have foundered. From the flash of the Amazon's guns it was known that the enemy mounted twenty-two guns, as she showed eleven ports on the main-deck, and her weight of metal was also known from some of her shot which lodged in the Amazon's deck, and were found to be six-pound ball. The Amazon had her third lieutenant and four men killed, and ten wounded, one of whom died since the action. Thus ended this combat of a hour and a half in duration,

In 1779 the little fishing town of Rush had fitted out four privateers. One of them attracted much attention at Sir John Rogerson's quay in Dublin ere sailing, being manned with sixty hands, and armed with fourteen carriage guns. The French West India ships were the great attraction for these

which speaks so highly for the bravery of the Amazon's crew, in engaging with such success a vessel of so superior a force.

letters-of-marque.

The press-gang were extremely active during this war in seizing men, whether seamen or not; for a party of forty hay-makers having gone on board a ship at George's Quay, to embark for England, the press-gang came on board to compel them to enter the Royal Navy. The Irish Gallowglasses took refuge in the hold, and, when pursued, repulsed the press-gang with their reaping-hooks and pitchforks, the lieutenant being cut across the throat with a sweep of a reaping-hook. Reinforcements arrived to the seamen, and again they attacked the Gallowglasses, and again were repulsed, the reapers hurling bricks

and stones from the ballast of the ship at their assailants. A strange scene this at a Dublin quay.

In 1781 great apprehension of French letters-of-marque was felt along the Irish coast. Near Drogheda, a land surveyor having been observed engaged in taking an observation on Dublin Hill, which overlooks the town, which he had been directed to do by the turnpike trustees, and the country people observing that he had a beard and moustache, at once concluded that he was a French engineer preparing a plan for a battery to besiege the town. Hastening thither, they announced their discovery. The alarm was given; the volunteers at once assembled and beat to arms; soon they fell into column, and marched out to roll of drum, with colours flying, and swept down upon the hapless surveyor, who found himself environed by an armed host, and amid the hurrahs of the mob, and despite his loud protestations of innocence, he was thrown into prison and kept there several days. Expresses were posted off to Dublin Castle, and at last the unfortunate man was released. his only crime being his looking too much like a Frenchman.

In 1798, before the Rebellion had begun, Dublin appears to have been rather an unpleasant place for a timid person to dwell in. We read of expresses galloping to the Castle on a Sunday afternoon at four o'clock of an April day, to state that, in the Earl of Meath's Liberty in that city a dangerous and immense mob were tearing down the houses of the loyalists. At sound of kettledrum, the Stephen's Green Cavalry, under Captain Carleton, the Merchant's Cavalry, commanded by Captain Blackwood, and some companies of Infantry Yeomanry, hastened off to the scene of action. Houses were being wrecked and gutted, their inhabitants flying for their lives. The cavalry charged the mob, sabre in hand, and wounded several of them, and at last they flew in all directions before the Yeomanry.

# CHAPTER LXII.

#### HOME RULE.

WERE the intelligent foreigner who has been so often paraded in the House of Commons debates by a distinguished Liberal Minister as being so much astonished at the strange anomaly of a Protestant Church being established in Ireland, and having, in his continental wisdom, decided that nearly all Ireland's woes were attributable to the fact of the Roman Catholics of Ireland having to pay some £30,000 annually in the shape of tithe-rent charges to that Church-were that same foreigner now to make his appearance in these eloquent harangues, would he not be considerably amazed to find that, instead of confiscation of the Irish Church revenue rendering the Roman Catholics more contented, and the Land Bill, which almost rendered it uncertain whether the tenant or the landlord owned the soil, that, despite all, they were more restless and discontented than ever, and that over the sacrilege of the despoiling of Ireland's Evangelical Church, the Home Rule agitation has spread through the land, to be followed, of course, in due time when Home Rule can't be obtained, by another insurrection.

It is rather strange that, when Ireland had its own Parliament, The *Hibernian Journal*, or *Chronicle of Freedom*, in its sixteenth number, bitterly complains that it is extremely hard that unfortunate men, not worth a shilling, should perish in a gaol for debt, while opulent but unwilling Members of Parliament are invulnerable to the arrows that stick so fast in others, and enjoy the malicious pleasure of insulting their creditors every day, so that the privilege of Irish Members of College Green

Parliament did not seem to please Dublin folk.

In truth, the Irish Parliament made the government of Ireland morally impossible for the executive minister, save upon a huge system of corruption. The annual attendance upon Parliament, and the fluttering in the sunshine of the Court, although it did good for Dublin, did much harm to the country by lessening the income of the nobility. In order then to supply their wants, a number of new places had to be made, and the disappointed candidates thereof ranked themselves in opposition to the minister. These also must be provided for. 'Where is the money to come from?' asked the hapless viceroy of one of these expectants. 'Oh, the easiest thing in life—put a tax upon butter. To be sure the poor will feel it, but what of that?' An outcry is raised against this new impost. The Minister finds a formidable motion made upon the subject. He goes to his friends. 'You see what a difficulty you have brought me into; you must all come down to night and support me.' 'Softly, Mr. Secretary,' say they; 'last year's places were remunerated by last year's votes. We must have other places and other salaries for this job.' 'Why,' says the petrified Minister, 'that will put the country to another £100,000 expense, and how can that be raised?' 'On salt, my dear Mr. Secretary-nothing more easy!' Absolutely, we are told, that after paying this £,100,000 for his defence, the Minister had to disengage himself from the opposition by 'the previous question'; the fact was, he had not bought a speech for the money!

It is a fact that peerages were publicly brought to the hammer at the Treasury Chambers, and with the money arising from the sale Parliamentary seats were bought for some of the friends of Government, and others who had seats were paid for their votes. On one occasion the Minister announced that he would receive proposals for a lottery and a peerage—a number of written proposals came in signed and sealed. Mr. Walker, of Dame Street, being the highest bidder for the lottery, was set down as the purchaser, and Lord —— for the peerage; but in making out the orders the names were misplaced, and Mr. Walker was apprised that his patent was making out, and Lord —— got an order on the commissioners of the lottery for 40,000 tickets. Both hastened up to the Treasury, and there met one another, and the scene was, to say the least, rather droll.

Who can for a moment doubt that such a system\* of corruption would reign again were Ireland to have a Parliament

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;Let,' said an eminent Irish M.P.—'let but the Minister refuse twenty unreasonable Irish demands at night in St. Stephen's, and he will have twenty Irish patriots in the morning.'

once more? How long, with the Romish hierarchy installed in the Upper House, would the Irish Protestant churches be allowed to have their doors open, or to circulate the Word of God? How long would the Protestant Irish gentry be allowed to retain their properties, when a vast majority of the Lower House would be Roman Catholics of the Ultramontane stamp, and the few Liberal Roman Catholic gentlemen, and still fewer Protestants, allowed to sit therein would be cowed by a fierce, clamorous, and bigoted majority?

In the last Irish Parliament, Sir Lucius O'Brien absolutely moved an amendment calling upon his Majesty, as King of Ireland, to declare war against Portugal, and thus assert the rights of Ireland. 'We doubt not,' he says, 'that Ireland has vigour and resources enough to maintain her rights and astonish all her enemies.' In other words, Sir Lucius wanted the King of England, without embroiling England in the-

issue, to declare war between Ireland and Portugal.

Who can doubt that to-morrow an Irish House of Commons, under the instigation of the Romish hierarchy, would declare war against Germany, should France show her the example

once more?

I find that even in its palmiest days Home Rule does not seem to have contented the Dublin citizen; for in November, 1779, about 8,000 working manufacturers, mostly armed with swords and pistols, assembled before the Parliament House in College Green and in the streets leading thereto, crying, 'A short money bill! a free trade! the rights of Ireland!' They stopped several members, and administered oaths to such as they suspected. A troop of horse and a party of Highlanders marched down to disperse them, but the mob determinedly stood their ground, whereupon the Lord Mayor sent away the military and addressed the mob himself, as did also several patriotic Members of Parliament and other gentlemen, asking them to disperse quietly, which at last they consented to do.\*

The Poor Law administration of 1779 was not a very popular one either. A vehicle called 'the black cart' used to be driven through Dublin, and any person seen or suspected of begging would be seized by its attendants, and carried off

<sup>\*</sup> I must confess that Ireland has a grievance—call it sentimental if you will—and that is the removal of the harp from her coinage. Britannia with the trident is but a poor substitute for the old harp of Erin in the eyes of Hibernians.

notens volens to the House of Industry in Channel Row. Upon one occasion the officers seized an old woman in Capel Street who was selling some hanks of yarn, and forced her into the cart, although she loudly protested that she had never begged in her life. In Dame Street they laid hold of another old woman, who united her cries to those of her companion inside. At Temple Bar a mob attacked the officers, released the prisoners, and when one of the officers fired his blunderbuss among the mob, they showered stones upon them, broke their swords, smashed their blunderbusses, and left three of them for dead in the street. The wounded men, while being conveyed away by Alderman Hart, were again attacked in Capel Street, and had another narrow escape of their lives. The streets were at this period crowded with beggars, but this seems to have been a very singular way of getting rid of them.

These were halcyon days for King William in College Green, when, on November 4, being the anniversary of the great deliverer of Ireland, all the city bells would peal forth at daybreak, every citizen would turn out decorated with orange ribbons. The volunteers, cavalry, and infantry would march in and assemble around the statue; the cavalry, mounted on superb chargers, with scarlet uniforms and black facings, helmets and red plumes, or black plumes, as the case might be, white waistcoats, and jack-boots; the Dublin volunteers, the grenadiers with feathers, the uniform blue, lined with buff, red collars, red edgings, buff waistcoats; the lawyers, scarlet and white uniform; the Duke of Leinster marching before the Dublin men, and the vast multitude around; salvos of cannon, shouting of spectators, volleys of musketry, accompanied by tremendous hurrahs from the mob, and beneath the decorated statue four large inscriptions hanging:

1. Relief to Ireland.

2. The volunteers of Ireland—motto: Quinquaginta millia juncta parati pro patria mori—Fifty thousand united men ready to die for their country!

3. A short money bill, a free trade, or else-

4. The glorious revolution!

In the evening the Lord-Lieutenant, accompanied by the nobility and the gentry, paraded round the statue. The regular troops marched down and fired three volleys, and the night was illumined with a universal illumination.

### CHAPTER LXIII.

#### THE WHITEBOYS.

ARTHUR YOUNG, in his 'Tour in Ireland in 1776-1778,' speaking of the Whiteboys, says, 'I made many inquiries, and found that no such thing as a Leveller or Whiteboy was heard of till 1760, which was long after the landing of Thurot. began in Tipperary, and were first known by the name of "Levellers," owing to their levelling the enclosures of commons. After that they began with the tithe-proctors. It was a common practice with them to go about the country in parties, swearing many to be true to them. They forced masters to release their apprentices, carried off the daughters of rich farmers, levied sums of money on the farmers to support their cause, by paying attornies in defending prosecutions against them. Many of them lived for years without work on these contributions; they broke into houses, sometimes burned houses, and committed shocking barbarities. One of their usual punishments—and by no means the most severe one—was taking people out of their beds, carrying them without clothes in winter on horseback for some distance, and burying them up to their chin in a hole full of briars,\* not forgetting to cut off

'1st. That he should not purchase tithes except from a minister. 2nd. That he should pay only the dues to the Roman clergy. 3rd. That he should not give evidence against a Thrasher in a court of justice.

<sup>\*</sup> In the *Hibernian Magazine* for July, 1808, I find the following: 'A most daring attack has recently been made by the Thrashers on a respectable gentleman near Ballinamore, in the county of Roscommon. After having forced their way into his house in the middle of the night, the usual oath was tendered to him, which he refusing to take, one of the villains exhibited to his astonished eyes a dreadful machine in the form of a woolcard, filled with crooked iron spikes, and a weighty hammer ready to infix them into his back at a blow. It is not to be wondered at that this horrid preparation produced his immediate compliance to their demand, and they then swore him to the following terms:

one of their ears. In this manner the evil existed for eight or ten years, during which time the gentlemen of the country took some measures to quell them. The Government offered large rewards for informations, which brought a few every year to the gallows, without any radical cure for the evil. The gentlemen of the country had frequent expeditions in arms to discover them, but unsuccessfully, owing to their intelligence being so uncommonly good, by their influence over the common

'The Roman Catholic inhabitants of Ballyragget, six miles from Kilkenny, were the first of the lower people who dared openly to associate against them. They attacked that town, and came two hundred strong before a house in which were fifteen armed men, and fired in at the windows. The fifteen men handled their arms so well, that in a few rounds they killed forty or fifty of the Whiteboys, who fled immediately, and ever after left Ballyragget in peace. It should be observed that they had but very few arms, and these, in bad order, had no cartridges. Soon after they attacked Mr. Power's house in Tipperary and murdered him. His murder stirred up the gentry to give private rewards to whosoever would give evidence concerning them. Laws were passed for punishing all who assembled and for recompensing all who suffered from their outrages, at the expense of the county or barony. About twenty Whiteboys were capitally convicted, and most of them executed.'\*

I find in the *Hibernian Magazine* of September, 1779, an item of domestic intelligence, which gives us a strange picture of the manners of that time: 'Shinrone, King's County, August 22, 1779.—Brooks, the priest, marched into town at

<sup>4</sup>th. That he will be faithful to, and bear true allegiance to, Captain Thrasher.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;On the next morning he surrendered himself, and gave an account of the transaction to Lord Ashtown, who on the next day apprehended several of those miscreants and lodged them in gaol, to abide their trials on the above and several similar offences.'

<sup>\*</sup> A desperate skirmish took place on July 29, 1786, between the volunteers and a party of more than 600 Whiteboys, near Inchigelagh, in the County Cork. Three of the latter were killed, two were drowned in endeavouring to escape across the river, nine were taken prisoners, and several wounded. Still, this does not appear to have dismayed them, for, near Macroom, two proctors were, in September next, liberated by a gentleman and his groom from the hole in which they had been buried up to their chins since midnight the night before by the Whiteboys. Furze and broken glass were placed in the holes to torture them the more.

the head of a mob of above two hundred, with an intent to murder Richard Palmer, Esq., of the Queen's County, with whom he had had some altercation a short time before. They paraded the streets for a long time, offering a reward of £5 for the head of a Protestant. This so exasperated the neighbouring gentlemen that they have formed themselves into a body of horse. They have nailed up the chapel doors, and are determined to prevent Mass being ever celebrated there again. The priest and several of the rioters have been taken, and are to stand their trial at the ensuing assizes.'

It appears evident from the depositions of witnesses cited by Sir Richard Musgrave in his 'History of Irish Rebellions,' one of them a Roman Catholic clergyman, that the Whiteboys were subsidized from France, officered by Irish officers who had been in the French service, and were intended to support the cause of the Stuart race. They were clad in white uniform, hence their name. The celebrated Father Nicholas Sheehy, in the year 1762, commanded a division of these banditti, and upon one occasion marched upon Clogheen in Tipperary to attack it, although it was the headquarters of the Marquis of Drogheda, who commanded a Munster district. At that time great gatherings of from five hundred to two thousand Whiteboys used to assemble in Tipperary. 'His lordship, during his residence there,' according to Musgrove, 'took the famous Father Nicholas Sheehy, who was afterwards hanged at Clon-He had been a noted leader of the Whiteboys, and incited them to commit murder and various outrages, and yet his memory is held in such veneration by the Roman Catholic multitude, and the clay of his tomb is supposed to be endued with such supernatural powers, that various miraculous cures are imputed to it; in consequence of which it is in such request that the sexton of the church, where his body is interred, is obliged very often to renew it.' I may mention that this miraculous property of earth taken from a dead priest's grave is not unknown in other churchyards. I remember two ecclesiastics' graves which are said to possess a similar property, if the clay be dissolved in water and drunk.\*

I remember my much-valued father-in-law, the late John Sandys Bird, J.P., telling me that while he resided in Bantry,

<sup>\*</sup> In the churchyard of Ahinagh, County Cork, is a priest's grave, upon which are arranged rows of mugs, in which the earth, being scraped off from the grave, is mixed with water and drunk as a specific for disease by the peasantry.

one morning Lord Bantry rode up early to his house and told him to arm himself and join the mounted gentry, who, with a troop of the Carabineers and a company of the line under his command, were marching off to scour the pass of Keim-an-eigh, a wild savage defile extending a great length, as though the mountain were cleft in twain, dread precipitous rocks and precipices rising on each side. While marching through the defile, the gentlemen in front, the infantry next, and the Carabineers in the rear, the Whiteboys showed themselves in force along the mountain sides, while a rolling fire was kept up on each side as they advanced. At last, as they arrived at the narrowest part of the awful glen, where the road narrows immensely, with a wild cheer the Whiteboys rolled down a vast rock, which they had previously dislodged from its bed; this immense boulder came crashing down right upon the troops, and completely filled up the path before the Carabineers, who could not manage to scale it with their chargers, and who accordingly had to make a détour of some twenty miles to join the party in advance, from whom they were separated by this granite wall.

Meantime, the gentlemen, leaping from their horses, followed by the infantry, scaled the cliffs in pursuit of the Whiteboys above them. From every clump of golden furze shots were poured upon them from above; still they gallantly persevered in chasing the Whiteboys, and gradually drove them up the mountain-side. A soldier was shot down near Mr. Bird; the trumpet rang out below to recall the loyalists at this moment, for the insurgents were seen mustering in great force above along the line of the rocks—and his comrades, disregarding the unfortunate wounded man's entreaties, were leaving him behind, when Mr. Bird and another gentleman bravely lifted him up and bore him down the mountain beneath a heavy fire. The Whiteboys kept pressing down upon the loyalists, and at last the bearers of the wounded man had to make for a farmhouse, where they laid down the poor soldier. The man was dying, and, unable to carry him off to the main body, the Whiteboys now pressing on them very hard, the two gentlemen had to rush forth and fight their way back to the party below.

It is necessary to bear in mind that the Whiteboys' organization first began in 1759 or 1760, and that it was not until the year 1795 that the first Orange Lodge was formed in the county of Armagh. As regards the Loyal Orange Institution, I have ever thought, since I came to realize how great its

importance is, that it is a pity that it is not more generally joined by the Protestant clergy and gentry of Ireland. leadership would be invaluable in moderating any appearance of unkindness in act or word, and in teaching the members that their mission, if rightly acted out, and rightly interpreting the principles of Orangeism, is something more than merely talking about the superiority of Protestantism. Orangeman will as eagerly contend for the rights of his Roman Catholic brother, if menaced, as he will for his own; and no Orange Lodge ever can meet without prayer for their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. In the towns of the south and midland Irish counties, and in the west, where the number of poor Irish Protestants is insignificant, as compared with the great majority of Roman Catholics, I find that the Orange Institution gives these scattered Protestants a powerful point d'appui, a rallying-point, when concentrated thus, as members of a great society enrolled, the better to withstand the great pressure which is put upon them by the preponderance of the Roman Catholic majority around them, and the persecution which often they have to endure from them. For petty acts of annoyance, unfriendly looks, breaking windows, calling names, sarcasms against their faith, are hard to be borne by the isolated Protestants in the lanes of the towns; and when the hour of death arrives, the infallible certainty that every effort will be made to bring in the Roman Catholic clergyman to anoint him is indeed a horror for the dying Protestant of the humbler ranks.\*

<sup>\*</sup> In the year 1795, when the Loyal Orange Society began, many cold-blooded murders were committed by the disaffected peasantry. The 'United Irishmen' were in existence, and had joined the 'Defenders' before Orangism arose. The watchword of the Defenders was 'ELIPHISMATIS,' which was understood to mean: 'Every loyal Irish Protestant heretic I shall murder, and this I swear!' The Loyal Orange Society affords a close bond of union between Episcopalians and Presbyterians in the North; and it cheers the hearts of the isolated Southern and Western Protestants to know that, should disaffection or foreign invasion threaten Ireland, that they have Bible-loving men in the North who have kept the land before, and are ready to keep it again.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

### SHAUN RUSSELL'S VOW.

The magnificent ruin known as the Abbey of Holy Cross, situated about three miles from Thurles, is one of the glories, not of Tipperary alone, but of Ireland. The Cistercians who built it are related by O'Halloran as having been presented by Pope Pascal II., about A.D. 1100, with a piece of the cross, covered with gold and set with precious stones, and in consequence of this, or some equally miraculous tale, the abbey acquired numerous benefactions and a very large property, King John, in 1186, having confirmed all the grants and chartered liberties and freedoms conferred upon the sacred pile by its founder, Donogh Carbragh O'Brien, King of Limerick.

Held in greatest veneration by the peasantry, its ruins often are resorted to by worshippers; but one of the most remarkable incidents connected with its vicinity occurred in 1827, when a vast crowd of from twelve to sixteen thousand assembled underneath its walls, erected over the rushing waters of the

Suir, to witness a sad spectacle.

The bright brass helmets and flashing sabres of a strong detachment of dragoons were seen issuing forth from Thurles, some two miles distant, and taking the road leading to Holy Cross. A young man named Patrick Grace was guarded by them on his way to execution. Grace had barbarously shot, in broad daylight, Mr. Chadwick, the agent of an extensive property—a bold, daring, determined man, who, though not rigorous in exacting rents, had incurred the vengeance of the Ribbon Organization by his proceeding to build a constabulary barracks at a place called Rathcannon, near the river Suir, where it is dominated by the ancient walls of Holy Cross Abbey. Mr. Chadwick intended, in the erection of the

barracks, to curb the violence of the peasantry, whose menaces he professed to despise. Being himself a large, strong man, he is said, while standing amid a mob of the Tipperary men, upon one occasion to have made use of the singularly indiscreet words, that he believed he was becoming bigger every day through their maledictions. They laughed, and said that his honour's glory was very fond of a joke, to be sure, and then turned away, determined to carry out the sentence of death which had been pronounced against him in the Ribbon lodge in the mountains. This was, however, a service of danger, and meantime the constabulary barracks was rising daily higher and higher. One day Mr. Grace was standing with a man named Phil Mara, engaged in watching the masons at work, when Grace, a reckless, daring fellow, who had elected to carry out the sentence of assassination, quietly approached him, and shot Mr. Chadwick dead on the spot. It seems that no effort was made to arrest Grace by the eye-witnesses, the saddest feature of crime in Ireland being the sympathy and support the murderer receives from the eye-witnesses of his crime, if they be his co-religionists.

Mara gave immediate information of the crime, and Grace was sentenced to death upon his testimony. The Government had at once to take Mara away from Ireland in order to save his life from the vengeance of the peasantry; but at the scene of execution, beneath the old walls of the abbey, one of Grace's cousins handed the murderer's gloves to an old man named John or Shaun Russell; and he, drawing them on his hands before the vast assemblage, declared that he would wear them until the boy that was hanging there was well avenged. These words, coupled with the remarkable expression of the prisoner, that before a year was out he would have vengeance, though lying in the grave, made a deep impression upon the peasantry, and ere a month was expired there was for miles round scarcely a Roman Catholic peasant but who had sworn to take vengeance upon the kith and kin of Philip Mara. There was not a cabin for miles round but the old cailleach\* or youngest colleen† knew that Mara's three brothers were doomed men. Strange to say, not a whisper of their

intended death reached the doomed brothers' ears.

The want of power in the English Government to protect has ever been felt more in Ireland, generally speaking, than its punitive force. One must own that it needs a good deal

<sup>\*</sup> Aged woman.

of determination to face almost inevitable death, if one should give information concerning the perpetration of crime. The assassination of head-constable Talbot even in Dublin, and the murder, in a fashionable suburb of the Irish metropolis, of a lady, shot down by two peasants in the evening upon her own doorstep, show that in our present day crime has as fearful an organization as ever, and has as long arms as ever in distracted Ireland.

# CHAPTER LXV.

#### THE EXECUTION OF THE VOW.

On the morning of October 1, 1827, a party of peasants, clad in long frieze-coats, and each intent upon some eagerlyanticipated event, were lying smoking their little black pipes beneath the shade of the trees upon a hill called the Grove, which commanded the rapidly rising constabulary barracks of Rathcannon.

Three masons, attended by a lad, were working at the building. Little did these artificers, who were the brothers of Philip Mara, dream of the dread cloud which was lowering

over them.

'Arrah, captain,' said a peasant, who from the shade of a fir-tree was watchfully surveying the movements of the doomed masons, who, however, could not detect the presence of the murderous gang above them. 'I'm afraid that Kate Costello has forgotten your orders, and I'm wake wid the hunger.'

The captain, a tall, deep-chested peasant, whose closely-cut hair rose over a broad brow, and whose sunburnt neck and face, piercing black eyes, broad nostrils, and muscular arms made a total strength mingled with fierceness, slowly turned his glance down the hill, and sententiously uttered the words, 'Bdhe husth,\* Dhermot-beg! There's Kate bending the daisies beyondt there, and troth she's welcome.'

'Ta thu an milithee,† Kate Costello,' said the captain, as

the wished-for personage slowly advanced.

A little pale-faced old woman, bearing a jar and some loaves

of bread and cold meat, approached the group.

' Taid na lathe a dul a girrad,' said the old crone, pointing her withered hand, with a look of intensest malice, towards

<sup>\*</sup> Anglice, 'Be silent, little Dermot.' † 'You are very pale.' # 'The days are growing short.'

the three brothers who were busily engaged upon the walls of the barracks beneath.

'Which reminds me,' said the captain, 'that we had better lose no more time. Fergus, open the pit, will ye, and draw

out the waypons?'

The individual thus accosted, a tall, thin, melancholy-looking peasant, with a pale face and unshaven, stubbly beard, slowly uncovered the mouth of an aperture in the rocks, and, drawing aside some moss-covered stones, drew forth a dozen muskets and blunderbusses of the old flint-lock type. These the men appropriated, and the spots of rust were jealously inspected, and the firearms oiled and made ready for service.

Now, boys darlints, ate your dinner,' said the old servitress, 'ye would want to be strong for the night's work. Thau she deirenack,\* and the Maras will be soon going home, and it depinds on ye if they won't have a holyday to-morrow,' she half screamed, and then laughed a fiendish laugh, as she shook

her hand at the distant masons.

'Thau she an am proinne,'† said the captain, laying down the blunderbuss and crossing himself, as he proceeded to

partake of the repast.

A couple of hours had glided away, and the unconscious masons had struck off work, and, gathering together their tools, were proceeding to leave the barracks. The assassins, who had watched their every movement, now drew nearer in the twilight gloom, musket in hand, sheltering behind the trees. The doomed Maras were now, accompanied by the lad, moving out on the road, when, with a wild, fierce yell, the murderers rushed down upon them, and at the same moment poured in an irregular, scattered volley on the terrified masons. Fortunately the latter were uninjured, and rushed for life along the road, pursued by some of the party, while one of the Maras, struck by terror, confused by the firearms' loud report, and losing his presence of mind, turned in another direction, and made for a lonely cabin, habited by a widow-woman. After him the main body of the murderous band flew like bloodhounds on the track. The unfortunate man bolted the door, and, trembling, stood within; but, unfortunately, a window was open in the rear of the cabin, and through this some of the murderers entered, and the wretched man was butchered in the most atrocious manner, being cruelly shot

down upon the earthen floor, which was crimsoned with his blood.

'Now, lads,' said the captain, 'there's one gone, anyhow, and we may as well go up for our suppers to Shaun Russell's,

and see whether he has the gloves on his hands yet.'

The watch-dog gave tongue as the murderers entered Russell's haggart-yard. Inside the half-door stood Mary Russell, the daughter of the proprietor. She was a tall, hand-some girl—a belle among the peasantry. With flashing eyes and breathless utterance she rushed out. 'Boys, boys,' she cried, 'did ye do any good?' 'Yes, Mary,' replied Fitzgerald; 'Dan Mara will never lay a stone again.' 'Ye poor cratures! do ye call yourselves men, and is that all ye can say for yourselves?' cried a shrill voice from the hearth, as she passionately tossed a log on the blazing embers, and the fire sparkled up and the light glowed on the passionate features of an old woman standing by the fireplace. 'Yes, Peggy, 'tis all we have to say for ourselves,' retorted the captain angrily, 'and it was hard work to accomplish that same.'

The old woman rose up to her full height, and, with sparkling eyes, and holding her right hand over her head, hissed forth, 'You might as well not have killed any, since you did not kill them all.' 'Give us our supper, if it's ready, anyway,' said Fitzgerald sulkily; 'we have earned it well to-day.' 'Tis waiting for you, lads,' said Mary Russell. 'Sit down at the table, and take care of yourselves, though my

father has still to wear the black gloves.

It might seem as though so horrible a picture of the sympathy of women with crime were overdrawn, but I am simply narrating facts. Alas! the one great remedy provided by God for the cure of sin—the Bible, which tells of that Saviour's love to fallen man, and which reveals to us the Holy Spirit's sindispersing power—has been taken away by the English Government from the schools of Ireland, even where the Roman Catholic population preferred Scripture schools. In the second report of the Commissioners of Education Inquiry, which appeared in 1826, of the 560,000 children who were then receiving gratuitous education in Ireland, 400,000 were Roman Catholics, and of these only 33,000 were under Roman Catholic teachers. Oh, if only Government had allowed these scriptural schools to continue, instead of starting national schools, in which the Roman Catholic child never hears of a Bible, and in which, after school hours, the Protestant child may be taught religious

instruction, but the poor Roman Catholic child never by any possibility can hear the blessed sounds of the Gospel, how bright a future would blood-stained Erin have had as her own!

It is well known that some of the national teachers were implicated in the Fenian conspiracy.\* I would not for a moment deny that a great number of the national teachers are most zealous and efficient men, badly remunerated for their arduous duties. I would not deny that education of a secular kind has spread among the peasantry. But this I do say, that fully as good secular education and pure scriptural truth were taught simultaneously to the Roman Catholic population by the Kildare Place Schools, and that when the Government rejected them and the Bible for secular instruction, it has sown the wind and is reaping the whirlwind in Ireland—disaffection, disloyalty, crime, sown broadcast through the land, which all the arithmetic or English grammar in the world would not eradicate without the Bible.†

'There's the police galloping down the road like madmen!' shouted out a little boy, rushing into the room, 'and the "army" is scouring the country!' he piped. Fitzgerald lighted his pipe, and gave one or two draws at the stem. 'We have time, anyhow, to finish our supper, and we'll lave for home presently, Paddy aroon. Meantime keep watch beyant.'

<sup>\*</sup> Judge George, some twenty-seven years ago, publicly declared from the Bench, that the nationalist schoolmasters had been the chief promoters of Fenianism.

<sup>†</sup> The lurid 'Reign of Terror' in three provinces of Ireland is the best commentary upon these words.

# CHAPTER LXVI.

### KATE COSTELLO IS WANTED.

In former days, towards the close of the last century, the entrance of the Bar into an assize town was an event of the very highest interest. Nowadays the individual member of the legal profession quietly takes his place in the corner of the coupé, or, if there be no railway available, a post-chaise can be had, or at all events an outside car from the nearest iron track, and the eminent Queen's Counsel or aspiring barrister enters

the town unobserved and unregarded.

Not so in former days. Then the Circuit almost invariably travelled on horseback; the holsters showed the long pistols meant for defence against the assailants of the road. horseman's cloak covered the goodly proportions of the man of law; the stout hunter, with mane and tail docked after the ideal of the time. Each gentleman of the bar was followed by his mounted groom, and books of legal lore, in huge saddlebags, hung suspended from their retainers' saddles, while huge brass-mounted pistols took the place of the lighter firearms of their masters. Then, slowly following after, came carts driven by the vivandieres and suttlers of this legal host, containing delicacies and luxuries for their refreshment, Through every town and village great were the admiring hurrahs of the assembled inhabitants—great the individual acclamations lavished on Councillor C—, the popular favourite, or the frantic shouts for Judge M—, the idol of the hour. Then, as the assize town was reached, and the grand jury galloped forth, with the High Sheriff himself mounted on his thoroughbred, and the Sub-Sheriff following after, great the congratulations interchanged, much and frequent hand-shaking, numerous invitations; and, amid a hurrahing multitude, the long cavalcade swept in, prancing and caracolling, and all was mirth,

save where the poor criminal in his cell anxiously waited for the sad hour that would place him in the dock on trial for his life. He, too, amid his terror felt a sensation of relief when he knew that Counsellor B—— had fairly arrived, and would do all in his power for him.

It was Assize time in Clonmel, and the town was a scene of unprecedented excitement. Government had poured in troops, and the green uniform and tall leather shakos of the Irish Constabulary were met with at every corner. An immense mob of the Tipperary peasantry had pressed into Clonmel. Dark menacing faces were met in every direction; ejaculations in Gaelic, as the contents of placards, offering a reward of £2,000 for the apprehension of the murderers of Mara, were pondered over by the long frieze cota-mohr wearers. groans, and indignant comments and exclamations far from blessings, were poured upon the head of the noted Fitzgerald, who, when apprehended upon another charge of highway robbery, accompanied with much violence, had, to save himself, turned informer, and through whose revelations Patrick Lacy and John Walsh were placed at the bar accused of the murder of Mara.

The court-house was a perfect sea of heads; the atmosphere was at fever heat; the candles burned dimly, lighting up the excited faces of the peasantry; the impassive countenances of the Constabulary as they rested on their muskets; the burly forms of the priests who, with long cloaks and huge leather boots, attended in great numbers; and the calm, dignified features of the judge, Mr. Justice Moore, who sat in his red robes, lined ominously with black. The gentry of the Limerick, Cork and Tipperary counties, or rather border-lands, attended too in large numbers, for the state of the country was so fearful at the time that every man felt that his own life might prove the next forfeit to the Whiteboy and Ribbon vehm gereit.

Fitzgerald had given his evidence against the accused men. Seated in the witness chair, his wild, fierce eyes had darted restlessly upon the faces of the jury and the audience. Another informer, named Ryan, had corroborated his testimony, and the case seemed clear against the prisoners; their only hope was that the jury might not convict upon the evidence of two such atrocious brigands as the informers themselves were. It was far advanced in the night, and the flickering light cast a pale, yellow, sickly glare upon the faces of the prisoners in the dock; the counsel for the defence were whispering together, and low?

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muttered Irish ejaculations were indistinctly heard through the peasant crowd, when a shrill, clear voice rang through the court—'Kate Costello! Kate Costello! Kate Costello!' A subdued cry rang from the peasants nearer the dock. All eyes were turned to the door, but no advancing figure was seen. Again the cry rang through the court:

'Kate Costello! Kate Costello! Kate Costello! and again silence unbroken reigned in the edifice; but everyone rose from their seat, and the eyes of every spectator strained looking

towards the door.

'Kate will never turn traitor!' (bhérram an th'airem, ma buchals). 'We shall win the game yet, boys!' shouted a loud voice from the rear.

# CHAPTER LXVII.

#### THE WHITE WAND.

THERE are many circumstances which combine to conjure up the phantom hope in the prisoner's heart who stands on trial for his life. There may be a flaw in the indictment, an informality in the charge; one of the jury may become ill; and there may be the faint chance of a pardon. But when all these hopes have vanished, and the poor wretch sits in his cell awaiting with the gray light of morning the dread hour of death, oh, how terrible are his feelings then! All hope is vanished now; with pale face of horror he waits his doom. 'The night is far spent,'\* says St. Paul; 'the day is at hand.' Oh, what a sinking of heart attends each waning hour as the dread day creeps on! Strange that unpardoned men and women, of whom the blessed Redeemer thus solemnly speaks, 'He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God,'t should rest quietly in this sad state of present condemnation without endeavouring, through faith in their dear Saviour, to have their condemnation removed and a free pardon obtained. Strange how, with the dread prospect of the great white throne before them after death, an unpardoned sinner can rest quietly for a moment and not fly at once for pardon through the atoning blood of the Saviour Jesus. For 'if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'t

The colour had almost come back to the prisoners, for a deep sigh of relief had been drawn by each of them. Sardonic smiles wreathed around the lips of the Tipperary men; the Solicitor-General looked anxious when the door slowly opened, and a strange, ghastly object met the view.

<sup>\*</sup> Rom. xiii. 12.

The candles were flickering in the iron sockets, and a dread stillness reigned through the court-house. A ghastly hue crept upon the faces of the prisoners, and everyone seemed to hold his breath; and all rose from their seats as a low, emaciated. withered, aged woman slowly and totteringly advanced towards the witness table. Her face was that of a corpse; her eyes were closed; her hands fell white and wrinkled by her side. It almost seemed as though some unnatural Mara form, some hideous nightmare phantom, was advancing to the witness chair. At last she reached it, and half fell, half sunk into it. Her lips were closed, her features wrought convulsively, and water had to be freely sprinkled over her, and some half forced down her pale lips. Presently she revived, and then the white wand was placed in her trembling hand, and she was required to point out if either of the prisoners in the dock was present at Rathcannon Grove on the day that she had brought them up refreshments.

The wand quivered in her hand; she seemed scarce conscious that she held it. She looked as though acting in a dream.

She raised the wand, and then rose up from the chair.

'My lord—my lord!' shrieked one of the prisoners, 'am I to be murdered in this way? Don't you see that there are only two of us in the dock? We ought to have more around us, and to have a fair chance, anyhow, for our lives.'

'The prisoner's demand is but just,' said the judge. 'Bring

in more prisoners, Mr. Sheriff.'

Kate Costello sank back in her chair again, and a long, tedious interval elapsed, broken only by ejaculations in Irish, or whispered observations among the Bar. At last the door reopened, and a number of peasants, chained with the dreary prison-irons, entered the dock, and the constabulary clanked their muskets on the pavement and gathered round their charge.

Brought out from their distant cells at this dark hour of night, a strange, anxious, inquiring look, mingled with a wild dread, lingered on these convict faces as they looked around

the court-house.

It almost seemed a foreshadowing of the awful scene of eternal judgment, when, in adamantine fetters, the lost appear at the great trumpet's sounding before the great white throne.

The wand was again grasped by the aged spectre hand, and once more she rose from her chair, looked round the court, and feebly stretched out the white wand. You might have heard a pin drop; an awful silence seemed to reign around.

Feebly turning to the cowering prisoners in the dock, she bent forward and looked eagerly at Walsh, the man who had cried out. She turned away her glance, and looked at his companion Lacy; she did not seem as though she recognised either of them at first. Her trembling hand vibrated the rod to and fro. and she seemed as though she would faint back into the chair. Again she turned, again lifted up the white wand; she extended it out to her utmost power towards the prisoners, when a piteous, wailing voice—a woman's voice—exclaimed in tones of deepest agony, 'Oh, Kate! oh, Kate!' The spectral frame shuddered convulsively; she sank backwards, then with a great effort nerved herself, and slowly upon the doomed head of Walsh and then upon Lacy the wand descended amid a wild, wailing outburst of horror from the assembled peasants. The two prisoners thus identified by Kate Costello, and whose guilt had been previously proved by the informers Ryan and Fitzgerald, were executed in the presence of a vast assemblage of the peasantry.

It may be asked, Why did the aged crone turn King's evidence? The reason was that the 'Captain' had informed against her also, and she was told that she would be executed unless she disclosed the whole truth. But a more touching scene occurred when her own cousins, the Keoughs, sons of the farmer in whose house she had been fed and clothed for many a year, were placed on trial for their lives. John or Shaun Keough was a perfect giant in stature, powerful, and determined in appearance; Patrick, his brother, was a daringlooking man. The aged crone this time showed no symptoms of trembling, but touched the prisoners' heads with the wand without hesitation. It was Easter Sunday morning, and the judge deferred passing sentence on the prisoners upon that holy Sabbath, commemorative of the glorious resurrection of the blest Redeemer. A wild, piercing cry burst from them both as they listened to him. 'A long day-a long day, my lord!' they shrieked. 'Oh, my lord judge, order that our bodies be given up to the old man, our father, sitting yonder!' An eye-witness has described them as beating upon their breasts while they piteously wailed forth these words, their heads thrown back, and with half-closed hands smiting upon their breasts. And then the old man himself was slowly lifted upon the table as his sons were about to be removed; old and white-haired, his eyes streaming with tears, he stretched out his hands towards his two sons. John Keough burst into a flood of tears; he stretched out his tall form across the iron spikes of the dock, and held the old man long and closely to his heart. Many an eye was filled with tears as the wretched father, more dead than alive, was borne to his lodging, and as the chained forms of the prisoners were seen disappearing amid the ranks of the armed constabulary.

Old Shaun Russell, who had put the gloves of the dead Grace upon his hands to save the lives of his two sons, mere lads of fifteen, pleaded guilty. 'Let them hang me if they will;

but, oh, let them spare the gillas! (boys).

And, now, what is the best cure for such scenes of blood and misery as these? Alas! the Bible, God's Book, that tells of Jesus, that reveals the only purifier of the sinful heart, the Holy Spirit, has been taken away from the education of the Irish people and peasantry by the Government of England and the Church of Ireland, whose leavening influence permeated the masses, disendowed and disestablished, the grass growing now up to many a closed church door! In many a country parish the poor Protestants are abandoned to the priests of the Church of Rome, and the Roman Catholics deprived of the presence of the Protestant pastor, whose kindness they ever experienced in the hour of trial, whose family were the observers of their wants, and aid and sympathy lightened many a weary day of sorrow. Place the Bible in every Irish school. Let the Roman Catholic read his version, the Protestant read his, and restore back to the Irish Church her rightful inheritance and name.

# CHAPTER LXVIII.

#### ON THE WINDLASS.

It was a bright summer morning, as I walked along the quay, preparatory to going to Sunday-school. It had been my habit upon Sunday mornings to visit the shipping lying alongside the quay, and to distribute little books among the men. was a pleasant work enough when one was not interrupted by the coal-porters, who swarm in these localities, and who do not by any means approve of tract distribution, even among Protestants. I have known them beset the vessel in which one of the Scripture-readers was on board, and with a crowd of lads keep up an incessant fusillade of stones, driving the poor Welsh crew below, while stones rattled upon binnacle and companion like hail, and for a couple of hours the reader durst not even venture to leave the schooner. Upon another occasion I have known them, when the same reader has gone on board an outer-lying vessel, to heave lumps of coal at him, and to prevent him, with menacing cries, from coming on shore, until at last one of their own band has good-naturedly gone to his rescue, and escorted him safely through their smutty ranks. The very appearance of a little tract seems too much for Roman Catholic sensibilities, even though it be not controversial. As to what would be the fate of any tractdistributor or Bible-reader caught in the fact, when Rome Rule or Home Rule arrives in Ireland—for the terms are synonymous-it would be easy to forecast; for, if not torn to pieces at once, or cast into a prison cell, he would soon be prohibited from venturing to work in his avocation.

It chanced that this Sabbath morning a brigantine was lying alongside the quay, her captain standing near the wheel, and a couple of hands forwards. I had invited them to Trinity Church, and had given some of my little books to them, when,

as I was turning to ascend the shore-plank, I saw an old man seated on the windlass forwards. He was dressed unlike an ordinary seaman, wore a black tall hat, black frock-coat, and had the air of a past respectability strongly marked upon his face, which bore the marks of deep care and sorrow. He sat in the hot sunlight, kicking his feet against the deck, and scarcely looked up when I drew near and saluted him.

'I tell you what it is,' at last exclaimed he passionately, as I spoke a few words to him: 'I have seen sorrow enough to drive any man out of his right senses. I was not always thus,' he said; and he looked up with his sunken eyes into my face. 'Only two years ago I was happy, and look at me now. Then I was master of my own ship; now I am before the mast. Then I had my dear wife; now I am alone in this earth.

'It comes before me now again,' he said dreamily, and his face grew ashen pale. 'The snow-crowned hills around, the frozen Neva, the craft lying frozen up alongside one of those great buildings to which she was secured by iron rings and hawsers. My men had all left save two, for we were regularly shut up for the winter at St. Petersburg, and these two men after a time got tired of the snow and ice and cold, and went home; but the wife, she still stuck to me, and we made the best of it; it was cold and dreary enough, but we loved each other, and were company to one another, though it was so far from home. Well, one of those great men to whom I had applied had sent me two Russians as caretakers of the ship, of whom he gave me a good character, and though I never liked their looks much, still, I did not like to encourage myself in doubting them. They had little to do with us, or we with them; they lived forward in the forecastle to themselves, and smoked away or slept away their time, one man watching by day, another by night. Well, sir, one day'-and his voice trembled—'I had to send a particular letter home to the owners, and I did not like to send it by the men, so as I knew the way to the post-office I went myself, and as I returned' here he grasped the windlass, and trembled violently-'I caught sight of the ship, and there was a dense smoke rising forward and another aft. I rushed down like a madman-you must know it was a very lonely part of the river, and no other ship lay near her-down the companion I ran, calling out, "Wife, wife! where are you—where?" Oh, that awful moment! I saw her lying dead before me, her very head cleft in twain with a hatchet-blow, and her very ear-rings torn from her ears, and her poor dead face turned downwards. The two Russians had done it, and then set fire to the ship. I don't remember much more then; she was buried, and my heart gave way. I followed her to the grave alone; I heard that the English Consul brought the murderers before the Government, but they did nothing. And now look at me'— and his burning eyes wearily fastened themselves on mine— 'I am broken-hearted, going down from bad to worse, with that awful scene ever rising before my mind. I see it as I sit here; I see it as I take the wheel; I see it as I lay out aloft; I see it in my berth; I see it in my dreams.' And he wearily drooped his head upon his chest, and relapsed into silence. 'I trust,' I said, 'that you will see her again—not as when you saw her last, still and pale in death, but radiant in joy, and clothed with the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness.

"It is the old belief
That on that distant shore
Departed friends shall meet,
And never sorrow more."

"Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away. I, even I, am He that comforteth you."\* "I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in My people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying." "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And He said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. And He said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."' The old man listened as though plunged in deep thought, tears stood in his eyes, and trickled down his furrowed cheeks. 'Do you not think that one hour of that happiness will make

<sup>\*</sup> Isa. li. 11. † Isa. lxv. 19.

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amends for all the deep sorrow of life?' I said; 'and God offers it to you now freely, for nothing, and also without requiring any merit in thyself:

"If any man thirst, and happy would be, The worst and the saddest may come unto Me."

It will be great happiness when thus, by believing on the dear Lord Jesus, by laying hold of Him with the grasp of faith, as the drowning man catches at the lifebuoy, you have dropped all your sins into the ocean of His love, and found pardon through the atoning blood of His dear Son.' The old man grasped my hand at parting. I never saw him more; the brigantine soon after weighed anchor, set sail, and left the river. But I often think of that poor, sad face, those burning eyes, and the old man seated on the windlass that quiet Sabbath morning.

### CHAPTER LXIX.

### THE DEATH OF THE SURGEON-MAJOR.

'HAVE you heard that poor L—— is come home to his brother's house?' asked the doctor in the vestry, after Divine service. 'He is, I fear, in a dying state.' I knew that the surgeon of the —th had been daily expected to arrive, but I had not thought that I should have found him in so weak a state as that which I witnessed when I called upon him. L--- had seen much and varied service; had gone through the Crimean and Indian campaigns with much credit, and was in the prime of life when he was struck down by the malady which he knew would bring him to the grave. He had come home, poor fellow, to die, amid the loving members of his brother's house -that brother whose name was a synonym for honour and manly feeling. When I first spoke to him about the better land I found that, like many military men, although entertaining a deep respect for true religion, he had not as yet seen his lost state as a sinner in the sight of God, and consequently had not perceived his vital need of a Redeemer.

We used to speak together much on these all-important subjects; and I would endeavour to point out the sinner's sad state by nature. The prophet Jeremiah's solemn words, 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it? I, the Lord, search the heart, and try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings,'\* seemed to impress him, in connection with St. Paul's words, 'All have sinned, and come

short of the glory of God.'†

At first L—— seemed reluctant to admit his lost state as a sinner in the sight of a heart-searching God; but when God's Holy Spirit graciously convinced him of his sin, and all the

<sup>\*</sup> Jer. xvii. 9, 10.

past seemed to rise up spectral-wise around his dying bed, then, deeply moved and earnestly, he inquired after God's way of peace and salvation. 'It is but one step,' I said, 'from the twenty-third verse of the third chapter of Romans into the twenty-fourth, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past; to declare at this time His righteousness; that He might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus. Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law."

'Then, by my simply believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, I am a saved or justified man?' inquired he, very earnestly. is the true word of your living God,' I replied; 'for, by your believing on the Lord Jesus, you lay hold by faith as an outstretched hand on the righteousness or merit of the Lord "But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe, for there is no difference, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Here vou see that, by believing in the Lord Jesus, His righteousness is put upon you, as He says in the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him who knew no sin to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Here you have your sin laid upon Jesus. He, the sinless Man, is made sin for us; and we, by a sweet exchange, are made in Jesus the righteousness of God. Again, you have St. Paul bringing out this glorious truth in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who, of God, is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."\* Again, in the Revelation, look at the nineteenth chapter, and read in the sixth verse, etc., "I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Allelulia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. And He saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And He saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God." Here, in this glorious passage, this noble truth of free salvation through a granted righteousness, is ushered in by the voice that first rises on the ear like the voice of the great multitude, then rises louder, like the roar of the deep ocean waves as they roll upon the rock-bound shore, then swells into louder and deeper majesty, like the mighty thunder-peals reverberating from the rattling crags of the everlasting hills, and see how each of these blessed ones called unto the marriage supper of Christ and His Church is arrayed in the fine linen, clean and white, even the justification of saints, or their granted or imputed righteousness—Christ's righteousness put upon them as a glorious wedding garment.' L- seemed lost in meditation, and I bade him farewell. When I saw him again he seemed much happier. 'I have been thinking much,' he said, 'as to what this coming to the Lord Jesus Christ means; and, as I lay awake last night, I remembered a sermon which I heard a few years ago, when I was at Aldershot. A brother-officer and I had gone one Sunday to a quiet little church, one of those old country churches where the worship is so simple, and the sermon plain and earnest, as addressed to country people. An old, gray-haired clergyman was preaching, and he made use of a very striking little story to illustrate the manner in which we should come to Jesus. Last night I thought over it all again as he told it.' I often wonder how it is that so many preachers do not study the examples of preaching set before us in the Word of God, and illustrate their subject by anecdotes and pictures-word-pictures which would convey their meaning far more pleasingly, and make a far more lasting impression upon their hearers. The lily and the brown-faced fishermen of Galilee's lake, the penitent son returning broken-hearted to a loving father's arms, the pearl from the deep, the golden treasure hidden in the field, all were used by Him who spoke as never man spoke. But when some men begin to preach they seem to retire into a certain technical theological atmosphere, and forget the sorrows, the cares, the joys, the trials of the suffering mass of humanity before them. Similar in a measure to the canons which prevailed till lately among painters and sculptors, when they were commissioned to reproduce some great warrior or poet in their work, they thought that modern attire and modern life was beneath the dignity of their art, and, instead of the costume of the day, the man stood out decked with the fantastic raiment and the laurel wreath of the Roman consul's days. They have learned the power of Nature. Oh, that all our preachers might learn to preach from the life, and not be ashamed of or think it beneath the dignity of the pulpit to preach pictorially and plainly to the dying souls around. Cromwell's advice to his soldiers, 'Aim low,' will not be thrown away—more sermons would thus be remembered by their hearers. 'Preaching,' says Mr. Jay, 'must strike and stick.' 'There were no 'likes' in your sermon, brother,' said Dr. Carey to a young minister. Oh, that it might not be said of any earnest preacher,

'Fastidiousness repressed his noble rage, And chilled the genial current of his soul'!

'Gather your materials together, and set fire to them in the

pulpit,' says Dr. Binney.

'I have never forgotten that old minister's sermon,' said L.—. 'It was a beautiful summer morning, the birds sang sweetly in the old hawthorns round the churchyard, the door was lying open, and he was dwelling upon the vital necessity of the sinner coming just as he is, without any preparation, or without trying to make himself in any way better before he

trusts in the Lord Iesus.

"Some time ago, in London," he said, "a great painter living there wished to take the portrait of one of those street Arabs who are to be found in thousands living in cellars, in street doors, under railway-bridges, or in ruined houses, without knowing from morning till night where a single meal is to come from. He found, after some search, one who looked wild and picturesque enough in his rags and squalor for his purpose, and so accosting him, he told him to be at his house next day at ten o'clock, and that he would give him a guinea. Away ran the little Arab to a companion of his who was a shade higher up in life than himself. 'Oh,' he cried, 'M----, the great painter, has told me that he wants to take my portrait.' 'Take your portrait, indeed!' said his friend, with 'Quite true, and I'm to get a guinea an incredulous look. for it; and now, just you lend me your Sunday suit of clothes for the day, and I'll give you five shillings of the guinea.' The little fellows soon settled the matter. The little Arab washed

himself, carefully cut his hair, put on his friend's suit, and at ten o'clock the next day he rang at the artist's door. painter himself opened it. 'Well, boy,' he cried, not recognising him in his changed garb, 'what do you want?' 'Please, sir, I came to have my portrait taken. I am the boy you told yesterday to come at ten o'clock.' 'You the boy?' cried the artist. 'Yes, but you have made a great mistake, lad. You are useless to me in that respectable dress. I could get a thousand boys any day for half a crown to sit to me like what you are now; but what I wanted was for you to come just as you were, in your rags and squalor. Go back, put on your old, torn things again, and come just as you were to me, and then I'll receive you.' So," said the old clergyman, "is it that we are to come to the dear Saviour of lost sinners—just as you are, without any preparation, without any reformation, without any vain efforts on your part to make yourself better. Come to Him as you are. Come to Him now. Come to Him, and as a lost sinner, bring all your sins, and lay them down before Him, and cry, 'Oh, my Saviour, I am lost, I am guilty, I am helpless; but do Thou take away the guilt and burden of my sin, and make me Thy child and servant for ever.'" Then he said: "Jesus will wash away all thy sins out of the record of thy guilt, and will make thee, then and there. a pardoned, a justified man, clothed in the glorious garment of His own everlasting righteousness, and will by His Holy Spirit make you holy, and enable you henceforth to live for Him and in Him." You see,' said L, 'that illustration of the little street Arab never left my mind.' Poor fellow! not many days elapsed before I stood at his deathbed. He died rejoicing in Jesus; and when the troops filled the old churchyard of Rincurran, and the firing party discharged volley after volley into the still summer air above his grave, I felt that in that old churchvard grave, with the Atlantic washing the rocks below, there slumbers well one who had indeed come to Jesus just as he was, and had found pardon and peace through Him.

### CHAPTER LXX.

### THE DISESTABLISHED CHURCH OF IRELAND.

I have often been surprised that more young Englishmen who might be desirous of a more stirring life than an ordinary curacy at home might supply do not volunteer to enter into the service of the Church of Ireland. If a young Cambridge or Oxford man were but to take an Irish curacy, which in a very few months would be changed for an incumbency, he would find the experience which he would gain in it might be of inestimable value. Many men have heard vague reports of the preponderance of the laity in the Irish Church; they have heard of 'select vestries' and their powers, and have come to half imagine that the new Irish Church minister was but a mere serf, afraid to have an opinion or to exercise a right; but this is an utter mistake.

Every parish in Ireland has now a 'select vestry,' composed of some twelve members of the congregation, the chairman of which is the incumbent, who possesses a casting-vote also. All questions of finance, ordering of churchyard, temporal affairs of the church are in the hands of this body. parochial nominators are chosen every third year for each parish. These three meet with the three diocesan nominators. two of the latter being clergymen, one a layman, under the presidency of the bishop or archbishop, to appoint a clergyman to any vacant parish as incumbent. It will be thus seen that there are three clergymen, the bishop (with a casting-vote), and four laymen, on this board. Each parish sends its pastor or pastors, with two laymen for each cleric, to the local Diocesan Synod, which meets annually. And each diocese sends up a certain number of clergy and double the number of laymen as representatives to the General Synod of the Church of Ireland.

As a protection to the clergy, who might otherwise be swamped by the double number of laymen, they can call for a 'vote by orders'—laymen and clergymen sitting separately—and unless a two-thirds' majority of each order be then obtained the vote is lost.

It is manifest that this system has advantages and disadvantages. If in the future some vital point of Christian doctrine were, which it is to be hoped it never will be, brought into question, this two-thirds' vote would be essential. Unfortunately by it a small determined party have resisted some changes successfully, which might have proved of great advantage had they been effected. A two-thirds' majority of both clergy and laity of the diocese—that is, of the synod men—is requisite for the election of a bishop. As time passes on distrusts will disappear, asperities be smoothed away. Those who have refused, on some miserable pretext, to support with their donations the suffering Church will be led, I trust, to give to her as they ought.\*

There seems a popular opinion regarding 'select vestries' that the future Irish Church incumbent will have to undergo some rather unique theological examination before them, anticipatory to his obtaining the post that he seeks for, but this, I think, will be found an error. It is true that the man who for some score of years has served in the Church before disestablishment, and who has been always accustomed to consider, with truth, the church and churchyard and glebe as his legal freehold, vested in him for the use of the parish, and who upon the Sabbath Day was only accustomed to see the churchwardens in the vestry after Divine service, and to exchange a shake-hands, while they proceeded to count the offertory—a very easy affair in most Irish churches. Now, this same incumbent found it at first rather different to see, it may be, some half-dozen or more members of the select vestry assembling in the vestry to perform the same operation, a right-minded man liking to have a short communion of prayer with the Great Being before leaving the house dedicated to His glory. But when he begins to reflect that for twenty years

<sup>\*</sup> It is observable that very many Roman Catholics were induced to sign the petition which placarded the chapel gates against the Irish Church by the idea, carefully instilled into their minds, that the moment the Church would lose the tithe rent-charge, they would no longer be required to pay it. Greatly to their dissatisfaction, they now find themselves obliged to pay the tithe rent-charges still, the only difference being that it is now to the Government, and not to the Church of Ireland.

of his ministry his constant complaint was that the laity took almost no interest in the parish and its affairs, he upon reflection finds that the presence of a band of willing workers in the select vestry, desirous to take as much as possible the working up of financial matters, is really a great boon.

It is true that it is very difficult to get together twelve men some of whom won't have a crotchet or two of their own, either

theological or temporal.

When the Rev. Maxwell Hunt, M.A., after compounding his perpetual curacy, and thus obtaining some £900 in hand for his income of £100 per annum, goes forth with this sum and a large family, he may, if he wishes, seek a curacy in England, and begin, after thirty years' service, the battle again; but if he desire to remain in his own land, and serve his own Church there, he will find, first of all, that when he succeeds in gaining a parish, say of £200 per annum, and a house and small piece of land, for which he will have to pay some  $f_{,20}$  per annum, that then he will only receive  $f_{,100}$ a year; the parish being under the diocesan scheme, £100 a year is stopped by the representative body of the Church of Ireland as interest on his £900. This fatal arrangement, to call it by no harder name—this suicidal act, is daily driving many of the best men of the Irish Church, who have compounded, either for health's sake, or to obtain a wider sphere of duty, or for other reasons, across the Channel to labour elsewhere.

At first, it may be, the select vestry are not at perfect accord

with their new pastor.

The militia captain, who remembers the brevity of the Chaplain of the Forces, is disposed to grumble a little over the length of the sermon.

The principal grocer, who is an ultra-Calvinist, does not think that the new Rector is quite as strong and incisive in his

opinions as he ought to be.

The baker, on the other hand, who has very marked Wesleyan tendencies, fears that his pastor presses Election too much.

The dispensary doctor deems the discourse an admirable one; but the squire, who is a pronounced Liberal in politics, and is on intimate terms with the parish priest, and has him to dinner frequently, and is going in for Home Rule, and has visions of the membership for the county, mentally resolves to tell the Rev. Maxwell Hunt that, in future, any allusion to the

Papacy had better be dispensed with; while the colonel, who writes D.G.M. after his name, and always goes up to the North

for July 12, has quite admired that part of the sermon.

Then, it may be that, among the ladies of the congregation, although the pastor may have won golden opinions, his wife may not be popular. She, poor lady, may find the charge of her large family quite enough to occupy her time, and the visiting of the sick and suffering sufficient to fill up the rest of the week, with occasional visits to the houses of the parishioners. She may be accused of pride that she did not go out for a drive with the tall, gaunt, severe lady of the gentleman who owns the great grocery establishment. Farmer Brown's wife, thinking that she ought to remember that it is the people who pays her husband now, and ought to have stopped last visit for tea, the poor lady not having had any dinner herself all day long, and hurrying home to her husband. But when the people begin to perceive the real worth of the good lady's character and the undoubted excellence of her husband, these asperities will be smoothed away and things will right themselves.

Much has been written latterly regarding the want of clergy for the Church of Ireland. The number of divinity students in Trinity, Dublin, has fallen short, and more than threefourths of these are ordained for the Church of England. A peasant clergy has been talked of. I do not fear that the supply of men will prove insufficient to the demand, provided that the laity do their part. It is really sorrowful that some of the nobility and gentry of Ireland have not as yet contributed one shilling to the Church Sustentation Fund. A small, noisy party, who would sooner gratify their own passion for notoriety than secure the peace and welfare of the Church, have, both by their sayings and doings, frightened many persons into the belief that ritualism on an extensive scale was about to be introduced into the Church. This compact band, however they may disavow the name of Ritualist, has done already this irretrievable harm. On the other hand, there are some who, with a loud cry of Protestant principles, avail themselves gladly of such an excuse as the existence of this party to refuse to give one shilling for the support of the Church of Ireland.

That Church is, and with the help of God will ever continue. Evangelical and Protestant; but I envy not the man's feelings who refuses to aid with his substance the Church because there are some ritualists in her, or who, again, as on the other side has been done, gives nothing to her aid lest any revision

should take place of her formularies.

Let us open the closed church doors in Ireland. Seven closed churches are in one southern diocese alone, the grass growing up to their very doors, and some of the people lapsed already into Romanism. Let us take care of the supply of our future clergy; let us divide the united dioceses again, and give their future bishops a fair stipend; let us consecrate again an Archbishop of Tuam and another for Cashel. This accession to the episcopate will not only strengthen the Church, but it will, humanly speaking, attract and retain talent for her service.

As regards the supply of clergy, there are in the mercantile houses of Dublin very many pious and earnest young men labouring hard by day and studying by night to improve themselves for Trinity College and the ministry of the Irish Church. Now, if upon some definite plan the representative body of the Church and the Board of Trinity College could arrange to have these young men assisted, and passed through the divinity schools as speedily as possible, a large supply of men would be available.

How applicable are words of the Rev. Legh Richmond to

his son at college:

'A man must first be a true Christian before he can be a true minister; when the heart is right in Divine matters, then all other things will become so likewise. I would far sooner hear you preach a Gospel sermon from your heart, and visit the bedside of a sick parishioner with the language of experimental consolation, than see you Senior Wrangler and medallist with a cold heart and unconverted soul. Still, I wish every clergyman to be a well-informed man, having a mind stored with useful literature, every particle of which should be consecrated to the study of the Bible and the souls of men. God has a chosen people in the University, who are walking in the narrow way that leads to eternal life. May you ever be found with such, and not with those who bring their father's gray hair with sorrow to the grave, for such would be my lot were you, my loved son, to fall away from the earnest hopes which I have formed concerning you. Be much in prayer, constantly study your Bible, read daily some experimental and doctrinal books, remember the poor Christians, and when you can visit and converse with them. This is the true school of divinity. It was mine before you; may it be yours after me.

The Irish Church has not as yet experienced the full force of the blow which has been given her. The number of churches that are closed as yet is not very large. But when the aged veteran incumbents, of whom there are so many in the country, begin to drop off, and when the burden of finding a salary, wretched as the pittance is, of some £120 or £150 a year is laid upon the three or four struggling farmers, the solitary squire, who already finds it hard enough to keep the roof of the 'big house' over his head, and the policeman who may be a Protestant, aided by the young servant girl or army pensioner, and the peasant who may belong to the Protestant communion, then a breakdown must inevitably ensue. The Diocesan plan, pressed by scores of such cases, will be unable to provide for the contingency, and the church doors will be closed, its walls either strewn as shingle on the road, or left to moulder away, and the little flocks left to the insidious efforts of the Church of Rome, or obliged without a resident pastor to go some ten miles, it may be, to the next open church to seek the Gospel of the living God.

How earnest Christian men in England could ever have lulled their consciences so to sleep as to vote for the Irish Church Disendowment Bill, attended by such dread results, is to me inconceivable! Or how such men can ascend the platform, and tell us that now a bright future is before the

Irish Church, is to me almost impossible to imagine.

The study of the Irish language will, I trust, receive more encouragement than it hitherto has been favoured with, especially among candidates for the ministry who may be located in some Irish-speaking parish.

A little knowledge even of this grand old tongue is of inestimable value. I hope to see the day when the Irish Church clergy will be as well able to preach in it as the Welsh

and Scottish clergy are in their native tongues.

A curious circumstance was told me by a military man as having occurred to his cousin, who, at the time of the Smith O'Brien insurrection, was quartered in the town of ——, in the South of Ireland.

The officer in question had marched the troops to the Roman Catholic Chapel, and the priest had begun his sermon. Towards the end of it he suddenly changed from English into Irish. The officer, himself an Irishman, and well acquainted with the Irish language, to his great disgust heard him deliver a treasonable harangue. In the very middle of it, standing up,

he cried, '—th! Attention! Shoulder arms! March!' and out poured the red-coated files, leaving the priest and congregation in a state that is easier to imagine than to describe.

The priest in question left the neighbourhood next day, and did not return for a long period, till matters were quiet

again.

During the Peninsular War, ten of our transports, laden with troops, were lost in a fearful storm off the Irish coast: one of them upon the great lonely strand of Garretstown, some few miles from Kinsale, where, beneath rude hillocks, hundreds of brave soldiers lie, the wild waves thundering beneath their last resting-place, and the curlew screaming overhead as it flies

before the gale.

One of the officers told me that, when his transport was cast ashore on the beach, the country people came down in crowds around her by the morning dawn, and one of his brother officers, a Highlander, overheard them conversing in Irish, which he was able to understand from its affinity to the Scottish Gaelic. He found that they were arranging to come that night and plunder the ship, thinking that they would take the soldiers unawares. Having stationed towards evening sentries on the strand, and having got a strong party in reserve, when the dark clouds swept over the sky, and night came on, the hoarse challenge of a sentry was heard, and then another, then came a shot, and a wild rush upon the ship; but a volley fired among the wreckers scattered them in all directions, and saved the wrecked soldiers from being probably murdered.

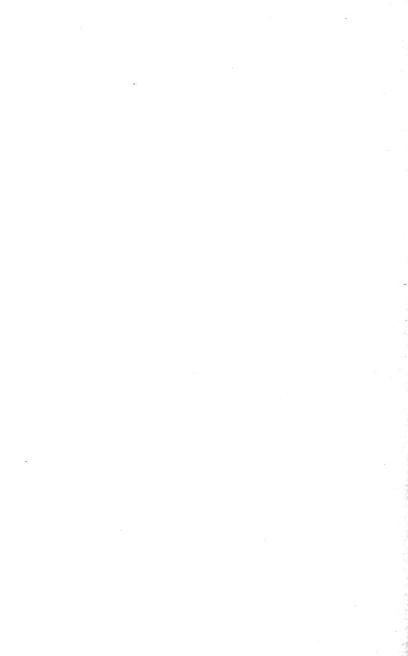
There will be, alas! a considerable reduction in the number of the churches which will be kept open in Ireland. Instead of 1,583 benefices in 1870, there will be now only 1,226; instead of 596 curates as in that year, there will be now only some 235. Bishops are beginning now to awaken to the unpleasant fact that they cannot calculate upon a supply of

University men to fill the vacant posts.

The Divinity School must soon, in all probability, be separated from the Alma Mater, which is, alas! now secularized. And we cannot avoid feeling that a Divinity School thus separated will have probably, in its future professors and teachers, men whose names will not command the homage of this age.

Let us leave to the care of the great Disposer of all the Church of Ireland. He who has graciously guided her path through the scenes of terror through which she has passed will guide her to the end. In the words of a Swedish poet, we of that Church may say:

'One common lot concerns us, one and all— That we prove faithful; For if not, a nobler race will stand upon our graves And muse with deep emotion on our fate.'



### NOTE-p. 46.

The late Rev. William Palmer, M.A., one of the most devoted clergy of the Cashel diocese, called at my house one morning in last October, 1899. He spoke about his uncle's—Mr. Whitty's—murder, and gave me the following manuscript account of it, which differs in some respects from the account given in 'Real Pictures,' and which was also given me by a kinsman of the murdered Rector. Mr. Palmer died a few days after his visit to me. I shall never forget the joyous look upon his face as, bidding me farewell, he lifted up his hand to heaven and cried, 'Oh, the glory—the glory that is waiting there!'

'Well do I remember the morning that succeeded that sad 25th January, 1832! We were seated, most of us, round the fire in the study—it was seven o'clock, for my dear father was always an early riser, redeeming the fresh morning hours—when a mounted man rode hurriedly to the hall-door, bringing the terrible tidings that the Rev. Mr. Whitty had been barbarously murdered on the previous evening at Golden, but twelve miles distant. I was at once despatched on horseback—a boy of eighteen years—with the messenger to learn the sad particulars. I heard all from my cousin, Harry Whitty, and so horrified and terrified was I by the awful event that, without waiting, as he proposed, for his company a part of the way back, I remember galloping off alone.

'The next leading event in the tragic circumstances that dwells in my memory is the trial at Clonmel of the accused criminal. The murderer (for his guilt was clearly proved, though through the want of a link in the chain of evidence he escaped for the time), was a labourer in the service of a farmer (R. C.) against whom my poor uncle was compelled to take proceedings for recovery of several years' arrears of tithes. The gentle Christian, returning home alone through the fields from his church after service, stopped for a moment, weary and heated, to ask for a drink of water, wholly ignorant that the house was that of the very farmer against whom the legal proceedings were being taken. Whilst they were getting him a drink of milk, the fiendish thought entered the man's mind that he

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would take a fearful revenge on the innocent author of a just claim, and he instantly despatched his servant-man to do the dreadful deed. As the unsuspecting gentleman was crossing the next ditch it was done; and the first blow of a heavy stone deprived the victim of consciousness and dismissed the martyr spirit into instant glory.

'As to the remorseless murderer (who boasted of the deed afterwards amongst his friends), justice ere long overtook him, for he died in America soon after.'

'A remarkable instance was related to me by my father of the ready boldness of this eminent soldier of the Cross when stirred on behalf of his great Master. Overtaking one day two officers as he walked on the road, he happened to hear one of them in conversation swearing loudly. Turning on the instant and facing the swearer, he calmly and firmly addressed him. "Sir," said he, "I bear a commission, as you do, and I take the liberty to tell you that you are treating my Commanding Officer with disrespect and disobedience." "What do you mean, sir?" demanded the officer hotly. With undisturbed calmness the faithful and fearless man of God proceeded: "I serve," said he, "under the great Captain of our salvation as a humble minister of His Word; and His command to everyone is, 'Swear not at all.' I were faithless to my commission did I not tell you that in thus taking His name in vain they who do so shall answer for it at the great Day of Judgment. I beg, sir, to disclaim any intention to give offence"—bowing and leaving them.'

THE END.

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  - 'The work is at once interesting and startling.'—The Standard.
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<sup>\*</sup> The Rev. Edward Nangle, M.A., was the celebrated 'Pioneer of the West.' His name will ever be admired and venerated in the Church of Ireland.

- 'Dr. Craig, sometime Vicar of Kinsale, is known probably to many of our readers as the writer of tales and tracts. He is also the author of "Scriptural Coincidences." With a practised pen and a lively imagination his earnestness finds free scope. The present volume, sketches of "Clerical Life in Ireland," will be read with interest. One merit Dr. Craig claims for it "it is true." Strange undoubtedly some of his pictures will appear to English and Scotch readers—"The Burning of the Sheas." "The Kate Costello Tragedy," "The Two Wills," and "Father Ulick's Conversion," e.g.—but they are "all realities and true to life." "— The Record.
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<sup>\*</sup> M. L'Abbé V. Lieutaud is a Felibre Majourau of the Academy of the Felibrige.

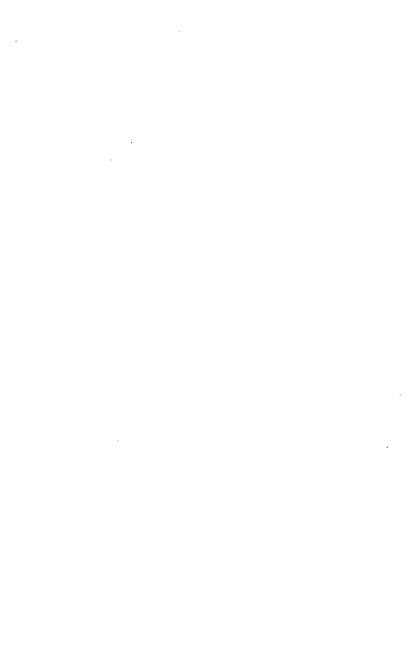
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